20 PAGES TO-DAY.

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CRAWFORD'S PRIZE STORY CONTEST.

A Promising Future Generation of Romance Weavers and Story Writers Arising—Young America's Opinions of Crawford's Great "Dry Goods Palace" Freely and Unhesitatingly Expressed—Crawford's Great Broadway Bazaa the Hope and Pride of the Present and Future Generations!! Popular with the Young and Popular with the Old!! The Place Which for Twenty-One Years It Has Striven, and the Place It Means to Keep!!

On the 24th of November last, D. Crawford & Co. offered a valuable prize to the girl or boy under 16 years of age, writing the best concluding chapter to a Xmas serial story, "Lame Nannie's Christmas Tree," in twenty-seven chapters, to be published in the POST-DISPATCH, the conditions being that the prize chapter should be the one most like the original concluding chapter in the opinion of the committee, and should be sent in to Crawford's not after December 21. Since this date the committee has been busy examining the thousands of manuscripts sent in by the little folks. They were read as fast as they came in, the best being reserved for reconsideration. The best two chapters were written by Miss Jessie McFadden, aged 11 years, and Miss Gertrude Jackson, aged 13. While the chapter by Jessie McFadden is the prize chapter, the final decision of the committee awards each a prize, the prize doll to the former and the prize plush album to the latter. Mr. Crawford would like to print all the contesting chapters in, but there's no paper in St. Louis large enough to contain them. He has therefore directed the committee to select a few meritorious chapters, which are printed to-day.

Jessie McFadden, a bright little lassie with bonny brown eyes and hair, was born in St. Louis just eleven years ago, has lived all her life at No. 1519 Franklin avenue, is a pupil of Franklin School, where during her four years student life she has arisen from the lowest grade to room No. 5, and is as bright in her studies as in looks.

Gertrude Jackson, 3128 Pine street, a pretty gray-eyed young lady attending Stoddard School, has sent in a remarkably well written chapter.

PRIZE CHAPTERS.

"Who was it, Janet?" said little Nannie, looking at her sister. But Donald said, "Nannie, if we don't hurry up we will not get there at all; and Oh! you don't know what a wonderful place Crawford's Bazaar is."

"Yes, I do," said Nannie. "Lu and Betty Hammond told me all about it when they were here. Oh! the beautifulest dolls, dishes, furniture, sleds, tin kitchens. You remember Donald when they gave me the sleigh ride when I found you behind the carpets."

"Yes," said Donald.

But Nannie did not wait for Donald to answer, and went on talking.

"Just think, sure enough ranges to cook on."

But Donald said, "Nannie, what if we did not have anything to cook on 'em, like Janet to-day, and oh, Donald," giving Donald's hand a tight squeeze, "if it had not been for you we wouldn't had any dinner or supper, because papa couldn't get any work; oh, I wish papa could get work here."

"Yes," said Donald, maybe he can. I tell you I have found a good friend; and Nannie, I can't forget you was my only friend when I needed one."

"Yes," said Nannie, "you was my little half froze boy." "Donald," said Nannie, "I wish I could see your other friend."

"Maybe you will," said Don, giving a chuckle to himself. Then he looked at Janet, but Janet did not seem to notice the children. She seemed to be thinking of some one else just then. The crowd was getting so thick that it seemed they did not have to walk, but were pushed along, as nobody seemed to be going in the same direction, and any one who has been down at Crawford's on Christmas Eve knows what a jam there is, everybody going in the same direction.

All of a sudden he came to a standstill in front of a window. At first all they could see was the light streaming out over the heads of the people, but just then some tall people moved over to one side of the doors, and Nannie, catching a glimpse of the window, screamed with delight:

"Look, look, Janet! Oh, isn't it just beautiful?"

"Yes," said Janet, "one could be almost happy to live at a place like this."

"Almost?" said Nannie, a little impatiently. "I'd be just as happy as I could be if I lived here."

But sad-eyed Janet looked at little Lame Nannie and thought if it were not for one thing she believed she could be happy looking at such beautiful things. When she looked back six years in this very place she was as happy as a queen.

Donald was in a hurry to get inside, and said. "Come, let us hurry to get inside, they've got lots more things inside."

But just then Nannie commenced to clap her hands and dance as Donald didn't think poor little lame Nannie could dance. "Oh! see the Christmas tree, a Christmas tree. Oh! Janet, ain't it just lovely? Oh! don't I wish Santa Claus would bring me one, but I guess he won't come to poor people like us, whose papa can't get work." This was said almost with a sob.

"Yes," said Don, "Crawford's Santa goes everywhere; he likes the poor as well as the rich. See this nice suit of clothes he gave me?"

"Oh, Don, you said your friend bought them and I want to see him."

"So you shall," said Donald, opening the door and dragging Janet and Nannie with him. Nannie was speechless. Never even in her dream of Fairyland had she seen such beautiful things.

"What are you looking for Donald?" said Janet, noticing Don's head turning first one way and then another, but Don did not answer, and just then spying a tall form over by the elevator, he commenced to push his way towards it, the crowd helping him along. Don was not real sure that the tall stranger was his friend, but just as they got up to him, he turned and, oh! how his face lit up. Janet, poor Janet, would have fallen only the crowd would not let her.

But Donald's friend (of course you knew it was Donald's friend, didn't you) caught her in his arms and up the elevator they went to Mr. Crawford's office.

But Janet soon came to and with, as Donold thought, her face twice as beautiful as before, said to Don's friend: "Oh! Keith; I thought you must be dead, and I hunted for you every place," said Janet to Keith.

"And I had almost given you up when the other night this boy and a little girl came in here and I overheard him speak your name and I soon found out that his Janet was my Janet, and sent him to hunt, and when he should find you I would come. But he returned and told me that you and Nannie were coming this evening. So I thought I would wait and see you here and then go home with you. Come let us go and see all these beautiful things, as I know Nannie is dying to see them, and Don and she can go in front and we will talk."

But Don, with his big brown eyes wide open, had been waiting for a chance to speak. "Please, sir, what's your other name besides Keith?"

"Newcombe," said the gentleman.

"Why, you're my uncle," said Donald. "That's the name on the watch my mother gave me. The master of the poor-house has it now."

"Is it possible," said Keith Newcombe, "that you are my sister's child?"

Nannie clapped her hands and said: "Isn't this Fairyland where everybody gets found out?"

They all laughed, and into the elevator they went, and down they went and stopped at the second floor; through the toy bazaar, china and silverware department, when suddenly Nannie saw a crowd around a case.

"Oh, what's that, Donald?" said Nannie.

"That's the prizes to be given to the ones writing the best concluding chapter to the story 'How Lame Nannie Got Her Christmas Tree?'"

"Oh!" said Nannie, "that must be me. I wonder if Santa Claus will send me a tree?"

Keith laughed behind them. After admiring the prizes they went down the stairs, past Santa Claus, and shaking hands with him, Nannie whispered: "Please send me a Christmas tree." After passing through the first floor rather quickly, as it was growing late, happy Janet telling Nannie that they would come again, with Donald and Keith they started for home. But not before Keith Newcombe had given orders to some one in the store. They were soon at home and Keith telling Janet to get Nannie to bed as soon as possible, after seeing her father, he and Don, starting back soon found themselves at Crawford's. And Oh! how busy they were seeing to bundles.

When Janet woke Nannie the next morning, and told her to come and see what Santa Claus had brought her, I tell you it did not take Nannie long to get out of bed. And what do you think she saw? A Christmas tree more beautiful than the one she saw at Crawford's because it had everything on she wanted. Plenty for Janet and everything for her little brother, and even papa was not forgotten. Nannie recognized everything as coming from Crawford's.

"Oh! Janet," said she, "Crawford's Santa did send it."

But Janet smiled, knowing that the way lame Nannie got her Christmas, was from her long lost friend, whom she found at Crawford's.

Had not Nannie been kind to her half frozen boy, lame Nannie would have had no Christmas tree.

Christmas night they had a party in the little cabin, just large enough to hold them all, and Janet's Keith, Don, Betty and Lu, and yes, even Sissy was there. But you would not have known her, she looked so neat and clean, as Mr. Crawford had found her a good place.

And that's how lame Nannie got her Christmas tree.

JESSIE McFADDEN.

"Oh, Janet, look quick," almost screamed Nannie, catching hold of Janet's arm. Janet looked and there was the great Broadway Bazar, the windows blazing with lights and glittering with all the beautiful things imaginable. A great crowd thronged the windows, in which some new attraction was. Janet's eyes filled with tears, thinking of the last Christmas eve that she was there, when the lights shone just as bright, the crowd was almost, if not quite as great, the newsboys shouted just as loud as now and everything was just the same as the present time, excepting that, instead of little Nannie clinging to her arms, she was clinging to the strong, protecting arm of a tall young gentleman and feeling just as delighted as Nannie did now. She could hardly suppress a sob, as all this rushed through her mind, and Donald, looking up, wondered at her pale face and tear-dimmed eyes.

Meanwhile Nannie had been gazing with clasped hands and wide-open mouth, as well as eyes, at the sight before her. After looking at the beautiful sights for a while longer, Donald came up and hurried them away toward one of the doors.

If Nannie had been enraptured before, she was perfectly dazzled now and walked along as if in a dream. "Oh, here is one of the dear little stoves Lu and Betty told me about," and—"Oh, dear Janet!" she screamed, jumping as one of the funny clowns came up and blew a horn in her ear.

Donald burst out laughing and the clown, throwing her a kiss, ran away.

"Gracious sakes! how he did frighten me," she said.

"Look out, here comes another!" whispered Donald, and she hid behind Janet, as another one went by.

Such a lovely time as they had, looking at everything and eating some of the delicious candies Donald had bought downstairs. He led them over to the wax figure that Sissy had disfigured so, and who should be there but the tall stranger. As Janet saw him she uttered a low cry and caught at the case for support. The next minute the stranger was beside her and led her to a seat. Donald and Nannie were frightened half out of their wits to see Janet in this condition, but, seeing her soon get better, they went over to see the lovely prizes which Mr. Crawford had so generously offered.

"Oh ain't they just lovely," said Nannie, "and that beautiful doll with real hair and teeth, and such a lovely dress and Donald, look, it's even got gold bracelets," she said gazing with awe at the tiny gold bracelets. "And just think, Mr. Crawford's going to give it away for nothing. Dear me, he must be nearly as rich as Santa Claus."

Meanwhile, Janet and the stranger had been talking in low tones, and as the children came up, she said: "Oh, Dick, I am so glad that it was all a misunderstanding. I have suffered so much."

"Never mind, dear, its all right now," Donald heard him say, and smiled to think it was "all right."

"Don't you remember me, Nannie?" he said turning to her; "but then I must remember that you were only 4 years old then, and six years have made a difference in my looks." Then turning to Donald he said: "I have a pleasant surprise for you, my boy, too. This morning I received through the mail a package, and when I opened it I found it contained a very valuable jeweled watch with the name and address, 'James Danvers, 8— Washington avenue, St. Louis, Mo.,' engraved inside. Out of the package fell a scrap of paper, here it is now," he said, taking a rumpled piece of paper from his pocket.

Donald read: "Dear sir, please give this watch and chain to the boy named Donald that you know. It's his uncle's. I got it from the boss of the Poor-house."

There was no name signed, and Donald was as much surprised as the gentleman expected he would be.

"I guess Granny Hinds sent it, but I don't see how she knew you knew me."

This puzzled them both, but they never found out from that day to this.

"Your uncle, if this Mr. Danvers is such, is my dearest friend, and we live in the same house. He is out of the city at present, but will be back this evening. So you must go home with me and see him to-night."

They had all been listening with wide open eyes and Janet congratulated him heartily on his good luck, while Donald fairly danced for joy at the thought of having a home and being free and safe from the master's strap, for which he had no great love.

The next day Donald, his uncle, who had recognized him in a minute as the child who two or three years before had been stolen; Janet, Dick, Lu and Betty, with their mother, all went down to the "Picture Gallery" to a surprise Christmas tree, of which all knew except Nan.

Her father, who the day before had gotten a place as assistant photographer, was bright and jovial and welcomed Dick as an old acquaintance. When they were all there Janet blindfolded Nannie, who didn't know what to make of it, and led her into the room used as a gallery, all of them following. They then unblinded her and there was one of the largest trees you have ever seen. On it was a beautiful doll with gold bracelets, a tin kitchen, candy, oranges, a sled like Lu and Betty's, fancy work, a gold ring, and everything else that Janet and Dick could think of, and that was "Lame Nannie's Christmas Tree." And kind Mr. Crawford, who had been told by Donald about it, had sent her a box of his choicest candy, and a large iced fruit cake with a little Santa Claus, made of icing and candy, on top.

Nannie declared that if she ever got rich she wouldn't even buy a pin elsewhere, but at Mr. Crawford's store, and Lu and Betty heartily agreed with her that he was the dearest, kindest man in the world—that is "next besides Santa Claus."

And so wishing you all a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I drop the curtain on "Lame Nannie's Christmas Tree."

GERTRUDE JACKSON.

Presently they came to the great Broadway Bazaar. It was lighted up by great electric lights, and everything could be seen as plain as day. "Oh! Janet," cried Nannie, "look quick, see those beautiful dollies, and cradles, and carriages, and see, there are the prices, and so cheap. Oh, if Santa Claus would only bring me that beautiful dolly, I should be so happy; but he will not, Janet, for you told me last night that Santa would not come to us, we are too poor."

Janet turned away with a sigh, and a far-off look in her eyes. She was thinking of that happy evening, six long years ago, when she was, oh, so happy. She was aroused from her reverie by Nannie, who was pulling at her sleeve. "Come," said she, "Donald is going to take us inside."

So they went inside and walked around. Nannie was delighted. She clapped her hands for joy as she gazed in awe on the beautiful things displayed around her. She had never in her life beheld anything so beautiful. There were the dollies, dressed in the most beautiful of dresses. There were large dollies and small dollies, and the most beautiful picture-books, sleds, skates and wagons, and all marked at such low prices, too. I could not begin to tell you of all the beautiful things they saw. And there in their midst was good old Santa, shaking his fat sides with laughter. Little did Janet and Nannie think as they gazed on the beautiful things about them of the grand Christmas that was in store for them.

But Donald was impatient to go on, for he was anxious to find his friend. Presently he espied him at a short distance, talking to a gentleman behind a counter. Janet had seen him, too, and little Nannie wondered why her sister turned so suddenly pale, and reached out for a chair. Donald had gone to meet the stranger, and now the two were coming toward them. The stranger grasped Janet's hand, and the two were soon engaged in earnest conversation. There were tears of joy in Janet's eyes, for, dear reader (as you have no doubt already guessed), the stranger was no other than Janet's lover, who had gone to California to make his fortune six years before, and had returned home very wealthy. But Nannie did not know this, and wondered what all the fuss was about.

It was Christmas morning. The bells were ringing loud and clear. Nannie awoke very early and jumped out of bed, for she was anxious to see if the good old saint had really forgotten them. But what made her stand in the middle of the room rubbing her eyes? She thought she was dreaming, but no, there, as sure as she lived, in the center of the room, stood a great, grand Christmas tree as high as the ceiling, with the very dolly she had so longed for, and also a great many other things, and all bought, she well knew, at the great Broadway Bazaar, for where else could such beautiful gifts be bought with the smallest amount of money as at Crawford's?

She stood dazzled for a while, but soon her voice was heard shouting, "Janet, papa, come quick everybody and see what Santa Claus has bought me."

No more going to bed hungry, and no more saving and skimping, for Janet was married on the coming New Year's Day under the boughs of that very Christmas tree. Many of the poor children were invited to partake of the goodies off the tree, and many a little lonely heart went home comforted.

Donald now lives with his rich uncle, and is very happy. Sissy no more lives with the old woman, but kind friends are taking care of her. They are all very happy now, and owe their great happiness to that meeting in Crawford's Great Broadway Bazaar, the cheapest, largest, and most reliable store in St. Louis.

MAUD E. GLOVER.

Donald returned in great glee to tell his new friend of his good luck in finding Lame Nannie and Janet, and to rescue little Sissy from her trouble. He did not even stop to look at the beautiful things in the Crawford Bazaar, but went as fast as his feet could carry him till he reached the third floor and entered the office where the kind gentleman and Sissy were anxiously awaiting his return. Donald thought that never in his life had he seen anyone look so happy as the gentleman when he told him that he had found Lame Nannie and her sister Janet and was going to bring them to see the beautiful things at Crawford's that evening. So it was arranged that Donald was to pass near the office where the tall gentleman would be waiting.

Oh, if you could only have seen poor little Lame Nannie when she got sight of the beautiful display at Crawford's great Broadway Bazaar. She fairly shouted with delight, while Janet's sad blue eyes brightened as they had not for many a day. Never had they seen such beauties and wonders as they saw here displayed. Why, it was like fairyland. By this time they had neared the office and Donald's tall friend, who had been intently watching for them, managed to come face to face with them.

Janet was the first to notice him.

"Keith—Mr. Newcomb," was her almost inaudible exclamation, and that instant she would have fallen had not a strong, loving arm supported her, as he exclaimed, "Janet, my darling, found at last."

Nannie and Donald looked on in speechless wonder, but matters were soon explained.

Mr. Newcomb was Janet's lover, but through a misunderstanding they had become estranged, and when Mr. Newcomb learned his mistake he could not find Janet, as they had moved from their former home.

What a happy party they were! Donald was delighted to think he had been instrumental in bringing about so much happiness; but Donald was fated to have more surprise and happiness in store for him.

Jack, who had gone to the Home, as directed by Granny, to have the Master come after Donald, returned with him, but recognized Mr. Newcomb as Donald's uncle, and when the watch was produced the proof was complete.

The next thing that happened was a grand wedding, when little blue-eyed Janet became Mrs. Keith Newcomb, and such a lovely bride, but how could she help being beautiful when her bridal trousseau was purchased at Crawford's.

Such a pretty home, as they took little Nannie to, and the beautiful Christmas tree they had. I wish I had space to tell you all the presents she received, but if you go down to Crawford's you will find everything that Nannie had or that any little girl could wish for, for Santa Claus got them there.

Little Sissy was not forgotten; she was given a pleasant home with Mrs. Newcomb, and among other Christmas presents received the beautiful little toy piano that she had so longed for when she gazed in Crawford's display windows.

As for Donald there was no more wet jackets and cruel masters, but kind friends and a nice trusty position at Crawford's, the only truly Christmas Bazaar in the city.

LIZZIE B. COSPER.

Sissy and Donald would have gone with the stranger to find Lame Nannie's house, but it was so cold and they had nothing to wear. But the stranger could not go by himself, because he did not know where she lived. But a new idea came to the stranger's head, as it will to most anybody. He said to himself, I have some money and I will take those poor children and buy them some things, so they can go with me. Here came the trouble. Where shall the stranger go to buy the children something to wear? He stops to think. "Oh! I shall go to the Great Broadway Bazaar of D. Crawford & Co. He has the cheapest and most desirable goods in the city. I can buy a suit for Donald there that would cost me $10 at any other store, and D. Crawford sells the same suit for $5. For Sissy I shall buy a cloak, and we shall start to morrow."

The stranger and children started the next morning, and how glad were they with their new things. But they were delighted when they reached the place where Lame Nannie lived. The children looked in through the window and what do you think they saw? A large Christmas tree almost touching the ceiling.

"Oh!" said the children to the stranger, "Lame Nannie has a Christmas tree; let's go in."

They went in and were so delighted with the things she received. They were poor people, but they stopped to think before they bought anything for Lame Nannie with what money they had. They had but $5, and they talked awhile with the stranger and he told them what great bargains he had got at the Great Broadway Store of D. Crawford & Co.

"Oh!" said Lame Nannie's mother, "I went to the same store, but I got better bargains than that. I got Nannie that Christmas tree, as you may see, and all that is on it for only $2, and at any other store I would have to pay twice that amount. Besides that I bought shoes, stockings, gloves, dresses, toys and many other things. I went into the same store you bought those children's clothes, and I only had $5 when I went in the store and I came out as happy as if I had $500."

"Well, madam," said the stranger, "that is the best way after all. You have spent a very happy Christmas and so have I. I came here to see if you needed anything, but I see you are a happy family."

The stranger left the happy family, because they knew where to buy goods, and the cheapest.

MAUDE JOHNSON.

Poor Janet's face lighted up with joy when she heard that voice. When they went into the little cabin the owner of the voice, which was no other than her lover, arose to greet his dear Janet. Nannie and Robbie came in for their share of welcome from the tall stranger, which we all know was Donald's friend. Then their father arose and opened the door to the other little room, and, oh, oh, there stood a lovely Christmas tree lighted up with a good many pretty little candles. There was a card on top of the tree with the words: "Lame Nannie's Christmas Tree." There was the beautiful doll and little kitchen and range and a good many other things, and Donald was not forgotten either.

MAY BELLE HIGHT.

Now what was Donald trying to make Janet and Sissy walk faster for?

I think because Donald wanted to find that gentleman who took Sissy and himself in his office, because Sissy scratched the face of that beautiful lady in Crawford's. Well on and on they went till at last they found him in the same little office. Janet and Sissy stayed outside the office while Donald went in.

"Good evening, sir," said he, "I came to tell you where Lame Nannie lives," and the gentleman told him to wait awhile and he would accompany him to Lame Nannie's home.

So Donald, Janet and Sissy went all around looking at the great wonders in Crawford's, which they never before saw in their lives but once when poor Janet went to the same store six years ago that night, with Nannie, but then she was not called "Lame Nannie." In a little time the four were seen making their way down the east side of Broadway. Soon they came to a little cabin where the roof was seen bending down nearly to the floor. Donald entered and was followed by the gentleman, Janet and Sissy. Then Donald introduced Nannie to this gentleman who was no other than Mr. Crawford himself.

After a pleasant conversation Mr. Crawford took leave to go. About 9 p. m. they were all snug in bed, not thinking that Santa Claus would come to them that night. At the same time Mr. Crawford was having his wagons loaded with toys, provisions, etc., and a grand Christmas tree all for poor Lame Nannie. Mr. Crawford accompanied the wagons also. When they got there all were asleep, and the men got out and unloaded the wagons and one of their little rooms was loaded with presents, and then came the Christmas tree, which was dressed with beautiful candies, dolls, beads, candles, etc.

About 1 a. m. all was complete, the tree was lit up and one man stayed to see that all went right, but he made his escape when they got up. About 5 a. m. Lame Nannie got up and went out to hear the beautiful bells and horns ringing. She opened the door leading to the room filled with toys, etc., but she was struck with amazement, and screamed to Janet, Sissy and Donald, who were as much amazed as herself. Then they looked at the presents and were more and more bewildered. Poor Nannie would not leave the beautiful tree, which she thought had fallen from the sky. They were in such confusion, not thinking of the candles on the tree, one of them caught fire and the tree was burned, but as we are glad to say their little home was saved.

Poor Nannie mourned her tree for a year, but Mr. Crawford always kept the wolf from their door.

MAY McCARTHY.

They walked faster till they stood before Crawford's door. The small boy opened the door and they walked over to the elevator. They went to the second floor, and walked over to the prize case, and as soon as Nannie saw the doll she just stood there. Donald glanced over by the cloak counter and there caught sight of Sissy looking at the beautiful cloaks and seemed to be talking to herself. She did not see him. Donald took Nannie by the hand and led her over to the place where Sissy stood, and were soon talking.

Mr. Crawford and the gentlemen were talking over near the window, Sissy told them that Donald had come and the gentlemen came. Sissy looked pretty decent, and Donald thought that she had had pretty good living since he had been gone, although he had been gone only since morning. It was now half past 8 o'clock. The gentleman was soon recognized as Mr. Bent, a gentleman that had known Janet for years, when they lived over in Illinois, but he moved. They got poor and lost track of him. Janet cried she was so gold to see him. Mr. Crawford seemed to be greatly interested in it. They began to think it was Christmas eve, Mr. Crawford excused himself and went off. Mr. Bent seemed to know what for. Mr. Crawford went over and got a Christmas tree and went around the store and picked out beautiful things.

Mr. Bent was just saying he must see their father. When Mr. Crawford came back and said he had a tree, and whenever they were ready to go he would send the tree and things in one of his wagons. They were soon ready. All went together to the boat and when there came a tap on the door, the knock was soon answered. "Who is there?" (Lame Nannie's Christmas Tree.) He heard Nannie's sweet voice, and then opened the door.

There they all were, Christmas tree and all. How surprised he was when he heard the story. Soon there came a large box; on it said: "D. Crawford's Great Broadway Bazaar." Mr. Bent had a long talk with Janet's father and then opened the box. There before his eyes were: Clothes, dishes, food, a doll, and a cloak for Janet. The Christmas tree was soon loaded. Sissy said there was some of that fine candy that Mr. Crawford keeps. Sissy has a nice home with Mr. Bent. Donald got a place as cash boy at Crawford's new store on Olive street. Janet said that was the happiest Christmas she had had since her mother died. Nannie never will forget her Christmas tree.

JENNIE M. BELL.

The hour arrived for Donald to take his new friends to the great Bazaar and his kind benefactor in St. Louis. Janet, Robbie and Lame Nannie all came with their father, who was made to come, much against his wish, by his little lame daughter, for Donald had told them of the great crowd of eager people around this great palace of trade. When they all got to the street on which the store was, the crowd was so great, and their progress so slow, that the father began to regret he came, saying he was losing so much time, which might be employed looking for a job. But Donald had whispered so many wonderful things in Lame Nannie's ears that her pleading to go on made her further ashamed of his grumbling, and he tried to feel happy. When at last they had reached the place and Donald left them in care of Sissy, who had been installed as one of the numerous cash-girls that is necessary to take the money and bring back the change. She looked very happy in the warm woolen dress Mr. Crawford had given her.

She showed the girls so many things that they did not miss their father. When Donald told him to follow him he soon found himself being led through piles and piles of velvets, silks and laces, crates and crates of sparkling glassware and toys till poor Mr. Luck felt poorer than ever, for he remembered he had no money to buy food (he had spent the last of Donald's dollar to buy some breakfast that morning), much less to buy Robbie a sled and Nannie one of those flaxened haired dolls that opened and shut their eyes, though they were to be had for the small sum of 50 cents. His sad dream was brought to an end by Donald giving his arm a pull to tell him there was Mr. Crawford actually waiting for them, for though extremely busy this merchant prince was anxious to help the needy and had become interested in the story of Donald's friend. He had just told Nannie's father to step in to his office when Donald's tall friend appeared and recognized a long lost friend in Nannie's father. He whispered something to Mr. Crawford, who, in turn whispered to Donald, and they both disappeared, to leave the new found friends together.

Donald reappeared leading Lame Nannie, followed by Janet and Robbie. As soon as Janet saw the tall gentleman, she screamed, and was kept from falling to the floor by her father and her old sweetheart.

For in years gone by this tall man was a poor young man, too poor to marry the woman he loved. He went to the far West, and after a long and bitter fight he had amassed a fortune, and returned to find his loved one's father had failed in business and been compelled to sell everything to pay his debts, and moved no one knew where.

We know, though, that, having failed at everything else, he tried photography, one of the amusements of his richer days, but he soon found out to his great alarm, as Nannie had said, "Nobody didn't want their pictures took in Alton," and then, when the future seemed filled with starvation, he had been compelled to come, not knowing or thinking why he had been asked, in Mr. Crawford's office, till he saw the friend of his daughter, Janet, who had helped him with her sweet smile and busy little hands to bear the many trials he would not have otherwise been able to bear. She had long given up all thoughts of ever seeing John Seekfortune, and he had searched everywhere, it seemed to him, when he heard her name called by Donald in this very house, which seemed to him now to hold all that was dearest on earth.

Janet was a sensible girl and soon realized all that had happened—but was loth to grant John's urgent appeal for a speeedy marriage, for this noble woman thought of her poor father and young sister and brother. But John promised to help her father to a position, and 'twas easy to make her consent to keep Nannie and Robbie, for she had been a mother to them since the death of their own broken-hearted mother.

So Mr. Crawford was invited in and introduced, and immediately installed the father in a department that promised good pay, for Mr. Crawford said:

"We need more men than we have room for, but our business demands it, for we are the low-priced caterers to men, women and children, and now I'll tell you the main secret of our success. We advertise"——

Well, there was a wedding—a home furnished with clocks, and bric-a-brac, china and glass and tinware, curtains, blankets and warm comforts, and, last but not least, a large Christmas tree with all the toys that Robbie and Nannie could enjoy, all furnished by D. Crawford's great Broadway Bazaar. Mrs. Seekfortune insisted on giving Donald and Sissy a home under her roof, for if it had not been for the former he would not have found his Janet, and if Sissy had not helped Donald to escape from the witch that made those poor children support her, he would have spent his Christmas in that cold, miserable poor-house, instead of helping to form the circle around the Christmas tree and join in the three cheers for D. Crawford's Low Priced Broadway Bazaar.

SILAS HAGGERTY.

When they all saw Donald's new suit they asked him if he wanted to go to the big Broadway Bazaar with them. And so then after a little while they started off. When they got there they saw all sorts of toys, and they hadn't been there long before that kind man came and was pleased to see them there. He saw Nannie examining a doll closely, and he asked her what she would like for Christmas, and she said she would like a Christmas tree. He asked her where she lived, and when she told him he went away. The good man went and got a nice Christmas tree and put a lot of things on it and sent it to where Nannie lived, and Nannie's father put it in a separate room and locked it up till Christmas Eve. It was only two days before Christmas, and when Christmas Eve came you ought to have seen Nannie. She was so glad she didn't know what to do. Her father had invited all of their friends, and so they all enjoyed Lame Nannie's Christmas Tree.

WILLIAM HACKSTAFF.

Oh, my, I was just passing along when the fire broke out. I was on my way to Barr's, to see their display. I looked all around and saw the dolls, the toys, the glass ware and the tin ware, but nothing so bright as Crawford's great Broadway Bazaar. It is lit up with electric lights. Sissie stood at the window watching the dolls and wondering what Santa Claus would bring to her, and Donald said: "I am not going to be left. I will stand at this window of beautiful books, the grandest display you ever saw and the cheapest in town." As Sissie and Donald looked around, who did they see but Lame Nannie standing at the door. She did not know which way she would get up stairs to see the beautiful toys.

"Don't you know the way to get up stairs?" said Sissy; "You don't have to walk in this grand, big place. There is an elevator to carry you to every floor."

When she got up, her eyes were dazzled with things she had never seen.

"Now, I know where to tell my friends to go to buy their Christmas presents," she said. I left her standing there waiting for the elevator to take her down.

ELLA McHENNA.

They pushed through the crowd. They met Donald amongst the crowd, who asked what they were doing there. They told him that they were going to see the prize for Crawford's prize story.

Donald was a kind friend to them. At last they came in sight of Mr. Crawford's office. Donald rapped at the door. A kind voice said, "Come in." They entered. Then Donald said: "Mr. Crawford, I know that you are a kind man. These are my friends who are very poor, and I thought if I might introduce them to you, you would help them if you could."

So Mr. Crawford promised to help them. He provided a home for them, and gave them some food and clothing. He gave little Nannie a Christmas tree and all the toys she needed to dress it with.

Little Nannie was overjoyed, and she thought that there wasn't a kinder man in all the world than Mr. Crawford. She went home with a joyful heart, and Donald, Janet and Sissy helped to dress the tree.

Afterwards Janet and Donald got a situation in Mr. Crawford's store. And Nannie, Janet, Donald and Sissy were very happy and never ceased to thank their new found friend.

MARY KENNEDY.

As Janet rushed through the crowd, they met Donald, who told them that was Crawford's Great Broadway Bazaar, and it was the place where the man had given him the suit of clothes and the dollar. Janet told them that the little girl who walked lame was her little sister Nannie, but she said the children called her Lame Nannie. Sissy, who was with them, stood once more to look at the beautiful bisque doll in the glass case, which she had longed to get. Then Donald took them in to Mr. Crawford's room and introduced the little girls to him. Donald told Mr. Crawford Nannie's story and how poor she was. Then Mr. Crawford gave them clothing and food. But he tried to please Nannie by giving her a Christmas tree, and he saw how the little one's eyes danced with delight.

As she was a happy child, Janet carried the Christmas tree home on her shoulder. Donald, Janet and Sissy helped to dress the tree. Janet and Donald went to work at Crawford's and got a good situation, and Donald was a brother to them. And that was the happiest day to them.

ANNIE KENNEDY.

They went through the lower part of Crawford's Bazaar. My, but what they saw. There was velvets, satins, silks, fancy articles, gloves, etc. People hurrying to and fro, buying Christmas presents, such as gloves, perfume, fancy articles, handkerchiefs, collars, etc. They went back through the store to the stair-case, and up they went. They saw all kinds of toys, sleds from 50 cents up to $1.85, dolls dressed in velvets, down to dolls for 5c; doll pianos and organs, books, blocks, beds, cradles and all kinds of toys. How the children were delighted with the toys and everything. After they had spent two hours within Crawford's Great Broadway Bazaar they came out. It was a very cold day, so they were quite cold, after being in that large store so long. They walked briskly up the street, and then they turned into a house, where they disappeared.

CORA BADGER.

"Come," said Don, "let's hurry, it is nearly 7 now." So by quick walking they were soon at the store, but they couldn't see what was going on in the showcase, for it was so crowded that they had to go into the street to get to the door."

"Now," said Janet, "you must lead us around, for I don't know the way."

"Oh! where is the elevator?" said Nannie. "Lu said there was one in Crawford's."

"It is just a little way down the aisle. Let us go up-stairs." So they went up and when they stopped again it was the third floor. They walked a short distance, when they came to a door. Don knocked, and it was opened by a man—the very same man that Don was so anxious to see.

"Well, did you come at last?" said the man, as he turned the gas a little higher.

With a cry of joy Janet and Nannie ran into his arms. "O, uncle, is it really you?"

"Yes, it is really me," said he, "I was waiting for you."

"How did you know we were coming here?" asked Nannie.

"Well," said he, you see Don and I had it all fixed that he should bring you up here and not tell you that I was up here."

"But how did you know where we lived?" asked Janet.

"Well, I was here last night and I heard Don and Sissy talking about you, so I questioned him about you and then I knew it was you, so I told him to bring you here."

"And who is Sissy?" asked Nannie.

So he told all he knew about Sissy and he said he would come over in the morning and bring her with him, but Nannie wanted to see her then, so Don went and got her and then Nannie wanted her to come and stay with her all night, so when they were ready to go home it was 8:30. They reached the boat at 9. Mr. Kane hadn't come home yet and they sat down and waited for him. Soon they heard him coming, and when he came in and saw his brother he was so surprised that he couldn't say anything, but he soon came to and they had a pleasant little talk together, then Nannie and Sissy went to bed and then the others soon followed.

The next morning when Nannie and Sissy awoke, to their great joy there was a Christmas tree right in front of their bed. They jumped up and dressed themselves and then ran to show the others their presents. Among them was a note from Lu and Betty, an invitation to a little party at 3 that afternoon, and they said that if Don and Sissy would come to bring them with her. They were all ready to go at 2 o'clock, but that was too early, so their uncle took them out sleigh-riding.

Thus, you see, the day ended a very cheerful one to them all.

NELLIE M. WILLIAMS.

Donald hurried on, craning his neck to see what was in the large window. There were toys of all kinds in there and books, with pictures of Santa Claus and Christmas trees in them, and ever so many other things.

When Lame Nannie saw these she fairly jumped for joy.

"Say, Janet, what do you say if I buy a tree for Nannie with the money I saved from work?"

Janet nodded her head in approval.

Donald then left them, hurried through the crowd and into the store to the counter where they kept the tree decorations. It was so crowded that he thought he would not be waited on. At last a kind-looking lady asked him what he wanted, and he told her that he wanted to give a tree to a little lame girl for a present.

He had but $1 and he wished to save 65 cents for the tree, so he bought a few small things, some of them were broken so he got them much cheaper, and when he left the store he had quite a bundle under his arm. He then crossed over to the Union Market and purchased a small tree and started for home. As soon as he got there he decorated the tree as well as he could, lit the candles so as to have it look as cheerful as possible when Nannie came.

You cannot imagine her surprise when she saw the tree. She would not leave it and even slept by it all night.

In the morning she threw her arms around Donald's neck and thanked him for it.

And this is the way Lame Nannie got her Christmas tree.

HARRY F. LODGE.

We find our little friends again in a bright pleasant room and the beautiful Christmas tree is standing all ablaze with light, and Nannie and Donald laughing and shouting and the tall gentleman and Janet standing near them. Nannie's papa was sitting in his chair, and even Sissy was there. Nannie and Sissy got a beautiful doll from Crawford's and a kitchen and oh! lots of things. And Donald got a beautiful sled such as Crawford's have and a watch, a pair of skates, a tool chest and ever so many good things all from the great Broadway Baazar. Then they had a fine dinner. And in the evening they had a fine time playing games. And in a few days Janet and the tall gentleman were married and the wedding was celebrated with great splendor and ever since they lived happily together to the end of their lives.

ALFRED BRANDENBURGER.

At last they found themselves within the mammoth Bazaar, and after some difficulty occasioned by the great crowd, Donald found his new-made friend, who was none other than Janet's lover. Their meeting can better be imagined than described. Janet's delight was only exceeded by Nannie's, who whispered to Donald "I wish I had one of those lovely bisque dolls, with the long yellow hair."

Their new friend, hearing her wish, held a conference with Janet and Donald, the result of which was on waking next morning the first thing that met her eye was a large Christmas tree, and right on the top was one of the very dolls she had wished for with real hair and two cute little teeth and everything else that goes to dress a nice Christmas tree, all of which can be bought of D. Crawford & Co.

Donald kept his situation and grew to be a good man. Janet and her lover got married. Nannie lived with her father, and so it happily ended.

CORINNE PHILIBERT.

The day before Christmas Donald, Janet and Lame Nannie were standing looking at all the pretty things in Crawford's window. Somebody tapped Donald on the shoulder, when, on turning round, who should he behold but Santa Claus himself, standing there covered with snow and all the pretty toys.

"Good morning, my young lad," said Santa. "I've been looking round to see where I had better make my headquarters. I was just coming from all the big stores and saw the great crowd, I thought I had better stop here."

Then the old man with the gray beard asked Donald where he and the other two girls lived. He told Santa all about the crippled little girl and where they lived. After Santa was gone Donald wondered who the man could be. That night when Nannie went to bed she thought of all the good things rich children would get, and that they wouldn't get anything. The next morning, which was Christmas morning, Nannie got up and on going into the room she was struck with amazement, for there stood a Christmas tree, all brilliantly lighted and with lots of toys. She invited Donald and some more children over, and I guess they had a happy time.

H. FEUERBORN.

They hurried on till they got to D. Crawford & Co., and when they got there they met this tall gentleman and Janet recognized this tall man as her husband or lover, and were reunited, and this gentleman took Janet and Nannie and Donald to his home and there presented Nannie with a beautiful Christmas tree and more nice things than she had ever dreamed of; and he restored Donald to his uncle and provided Sissie with a good home.

Donald was recognized through the watch that was left with the poor master by the parties that left him there.

NELLIE CHAPMAN.

When Lame Nannie's father returned he had a nice dinner for the hungry children. He had also gone to the candy counter at Crawford's and bought some candy, for those poor children seldom tasted candy, and they liked it so much that they thanked Donald very much for the dollar that he gave them. Donald was very much pleased with his new situation, and worked very hard, for he needed new clothing very bad. He also gave Lame Nannie's father some of his monthly earnings. Donald was very much afraid to go back to see mammy, for he thought she had told the master to come and get him and take him home, and he wished very much to get the watch that belonged to his mother. Sissy was one of Donald's great friends, for she had done so much for him. Christmas was coming slowly and Donald wished so much to give Sissy and Lame Nannie something. So he thought a long time and then a bright idea struck him. It would be very nice to give her a Christmas tree. So Christmas Eve saw Donald at Crawford's buying a Christmas tree for Lame Nannie, for Donald had a very kind heart. So Donald made that poor house happy by a lovely Christmas tree.

KATHERINE BLAIR.

At last they reached Broadway and Franklin avenue; the crowd was terrible, they could hardly make way through it, but they pushed in with the crowd to the window of Crawford's Great Broadway Bazaar, and Nannie's eyes sparkled with pleasure and delight when she saw all the different things. After waiting for a short time to see Punch and Judy performing they went inside to see the beautiful silks, satins and goods of all kinds.

They walked around to the elevator, but seeing it so crowded they concluded they would walk upstairs and see the toys and dolls. All this time Donald's eyes were searching eagerly for the kind, familiar face. Janet was quiet and very pale. She was thinking of the Christmas eve before when she was there.

When suddenly they stopped face to face with the strange gentleman, whom we will call Victor Clay, Janet's lost lover. They had not heard from each other for years.

"Oh, come Janet and see this doll. That is the prize doll, Nannie," said Donald.

"Oh, what a beauty," she cried, "I wish it was mine."

When Janet saw that loving face, "Oh," she cried, that was all she could say.

"Yes, Janet, this is a happy meeting," and he shook her hand warmly. "Have we met after all these years? And all through little Donald and Crawford's Great Bazaar."

Nannie did not know what to think, but Janet told her who it was and she was well pleased to have such a friend as Mr. Clay would prove to be, for he was very rich.

They went home and Donald went with them, and Christmas morning was bright and cold, but with all things to make it cheerful and pleasant. Nannie was more than delighted with the handsome doll, doll buggy, dishes, table and chair and a very large Christmas tree, all to come from Crawford's, and from her kind Santa Claus.

Donald also found a good friend, but they did not forget Sissy. She found a home and good friends. They were all happy Christmas day, and after Janet married her lover Donald got work in Crawford's, and Nannie was pleased with all her things, and she said it was the happiest day of her life, and all brought around by Donald's kindness in taking them to see the Great Broadway Bazaar of D. Crawford & Co., and this is the end of Lame Nannie's Christmas tree. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

OLLIE E. RICHARDS.

Donald returned in the evening, as he had promised, and found Janet and Nannie waiting. At last they reached D. Crawford & Co.'s Broadway Bazaar, corner Broadway and Franklin avenues, and there at the door stood a gentleman waiting. He slowly approached them as they drew nearer, passed them, then murmured: "Can it be Janet, my Janet?" Then in a louder tone: "Good evening, Donald; are these the ladies you spoke of?"

"Yes, sir," answered Donald, with a blush; "this is Miss Janet, and this is Miss Nannie—Lame Nannie; they came to see the beautiful prizes Mr. Crawford offers for the story."

The gentleman instantly held out his hand to Janet; at the same time she recognized him, and their friendship was established. He leads them through the corridor, while the sight fairly dazzles their eyes, and Lame Nannie sighs as she beholds the beautiful things and thinks of her home upon the water. The gentleman questions Janet about her home and her father. With tears in her eyes Janet tells him of their destitute circumstances, and her father not having any work to do. A bright idea struck the gentleman.

"Miss Janet, if you will tell your father to call upon us, perhaps we may find something for him."

Janet thanked him with a loving glance and murmured: "Oh, sir, you are too kind."

"Not at all," he answered as he escorted them back again and down to the door.

It was Christmas eve. Janet and Nannie have moved to a modest dwelling-house uptown. Their father had become a clerk at Crawford's, and Donald was living with them. It was near supper time as Nannie was standing by the window, wondering if Santa was coming and what he would bring. Suddenly she heard the jingling of a bell. She rushed through the room, but Janet stopped her and made her go back to the room, telling her it was for the lady who lived down stairs. After supper she heard a tiny bell ring and she ran into the parlor, and there, behold, stood a beautiful Christmas tree, laden with fruits and goodies. She stood at the door enraptured, when Donald burst into the room, saying: "Santa Claus did not forget you, after all, did he, Nannie?"

She turned and saw a dark form in back of him, to whom Donald beckoned. The stranger entered and saw the glad light on the child's face. Nannie instantly recognized him as their friend whom they met at the store.

There was a joyous little household the next day, and Janet worshipped the day she met their friend. In a fortnight there was a quiet wedding. Janet had married her hero. Nannie, her father and Robbie went to live with them, and Nannie declared it a life of luxury and comfort.

TILLIE RIEHL.

After walking a good while Donald stopped in front of a large stone building, and, after looking at the number, he opened the door and went in where Mr. Russel, the stranger that Donald had met at Crawford's Bazaar, was waiting for him, eager whether he had succeeded in his visit or not. Donald related to him all that had passed between him and the family, and told him that Nannie and Robby were going with him that very night to see the toys at Crawford's great Broadway Bazaar. Mr. Russel was delighted that Donald's visit had succeeded so well, and promised to meet Donald and Nannie in the night.

"And is Donald really our brother?" exclaimed Nannie on Christmas Eve, as she kissed and hugged her newly found brother.

"Yes," replied her father, "and it is a wonder we did not recognize him, because he is the image of you."

"Do you want to hear the story, dear? Well, I had gone to St. Louis to get work and if I succeeded I was to send for your mother in three months. Well, I got work and sent for your mother and Donald. Janet, you and Bobby were left with your aunt for a few months. The train that she was coming on was wrecked and she was killed. As there was no one to claim Donald, he was taken to the Poor-house. I never read the papers at that time, and so I did not know anything about the wreck. At last I heard that the train she left on was wrecked and that she was killed. I spent three years in looking for Donald, and I believed he must have been killed too, until yesterday, when I went after the watch which the master of the Poor-house had recognized as your mother's, which her father had given to her and told her never to part with."

"Where is Janet?" exclaimed Donald.

"Oh! Donald, you don't know it, but Janet is going to be married on Christmas day to Mr. Russel. They were engaged before, but they had some disagreement that led them apart and when he went to make it up with her we had moved and he could not find us, but he is rich now and papa has a good position and we will hang our stockings to-night and Santa Claus will come down the chimney and fill them, and we will have lots of fun to-morrow."

The next morning when the children awoke and were dressed they went down-stairs, for now they lived in a nice house on Washington avenue, and there they saw their stockings filled with candies, nuts and oranges, and in the middle of the floor there was a big Christmas tree with all kinds of toys and candies fixed on it and the walls of the parlor were decorated with evegreens, and Donald still declares that it was Nannie's Christmas tree

MAGDALENE DOWLING.

When Donald reported to his friend he came back and took the children to the "Great Broadway Bazaar," to see the toys. When they reached there they looked about at the toys until they were quite tired, and they sat down on one of the stools to rest. They were not sitting down very long when they saw a fine-looking gentleman coming toward them, who evidently knew Donald, for as he approached them Donald jumped up from the stool on which he was seated and went up to him and said something to him, at which he turned to Nannie and her little brother and said: "I suppose you do not know me?"

"No, sir," said they.

Then said he, "I suppose Janet will know me if you will take me to her?"

So the children said they would, and told him to come with them, which he did, and soon found himself at a small house on a wharf-boat which the children entered and he followed, and there he saw a sight which he never forgot, for Janet was sitting on a chair crying for all she was worth, and never even looked up when the children entered until they spoke to her, and when she looked up and recognized the gentleman standing there she did not know what to do, and wished that she could sink through the floor.

When he saw that she recognized him he went up to her and took her in his arms, for he was once her intended husband, and very wealthy. Just before they were to be married he was called away to Australia to his mother, who was dying.

They went to the Poor-house to find out if Donald had any friends or parents, and to their surprise his name was Blair and not Hepburn (a fact which he did not know) and [illegible]

CRAWFORD'S ✦ PRIZE ✦ STORY ✦ CONTEST.

heard for many years, and he was an orphan. When they found this out they said that he should never leave them, as they could now afford it since Mr. Blanchard had come into the family.

In the midst of all this confusion comes Christmas with all its toys and joys. And now Janet and her husband are thinking of what they will give the children, so they go down to the Great Broadway Bazaar, and buy all the presents.

All the presents are bought and they are starting home, when Janet remembers that Nannie always wanted a Christmas tree, and thinks she will surprise her, so they go and buy a large tree and some nice things to put on it.

Christmas Eve comes at last, and the children hang up their stockings for "Santa" to fill.

In a few minutes the door-bell rang, and when the door was opened in came the children that lived in the next house, and their parents with them. Then the family and guests proceeded to the back parlor where there was a surprise in store for them, for there in the middle of the floor stood a most beautiful Christmas tree. The children stood there almost spellbound staring at the tree until Donald looked up at the top of the tree and spied a card on which was printed, "Lame Nannie's Christmas Tree."

"Oh!" cried Nannie, "that is just what I always wanted. Oh, Janet, you are so good to think of me," and she ran up to Janet and almost smothered her with kisses.

Then all the children joined hands and danced around the tree until they were tired, and then played games until it was time to go to bed. When the guests departed they said they had never spent such a lovely evening as at "Lame Nannie's Christmas Tree."

ABBIE McCOY.

Nannie felt very unhappy when she saw her father look so sad, but she forgot all about it when she reached Crawford's with Donald and Janet. There were so many beautiful things, that she forgot that there was any sorrow in the world. As they came into the store, the stranger who asked Donald to bring them, saw them, and he knew Janet right off, for she used to be his girl years ago, and when he got a good chance and nobody was looking, he went up and spoke to her, and then they made up, and they told Donald and Nannie all about it. Then Janet's beau went all around the store with them and bought Nannie a beautiful French doll, made out of bisque and all dressed and only cost $2.50, and a Mother Goose puzzle for only 25 cents, and lots of books, so cheap, you never would believe me, unless you just go for yourself, and dominoes for 10 cents, and checkers for 65 cents, and ever so many other things; and for Donald he bought a solid oak sled, only 50 cents, and a paint-box, only 25 cents; then he bought for Janet an elegant sealskin cloak, and each of them he bought a five-pound box of candy for only one dollar; he said he never spent so little money and got so much for it in all his life before. Then they spied Sissy, and the gentleman bought her a pair of shoes for $1, and mits for 25 cents, and a nice dress and cloak, and a whole lot of candy. He bought all of his trimmings for Nannie's Christmas tree, and when she saw it the next morning she clapped her hands and said it was the very one she saw at Crawford's, for no one else had such pretty things. When they got Donald's watch back they found out that his father was brother to Nannie's father; and they were all so happy because it nearly all happened at Crawford's, that they said that they will always go there to buy.

BESSIE DAY.

Donald soon met his friend and told him he had promised Nannie and Janet to call for them in the evening and take them to Crawford's Bazaar. The gentleman appeared delighted. When Donald had finished and exclaimed "After many years of fruitless searching, I at last will see my darling Nannie and Janet again!" The sun was almost down when Donald walked down toward the river and soon was in the presence of his friends. Janet and Nannie were happy and were soon on the way to Crawford's Bazaar. The happy little party soon reached the bazaar. Janet and Nannie were delighted at the magnificent display of toys, dolls and other beautiful things. While enjoying the Punch and Judy show Donald noticed his friend approaching. Nannie and Janet ran to meet him and crying, "Dear Uncle John, you did not forget us." Uncle John at once engaged a carriage and took the two girls and Donald to his mansion on Lucas place where they still live. It being Christmas Eve Uncle John surprised the little party by taking them into a room in which they beheld one of the most beautiful Christmas trees. No one enjoyed it so much as little Lame Nannie. Uncle John's influence got the father of the girls a paying job. Now everybody is happy.

LILLIE KAUT.

Poor Janet was very much surprised when she saw who it was that had been so kind to Donald, and she was very joyful in finding the man she loved.

He had gone away right after her mother died, and was coming back to her in a year or so to make her his happy bride. But he never returned, and Janet, thinking he was dead, went away. But now they were together it wasn't likely they would part again.

It was a very merry Christmas party that year. Lame Nannie had a Christmas-tree that was just loaded down with good things for every one of our happy group, Sissy included. The gentlemen found a situation for Nannie's father in a first-rate photograph gallery, where he got along finely. He also got Donald in Crawford's as cashboy.

One day when they were all sitting around the fire the gentleman asked Donald about his former life, and when Donald had finished the gentleman said: "Why, Donald, you are my nephew!"

Donald started back in wonder. "Are you my Uncle Keith?"

"The same," said the gentleman. And we leave them talking about a great many things.

The wedding took place as soon as possible, and everything turned out pleasant and every one was happy.

ELLA ACKER.

It did not take Donald long to find his new friend. He carefully told all the circumstances of the family, not forgetting to tell of their sufferings, the failure of the father to secure work, and the noble Janet and the stranger learned all needed, sent Donald on his way cautioning him to bring them all to Crawford's in the evening.

It was between 7 and 8 o'clock when a stranger could be seen standing on an opposite corner waiting for some one. He crosses the street as a group of people hasten to enter Crawford's, at a distance he follows their movements, hears the shouts of the young members, but his eyes linger tenderly on the noble girl, who watches the bright sparkle in the eyes of the little lame Nannie by her side. It is Christmas Eve, and in the store 'tis a fairy scene. But 'tis growing late and Donald thinks it is time to go home. They leave the store, but Donald leads them to a carriage; 'tis a mistake. No, he tells them a friend has loaned them the carriage to take Nannie home.

MAMIE BYRON.

When Donald and his companions arrived at Crawford's Bazaar, they met the tall young stranger, and he recognized Janet as his long lost sweetheart and Donald as his nephew. Janet and the young man were married on Christmas Eve and lame Nannie and Donald and their little friends stood a Christmas day in Janet's handsomely-furnished house, before a lovely decorated Christmas tree, all from Crawford's Grand Bazaar. Janet's father was kindly cared for in his daughter's grand house, and also Sissy was tenderly cared for by kind friends.

KATIE CASEY.

"In this way, Nanny," said Donald, as they pushed through the crowd.

"Do you think Mr. Crawford will give papa a place in his great Bazaar?" inquired Nannie of Janet.

"I think he will," said Donald, "and I know more about him than Janet does."

They had by this time reached Mr. Crawford.

"How do you do, sir," said he, "is that Lame Nannie?"

"Yes," returned Donald, "she wanted to see the lovely things you have in your store, or excuse me, your bazaar I believe."

Mr. Crawford then turned his attention to Nannie, who was gazing with wide open eyes at the "pretty things."

"You are lame, Nannie, I believe," said Mr. Crawford. "Well, all I have to say is don't stay in bed too late to-morrow, and be sure and straighten your room. Forward!" said he, "but it was a long time before anybody came, for Crawford's do a great business. When at last a man came Mr. Crawford told him to show Nannie and her companions around the store. He did, and the children were delighted while Janet walked about taking notice of nothing but the warm coats which she would like to buy for her father. At last they went home. Nannie rose early Christmas morning and set the little boat in order. At exactly 8 o'clock a knock was heard at the door, and on opening it a man asked for Lame Nannie, who came to the door."

"Mr. Crawford sent you a tree," he said, "I will bring it in."

[illegible] out and brought in the loveliest tree and trimmed it so nice. And there in a box beside it was the very coat Janet had longed to get her father, and also a note asking Janet's father to come down the next day, and he should have a place at Crawford's, and the consequence was that they were all made very happy.

ANNA LEE PERKINS.

As Janet and Donald got to Crawford's they caught sight of Pongen Judy in the show-window. Below Pongen Judy is the trains going around.

Oh! you ought to see the beautiful dressed dolls from 25c up; they sell also beautiful tree trimmings, stars, fruits, candy baskets, and a thousand other pretty ornaments at 5c each; colored wax candles, 72 in a box, at 25c a box; and little candy angels only 5c each; if you don't believe it go there and see them.

Oh! how pretty the plush albums are for only $1.

A big stock of games, such as blocks, sleds, little doll buggies, for only $1.

As I got in the second floor I saw Santa Claus; he is going on one thousand seven hundred years old this year; he gives out picture cards to all the children that goes there.

As I walked on I saw one man playing a drum, another man a horn and another girl playing a horn, another man playing the hand organ. Oh! how lovely they play.

Oh! I can not mention all the things they have; it would take a whole newspaper.

Crawford's is the cheapest store in St. Louis; my mother always trades there, because they have good goods, and cheap.

ANNIE SARLI.

There was a universal rejoicing Christmas Day, the one in which this story happened. There in the little back room of the boat which Nannie called home was assembled all our old friends. The tall stranger, Nannie, her father and sister Janet, and also Donald and Sissy. The "stranger," whose name is Mr. Keith, is Donald's uncle and also brother of Sissy.

When Sissy was a very little girl she was kidnapped by the "Old Granny," who kept Donald with her all that day until Sissy let him out. When Sissy's parents and brother discovered that she was gone they lost no time in advertising for her, but she was never found, and so she lived all the rest of her life in the alley in which we first made her acquaintance. The night in which Sissy smeared the wax lady's face down at D. Crawford's, and the kind, gentle man came over to pay for it, he little thought that this dirty little girl was his long-lost sister, and that the boy with the old slouch hat was really his own brother's child. And when he found that they knew something about a Miss Janet, probably the young girl whom he loved very much, but who had disappeared on account of being poor and knowing he was very wealthy.

Yes, he would go and see her now and let her know that that made no difference with him. He questioned the children very carefully and kindly, and they gradually told him all about themselves and about Miss Janet. He went to see her immediately, and now she is to be his wife. Donald will be very carefully taken care of, and he will soon go to school. Sissy is very fond of her new-found brother, and none is as happy and sweet as Lame Nannie. She has visited Crawford's Great Broadway Bazaar, and all of her presents from Santa have been purchased from there.

We will leave our old friends now in their exceedingly happy and joyful Christmas.

MADGE O'NEILL.

Donald left to report to his new friend, which he did, and in the evening returned and took Janet, Nannie and Robbie to see Crawford's Great Broadway Bazaar, where they seen toys of all kinds and hundreds of lovely things.

The tall stranger was a dear old friend of Nannie's father's, and he went to see what he could do for them next morning with Donald. The tall stranger found Nannie's father a good situation.

Sissie was not punished for spoiling the lovely doll at Crawford's, but was sent to better friends than she ever had before.

The tall stranger was in love with beautiful Janet, and they were married the 20th of December, 1887, and Nannie—Oh! what a Christmas tree she had, and a doll, such a beauty; and Robbie has a lovely sled, and let me tell you that they do not live on the boat, but in a nice house. And such a nice time they all had at Christmas. Sissie and Donald were there. Oh, I nearly forgot to tell you that Donald is cashboy at Crawford's Great Broadway Bazaar, where all Nannie's lovely things came from.

Well, now we will leave them all, enjoying turkey and cranberry sauce.

IDA MARTIN.

Donald hurried on and told his friend all he had heard and seen. 'Twas six years ago that Janet had walked on this very street with the stranger that had been so kind to Donald. Just as she was thinking about this a sudden blaze of light burst upon them.

"This is the place," exclaimed Donald.

"O, ain't that lovely," said Nannie.

"This is not as beautiful as it is inside," whispered Donald. "You ought to see the dolls, the wagons and everything. Santa Claus is here."

When he had finished speaking they were at the grand entrance. There was his friend waiting for them.

"Do you know that gentleman?" Donald asked Janet.

"Know him! I would know him among a thousand."

By this time they were by the gentleman's side.

"Oh, my darling Janet, I have been looking for you so long, and now I have found you, I am so happy."

"If it had not been for Donald, I don't believe I should have ever found you."

"You are just as beautiful as you ever were. So this is Nannie! And what would you like for Christmas?"

"O, I would like to have a Christmas tree like the children in Alton."

The evening sped along very fast. They went and seen the prizes and everything worth seeing, and started for the boat. The gentleman accompanied them home. After he had Janet's father's permission they were duly married. Nannie had her Christmas tree. Janet's husband made her father rich, so they sold the boat and moved to the suburbs, taking Donald and Sissy with them. After that they all lived happy.

DELL PLANT.

They at last arrived at Crawford's great Broadway Bazaar, and, after passing all the toys and all the wonderful things, a tall gentleman was coming up the elevator, and Janet grew very white and squeezed Donald so hard that he screamed with pain, but he looked up and saw the gentleman approaching and began to smile and told Janet that was the man who was so good to him and Sissy, and when Janet looked at the man she saw that he was looking directly at her. He looked very pale, and she started to turn around, but the strange man was before her talking to Donald, and Donald said, "This is that good man, Janet."

But it was useless saying that, for Janet and the stranger recognized each other. It was Janet's old lover, the man that she had been to Crawford's with six years ago. Donald was delighted to think that Janet should know him, and also were Sissy and Nannie. Janet's father soon found plenty of people who wanted their pictures taken, and they got along very nicely and moved in a large house and soon became very rich and happy, and their next Christmas was much happier than that one. Janet was especially happy, for she was soon married to Donald's friend, her old lover, or the man she loved.

LILLIAN THORNDYKE.

Let us follow these three on their journey. They have entered the great Crawford's Bazaar. Onward they go, and gaze about them in sheer amazement at the wonderful sights to be seen in this great store. Now Donald is taking them onward to this stranger. Who can he be? And what made him start at the word Janet? Thre, they have entered; there sits that stranger. He starts as the door opens and stands face to face with Janet. Let us see at the first, Janet says, "Just six years ago to-night I stood in the same place." Well, then, we may well suppose who this stranger is. It is no other than Janet's lover, with whom she had not spoken to for six long years. And now again they have once more come together, never to be parted again, to forget the past life and to begin anew. What became of Lame Nannie? Well, Janet's lover was very wealthy, and of course Nannie and Donald had whatever they wished for. Nannie had her Christmas tree, and whatever any one would want for an occasion like this was to be found on Nannie's tree. And Donald was bestowed with all the blessings of earth for being the means of bringing these long-parted lovers together once more. And he never more had to return to be governed and whipped about by "the master." And all four friends lived happily together until death parted them.

ROSA L. KAHN.

But after no end of trouble they managed to get into the store, and then the lovely things they did see, and Nannie was almost crazy with delight. Presently Donald spied the gentleman he was looking to see, and he led Janet and Nannie in that direction. Just then Janet gave a little cry and, Donald looking, saw that she was very white.

"Let's go back?" she said to Don, but the gentleman was pushing his way through the crowd to where they stood. When he got there—but, O, dear, I cannot tell what happened only the children were left alone for awhile, and when Janet and the gentleman came back they looked so happy that Donald wondered what had happened. Well, I can't tell you anything more only it wasn't but a short time till Janet and the kind gentlemen were married, and they found a lovely home for Sissy. Then the strangest thing of all happened. The gentleman went back to the Alms-house with Donald (for he had told his good friend all about his past life). Then the gentleman told the overseer to show him the watch. Then he asked lots of questions, and then he turned around and said: "Donald, you are my own little nephew and you are going home to live with me always." Donald could not believe it, but it was true, and he went back to Janet and the rest, and Nannie and he just had everything for Xmas they could think of, and they never had any more trouble, for they lived in a beautiful house with the loveliest yard you ever saw. And Donald's uncle got the people to put another overseer in the Poor-house, who was good and kind to the children, and Donald sent each one a Christmas present, and that is the end of Lame Nannie's Christmas Story.

OLIVE WAIT.

LENA'S DREAM—A FACT.

"O, Elsie, I had such a sweet, nice visit! How I do wish you had been with me to see all the pretty things, and get some of the pretty presents, too. It was so nice there."

"Why, where was it, Lena? When? Why. I didn't know you had been anywhere?"

"O, it was last night some time. I don't know, but I had such a nice time! And I just got loads and loads o' things—the sweetest dollies all dressed up so nice, and rings and bracelets, and necklace and pins, and handkerchiefs and ——"

"But, who went with you, Lena? Where was it? Do let me see them, please, Lena."

"O, I can't never tell you who I went with. You see, my arm was so sore from being vaccinated at school that mamma said I was too sick to go down town to see the Christmas things yesterday evening, and I just went to bed feeling awfully bad; and I couldn't keep from crying, just a little bit, because I thought that I wouldn't get to see Santa Claus at all this time. And I was so sick and tired, and felt so bad about it, I just quit thinking; and then I forgot all about it. And then two of the prettiest little dollies came and stood by my head and rubbed my eyes with their soft little hands, and kissed me so many times. O, they were so pretty and sweet, and were dressed in such pretty, white robes, that were bright, just like silver. Why, they looked just like real live, little midgets of babies.

"They whispered in my ears that Mr. D. Crawford had sent them for me because I was sick, and we must steal off mighty sly; and then they slipped their little hands under my neck and we just floated away.

"O, Elsie, I never can tell you how it was. It was so queer and nice to float right over the tops of the houses and not feel a bit afraid nor cold; and then it was so quick, too. And we went right through such a tiny place away up in the top of such a big house, so full of all sorts of things.

"I knew it was Crawford's soon as we got there, because there were so many nice things heaped up all around. We went on one floor and then on another and another, and they were all piled up with loads of nice things—bonnets, and feathers, and ribbons, and gloves and collars, shoes, and the loveliest dresses and cloaks, and everything—just loads and loads of more nice things than you could ever think of.

"And everywhere we went there were so many nice ladies and gentlemen that seemed so glad to see us and smiled and filled all my pockets full of the prettiest presents. And these wrapped up bundles and bundles of dresses—the prettiest silks you ever saw—and shoes and stockings and furs and everything.

"And you just ought to have seen the thousands of children coming all the time and getting their arms full of presents. The good clerks just gave away, almost, anything they wanted, to everybody that came."

"But, Lena, where are your presents? Please show them to me now."

"O, Mr. Crawford said I needn't bother at all about taking them along, for his old partner, Santa, would come around with his sleigh and bring them all on Christmas Eve, and I tell you I was mighty glad to hear that—then I will show you something nice, and if I see him I'll ask him to leave you something nice, too."

LENA BUNDY.

Donald did not tell Janet about how kind and interested Mr. Crawford seemed to be about her, but kept hurrying her up to see if he could see him.

Janet would not hurry, because she wanted to look at the beautiful toys.

It seemed to her that there was not a thing that Crawford's did not keep.

She said, "Oh, Donald, I really think of all the stores I have seen that Crawford's have the prettiest, best, and cheapest goods."

When Janet saw the beautiful doll and album that was to be given to the girl that would write the best concluding chapter to the story of Lame Nannie's Christmas Tree, she was so sorry that she did not have a chance to go to school, when she was small, that she really cried. But Donald cheered her up, saying, "Never mind Janet, you might be able to try anyhow."

They looked at all the things as they went along and heard every one saying, "Crawford's store certainly is the cheapest and has the best and most durable goods." Grand dolls that certainly must have been at least $10 or $11 at other stores, and then considered cheap, were only $7 or $8 at Crawford's, and in fact everything was about $1 or $2 cheaper than at any other store.

I think that they have more customers than any other store, not only because they are cheaper with all their goods, but because all the employes are so accommodating.

Well, I must go back and tell you about the ones on which my story depends, but I wanted to let you know that Crawford's is the place to buy your goods.

Donald led the way to the office where he had seen the kind gentleman before. He did not tell any one where he was going, and when he came to the office he knocked at the door, but no one answered, and he opened the door and looked in, but the gentleman was not there.

Donald went off to look for him around the store, but it was so large that he could not find him.

Donald was obliged to go home without seeing him, but he said to himself, "I will come back during the holidays and bring Janet with me." He was sure that the gentleman would be kind to her, and maybe he might employ her in the store.

Donald told Sissy all about it, and she said she was very sorry that Janet did not see the gentleman. The next day was Christmas and poor little Sissy was getting very jealous as she passed the large houses with the grand Christmas trees in the windows and decorated with all kinds of beautiful toys. When Sissy came home and was telling Donald all about what she had seen, he told her that if he ever got rich he would give her beautiful presents and be as kind to the poor as Mr. Crawford.

Donald did not see Mr. Crawford yet, but when he does see him I will tell you all he said to Janet.

P. S.—Remember Christmas is near at hand and if you want to get cheap things go to the house of dear old Santa Clause on the corner of Fifth street and Franklin avenue.

GENEVIEVE CONNELL.

"Donald hurried along the street, Janet and Nannie following. He led them straight to Crawford's.

"Oh, Donald, just see that beautiful pane of glass broken," said Nannie.

"Yes, it is too bad," said Donald. "Mr. Crawford has taken so much pains, too, besides the cost to make his place beautiful."

"Oh, Donald, how can we get through that awful crow d of people who are gazing in at the windows and doors," said Janet.

Nanny, in childish glee, says: "Oh, see that little man and baby; isn't he little?"

"That is Punch and Judy; it is a play," explained Donald.

"Oh! Oh! See the dollies and a real Christmas tree, too. Wait, Donald," said Nannie, admiring the beautiful things. Janet was paying more attention to the nice, cheap dresses and cloaks and wraps, all styles to suit the taste of most fashionable ladies down to the peasant girl.

Donald said: "Let us go to Mr. Crawford's office, a stranger is to meet me there."

Elbowing his way through the crowd, holding Nanny by the hand, it seemed some times they must be separated and lost from each other in that great crowd. After getting inside it seemed impossible to crowd their way through th e throng of buyers. "Cash! Hurry, cash! H ere's your parcel, Madam." It was hurry and bustle.

"Janet," said Donald, "see how nicely this store is managed."

After a long time they reached the office. "My boy, I have been waiting so impatiently to see you. [illegible] is your Janet? This man wishes to see if you look like his lost baby."

"Oh, my darling, your nurse said you were stolen, snatched from her while walking on the street."

"Oh, sir, you must be mistaken. My papa is an artist. We live on a boat."

He said: "Take me to your papa."

"Come, I will take you to our boat," said Donald.

They left the store and Sissy hailed them: "See here, Donald, is your watch. I stole it from granny. She said she would make her fortune and that your uncle would pay her to find you."

She snatched it from her. She fled in terror.

"My boy, this is the watch I gave my long-lost sister for her infant son."

After a long time they reached the boat. The stranger, whose name was Mr. Mont, confronted the artist with: "Who are you, and how old is this young lady?"

"She is 14 years old. We found her playing on the bank of the river ten years ago. I advertised, but could not find any one to claim her. I adopted her and she has always believed me her father."

"Let me see your arm. A scar on the left one! This is my long-lost, darling Janet, my pet. You shall be well rewarded. Is that your child?" looking at Nannie.

Mr. Mont remembered the hungry looks on the child's face. Heard her say: "Oh, my! I wish Santa Claus would bring me a Christmas tree."

Late in the evening Nanny heard a jingling of bells. Santa Claus entered with a Christmas tree and a great basket filled with all kinds of nice things, even to a great turkey.

"Oh, Donald, see the nice things."

They laughed at the antics of Santa Claus. Decking the tree with warm clothes for the artist's comfort and joy for time to come. A deed hung on the Christmas tree for a nice property. "Come, take me to Sissy's home. We owe her for bringing us together."

VALLERI GOSNELL.

It is now Christmas morning and Nannie has had but little sleep thinking of her new-found friend. How often she has thought what she would like Santa Claus to bring her. She opens her eyes and rubs them again and again, and can hardly but believe she is dreaming, for there is a large Christmas tree and it is groaning beneath its load of pretty things. There are toy chairs, tables, couches and strings of lovely beads, and I declare if there is not one of those lovely shuttle-cocks and battledores. Why, I never saw them before only at Crawford's. Oh, how lovely! Oh, my! and her eyes caught a glimpse of a beautiful doll elegantly dressed in blue silk with gold lace trimmings, real shoes and stockings and the lovliest hat it is possible to conceive, with real ostrich tips and satin ribbons, and Nannie surveys it from every part of the room and exclaims (her face glowing with admiration), "This is the grandest I ever saw and my own, too." Besides this she got a lovely set of China, a splendid doll, buggy upholstered, too, and a bureau to put its clothes in, and speaking to herself she said: "I know Santa Claus got all these from Crawford's, for nowhere else was there to be found such lovely things as there were there, and where would Santa Claus go, only there to select his gifts." Janet was not forgotten although for several years she had had to care for little Nannie, their mother being dead, still she remembered with what joy she had gone to Crawford's to buy presents for her mother while living, and now she receives one herself. "Oh, Nannie, look, look what I have brought me. Oh, the loveliest seal plush sacque; what a gem!" Nannie exclaims, clapping her hands. "What a beauty! I know it came from Crawford's. Lovely, lovely," and Nannie is beside herself with joy. "And Janet; well I declare if you have not got the prize album. Oh, what a gem; and Janet I will have my picture taken and put in it." At this moment there is a smart rap on the door and in runs Donald breathless with excitement. "Oh, Janet. Oh, Nannie. See, see, I have the loveliest sled, and I will take Nannie out coasting. And oh, Janet, I am so happy," and his face is beaming with joy, for he has found in his new friend, his uncle, who is an old-time friend of Mr. Crawford. And Donald, who has seen such hardship during his young life, is now with Mr. Crawford, and in a fair way of working himself up in the world. And may the next we hear of Donald be: He is a prosperous man and negotiating with Mr. Crawford to be an active partner in the world-renowned and enterprising house of D. Crawford & Co.

FRANCES ELLEN HORNE.

Donald meets and introduces Janet and Nannie to the tall stranger, the same who was with Janet six years ago. Donald gets employment at D. Crawford & Co.'s Great Broadway Bazaar. Janet also gets employment as saleslady and after a time marries the tall stranger. Sissy is set at liberty. On Christmas Day D. Crawford and the tall stranger provide a Christmas tree for Nannie. Janet's father is persuaded to leave the photograph business and finds employment at D. Crawford & Co.'s Great Broadway Bazaar.

EMMA H. DES GRAIS.

Donald, after much delay in admiring the windows, takes them into Crawford's Bazaar and there they meet this gray-eyed gentleman, who finds that this is the same beautiful Janet he had brought there just six (6) years ago to-night. They are very happy to meet each other and are afterward married. When Janet and Mr. Newcomb were married her beautiful trousseau, exquisite silks, laces, ribbons, hosiery and even her jewels, as well as her house furnishing, came from Crawford's.

Granny hunts Donald's uncle up any way, even if he is gone, and describes him to this same gray-eyed man that was in the store, and then he remembers about this boy that he sent to find Janet, and the uncle goes to Janet's house and talks with this boy and finds he is his nephew and he takes Donald to live with him, and this uncle finds a place for Donald to work in Crawford's big store.

Betty and Lu have their Christmas party and Santa Claus brings them a kitchen and a stove and, while Nannie is there she tells them of the lovely Christmas tree Mr. Newcomb sent her from Crawford's.

I. M. L.

This man was Janet's lover, and he gave Lame Nannie a Christmas tree. Janet and the man declared it the happiest Christmas they ever spent. Lame Nannie invited Donald, Sissy, Lu and Betty to enjoy Christmas with her. They also said it was grand. They thanked the man for his kindness and then withdrew.

H. F. CASEY.

Mr. Newcomb being made happy by the meeting with Janet (his bethrothed) Lame Nannie and his nephew Donald felt very benevolent to all mankind, and Sissy in particular, sent a message her to meet him at Crawford's Great Broadway Bazaar, and made her happy by the possession of a beautiful indestructible doll with lovely curled hair, closing eyes, and a real bisque head, and still happier by telling her she should have a better home and be well clothed and fed.

Lame Nannie's Christmas tree was well supplied with beautiful and costly toys selected, of course, from Crawford's (for where else could she get such beautiful ones?) And among her honored guests were Lu, Bettie, Donald and Sissy.

Janet's father's cares were ended; through the influence of Mr. Newcomb he was able to permanently locate in a thriving Western town, and he has promised Nannie to spend all her winters in St. Louis with Janet when she becomes Mrs. Newcomb.

BESSIE WAGLEY.

And on arrriving at Crawford's where (Nannie opened her eyes when she saw all the dolls and nice things) Donald's friend awaited them and when Janet saw Donald's friend she fairly danced with joy for she had at last found her beloved husband. Donald found that his friend was his and Nannie's father and Janet was their mother. Donald also discovered that Sissy was their cousin. After the hugging and kissing was over and the tears dried, they examined Crawford's, whole and each one was loaded with bundles, and Santa did not forget to stop at Crawford's that night and bring Nannie, Sissy and Donald the best of things. Nannie and Sissy were never so happy as they were next morning when they saw their Christmas tree and dolls, for the tree was beautiful and each one had the most beautiful clothes that ever were purchased. Janet and lame Nannie will no longer do without anything to eat, and Donald and Sissy will no longer roam the streets, but will begin a happy life, and Donald's friend owes his respect to Mr. Crawford; had it not been for Crawford's Great Broadway Bazaar, perhaps he would have never found his wife and children.

LIZZIE GRAF.

Janet and Nannie, after looking at all the things, were starting to go farther down Broadway. But Donald told them to remain there until he returned. Donald went to where he left the tall stranger, and found him waiting his return. Donald told him Janet was outside of the store; and he quickly followed Donald to the door. And as Janet saw the man with Donald, she turned deathly pale, and had it not been for his strong arms, she would have fallen prone upon the ground. But with a glad cry he seized her, exclaiming: "My darling Janet, I have found you at last."

The next day, which was Christmas day, a carriage containing a bridal couple drew rein before a handsome house. And the bystanders gave a cry of delight as a tall young man stepped out and assisted to alight the handsome bride, who was no other than poor Janet. But none of her former friends would have known her, if they could have seen her now with her face beaming with happiness, looking more like a queen in her beautiful bridal robes, purchased of D. Crawford, proprietor of the Great Broadway Bazaar. But in all their happiness they did not forget Donald, who was the means of bringing them together, for there was not a happier boy in St. Louis than him on Christmas day when they were all gathered around Lame Nannie's Christmas tree, which Janet and her husband's kindness had furnished. And even Janet's father was delighted to see his children so happy.

ELLA PLANETT.

It was late Christmas morning before Donald and the children awoke, but they did not expect anything. When they got up they saw Janet sitting by the fire, fixing their breakfast. Then they looked at their stockings, and found they were stuffed with candy, oranges, bananas and many small things which they thought Santa Claus brought for them from Crawford's. For Donald, there was a pair of skates, a book and a tool-chest, such as he had seen at Crawford's. Nannie had just what she wanted most, a nice doll like what she wished for when she was at Crawford's, and a sled. Janet received a nice work-box. After they had looked over all their things and eaten their breakfast, Donald went out to pull Nannie on her sled. After while they grew tired and cold, and so they started home. On the way home they met two of their playmates bringing some things for Christmas and they had a very nice time. After a few days they tried tried to get the watch with Donald's uncle's address on it and they succeeded, and wrote to him to send on and get Donald, and so he did, but before he left he visited the kind old gentleman and bade him good-bye. Before Donald left the gentleman gave Donald some nice presents. Nannie was very sorry when Donald left, but he received a hearty welcome from his uncle. At his uncle's he had many nice times playing in the orchards and fields and driving the horses and cattle to pasture. There Donald had many nice books to read and had many nice times playing with many pets his uncle had given him. He was very happy at his uncle's.

ARTHUR BROWN.

At last Donald, with his two charges, reached the Great Broadway Bazaar. Lame Nannie was delighted with all the beautiful toys. After admiring everything on the two floors, Donald said: "We will go to the next floor." They took the elevator, and up they went. Just as they got out Janet looked up and there stood the stranger who had sent Donald for her. She sprang forward to meet him, for she had recognized her grandfather, who had treated her so nicely six years ago. He wanted her mother to come with her children home to him, but she would not leave her husband, for she had married a poor man, and he could hardly manage to get along, but still Janet clung to him and refused to forsake her husband. But before they had parted her grandfather gave little Janet a lot of toys, which had made her so happy, but since then her mother died and her father was getting poorer every day. After embracing his granddaughter, Janet, he turned to Nannie—"and this is my little Nannie!" He was overjoyed to meet his grandchildren, and begged them to go home with him to live, but Janet was as true to her father as her mother had been. When grandfather saw that he could not have the children without their father he said to them: "Come, my dears, we will go to your father and have him come, too, and we will all live together." So they went to the boat, and Janet, Nannie and Robbie and their father all went home with their grandfather on Christmas Eve. The next morning the children ran down to greet grandfather. There, right before them, stood the largest Christmas tree filled with the loveliest toys and goodies ever seen. Even Sissy was not forgotten. All those beautiful toys came the Great Crawford's Broadway Bazaar. Donald's uncle was found and gladly welcomed his nephew to his home, and Sissy was placed with some kind friends to be taken care of, and never will the now happy family forget that they all owe their happiness to the Great Crawford's Broadway Bazaar.

NETTIE MESSITY.

They reached the great Bazaar at last, after a long walk, and, oh! what a great sight it was for Lame Nannie. Donald was quite eager to meet the stranger again. After they had admired all the beautiful things they took the elevator to go to the upper floor. On arriving there Donald disappeared for a moment, and lo! there stood the "stranger" before them; with a cry of joy Janet sprang forward but stopped half way, for he was her lover who had gone away without saying a word to her, leaving her in all her trouble. Her father having failed in his business, they immediately left the neighborhood, so Janet had not heard a word from him for several years and she thought that he had left because she had become poor, but no it was not so, for Walter explained that he had left the city a few days before the trouble came to her father, and had written to Janet as soon as he arrived at his destination, but he had never received an answer to his letter, and thought she did not care for him. When only the day before hearing Donald mention the beautiful Janet, he was aroused, and getting her story from the boy he bade him to bring her to the Bazaar, for he feared she would repulse him were he to go to her home. He begged Janet to marry him him the day after Christmas for fear he might lose her again and all were happy once more. The next morning when Lame Nannie awoke there stood before her a beautiful Christmas tree, decked with the loveliest toys and presents for one and all. Even Little Sissy was not forgotten. Donald found his uncle and was gladly welcomed to his house, and they have never forgotten that they owe their happiness to the Great Broadway Bazaar.

EMMA MESSITZ.

The end of the year is fast drawing near and many little folks are getting ready for Santa Claus. Among those are Nannie. Her mother has worked hard to get enough money to get her little girl a Christmas tree. Nannie is lame and cannot walk around much, so her mother having taken her down town before she had been paralyzed she had visited Barr's, Vandervoort's and all the stores, but saw nothing as nice as the things at Crawford's. Oh, she was so glad; she saw such grand things in the window that she knew she wanted, and she came home clapping her hands and saying "there was no store in all the world like Crawford's." [I think so, too.] But when she heard that Santa Claus was going to bring her a Christmas tree and all the things on it were to be bought at Crawford's she was so happy. She said that she was yet to find a store in this wide world like Crawford's. Christmas came and in the parlor that morning there stood a lovely Cristmas tree, and on it was found a letter from Mr. Crawford telling her she was such a good girl that they had allowed Santa Claus take so many nice things for her. She has some things now, and says if Santa Claus had bought her things any place else they would be all broken up. She is getting big now, and she says she has no confidence in any other store but D. Crawford & Co.

EDINA HINCHMAN.

Donald kept on walking. At last he happened to look and behold! He was in front of D. Crawford's & Co.'s Great Bazaar.

He stopped; he was so amazed at the things in the windows. He thought he would go inside, so he went in. It seemed as if there were thousands and thousands of things inside. He thought how nice it would be to get Lame Nannie a doll.

He was just going up to buy one when he remembered he had no money. He was going to cry about it, when he thought that that was no place to cry in, so he stopped.

He went outside and looked in the windows again. He thought how nice it would be if somebody would give him a sled.

It commenced to snow, and one of the men belonging to the store happened to look out of the window, saw a poor little boy trying to get his jacket closer around him because he was cold. So he called him in and showed him to Mr. Crawford. Mr. Crawford felt sorry for the poor little boy and gave him a suit of clothes he had had in the store for two or three years. Of course, you all know who the poor little boy was. It was Donald.

Donald was so happy he hardly knew what to do. He knew Mr. Crawford was a kind man, so he told him how he was going to get a doll for Nannie and how he remembered he had no money. So he gave him a doll to give to Nannie and a dollar for himself.

JENNIE TUTTLE.

As Donald went out of the store again he heard a man say he needed a boy about 12 years old. Donald looked around to see who was talking, when to his surprise he saw the same man who was going to whip him when he found him on his boat and from whom Nannie saved him from being whipped.

The man was sorry for Donald and called him over to him. He asked him if he wanted some work. Donald said he did. The man said he would take him if he wanted to go with him. Donald was glad to go, for then he could give Nannie the doll himself, and he wouldn't need to send it to her. When he went to stay with Nannie's father he didn't need his dollar. So he thought he would save it till Christmas. He didn't give Nannie the doll as soon as he got there, but he thought he would give it to her for a Christmas present. They were going to get a Christmas tree for Nannie, and he asked them if, when they got the tree for Nannie, they would put that doll on it for her. Donald worked hard and earned quite a lot of money. He earned enough money to get them all a nice Christmas present, which he bought at D. Crawford & Co.'s.

KATIE TUTTLE.

Janet and Bobbie came running and, looking out the window, saw a dozen or more boys coming down-hill. At the head came one of Crawford's prize sleds, on which sat Lu and Betty. "Oh! how fast she goes," cried Bobbie, clapping his hands with delight. "How I wish papa would get one!" Donald had been between two boxes and he was very cold. When he saw all the pleasant faces at the window he determined to go in. So, calling all his courage up, he to the door did go and knock. The door was opened and he was invited in. In one corner sat a stove with a comfortable fire in it. A lady sat by the stove. Donald was asked to tell all about himself, which he did. The woman told him that he might stay all night. That evening a man came in, which Bobbie called papa. Bobbie told his papa about Donald, and Lu and Betty's new sled. Bobbie's papa said that Donald might stay and be Bobbie's brother, and he said he would write to Santa Claus and tell him to bring him a sled. Looking out the window Christmas morn you might see Bobbie, Donald and Janet coming down hill with one of Crawford's prize sleds. Donald has found a home and is happy.

CHARLIE GRATIOT.

Sissie soon came back and the old lady met her at the door. "Say, Sissie, ain't you got a job for this poor fellow?" "No'm," said Sissie, as she stood half froze. "Oh, ma'am, I must get out of here, and see if I can't get something else." "No, honey, you stay here wit me. I'll get my honey a job yet. Say, darling, how long did you say your fater was dead?" "Since I was a small baby," said Donald. "Well, dear, you must go and see if dat farmer won't give you dat watch." "Yes'm," said Donald, "if I can, but how can I get there?" "Oh, yes, honey," said the good old lady, "Well, we will see about dat de morrow mornin', but it's time to go to bed now, dear."

ERNST LANDERE.

It was just the day before Thanksgiving evening, and Lame Nannie was very happy. She told her mamma to go to the market and get something good for to-morrow. Her mamma did as the child bid her. When her mamma came home, and her arms were filled with good things, Nannie thanked her for the kindness.

It was almost Christmas time, and every night Lame Nannie dreamed of Santa Claus. When her small head was on the pillow it was hard at work. It was building great Christmas trees on which hung all manner of beautiful things, while half a dozen boys and girls climbed up the branches, and took down the stuffed stockings which hung from it. Lame Nannie thought that Christmas would never come, time went so slowly, but it did come, and Nannie found the very things she wanted, and that was a doll and a Christmas tree. When she saw the tree she gave a squeal of delight. She wanted the doll all morning, and her mamma said she must wash and dress herself before she could have it. Her cousin Maud was coming to see her and spend the day. They had a pleasant time together.

MAMIE LAFSAR.

It was the eve before Christmas and little Betsy came running into the sitting-room, where her mother and sister were sitting, and broke out crying. "Why, what is the matter with mamma's little girl?" said her mother. "Well, mamma, as I was coming by little Nannie's house, I went in to see her, and I was telling her about all the pretty things I seen down at Crawford's, and what a lovely doll or album for the prize chapter. She said she wished she could go and see them, but she thought she couldn't as she had caught cold. But her mamma promised her she could go out sleigh-riding Christmas day if she was better. "Mamma dear," said Betsy, "can't I get Nannie something nice for Christmas: or else I will divide my presents with her. I feel so sorry for her." "Well," said her mother, "Since you are so willing to give up your things, I will get her whatever you think she would like." "Thank you, dear mamma," said Betsy, "I think she would like a Christmas tree, don't you? You know last year when she came over to see mine she thought it was beautiful." "I will," said her mother. That night when Betsy went to bed her mother and father went down town to Crawford's and told Santa Claus to send a doll, buggy, cradle, a Christmas tree—the nicest he had. Then Santa Claus took them to Nannie's house and told her mother that Betsy had sent him there. And when Nannie heard about it she said she didn't think she could ever thank Betsy enough for that beautiful Christmas tree. And as for Betsy, she never spent a merrier Christmas in all her life. That night Nannie had her Christmas tree all lit up and she invited many poor children to come and enjoy themselves and share her presents. So should all little boys and girls share their presents with the many poor children.

ANNIE NEWCUM.

Poor Lame Nanny was sitting by the window watching the snow-flakes chasing each other downward. She was thinking what Santa Claus would bring her, when all of a sudden she heard a tingling behind her, and turning round saw something coming down the chimney. First, two short legs and then a fat body and then a fluffy head, and who should she behold but Santa Claus, who, smiling, said: "You thought I had forgotten you, did you? ha! ha!" "Indeed I did," said Nanny. "And," said Santa Claus, "why ain't you long ago in bed?" "Ah," sighed Nanny. Nanny was a poor orphan and lived in a tenement. She sold matches for a living and this Christmas Eve made $2. She was going to stay up and ask Santa Claus to please give her a box or a basket to carry her matches in. It was just 9 o'clock and she did not expect Santa yet, and that was the reason she was frightened, but she soon got over her fright, when Santa kindly smiled at her. No happier child than was poor little Nanny on that Christmas Day. At the same time she was enjoying herself over all the presents she had got; she was thinking if all the children was as happy as she on that Christmas Day. In her glee Nanny almost forgot to thank Santa Claus for his presents. But she just happened to think about it before he went away, and so she thanked him heartily and bade him good-bye until next year.

CARRIE RUNDE.

I say this is the way the story ends. That Donald is a relation to Sissy and that Janet marries the tall stranger who had befriended Donald, and that Donald and Sissy go to live with Lame Nannie, and Robbie is Lame Nannie's brother, and that Mr. Crawford gives Lame Nannie a nice Christmas tree for a Christmas present, and Donald is rewarded by the tall stranger who was hunting for Janet.

EDDIE KINSELLA.

You'd never in the world have known that was Donald if I hadn't told you, would you? He hardly knew himself in that nice warm suit of clothes. He had been wandering up and down the river bank for over an hour looking for the "picture gallery." He passed it half a dozen times, but no wonder that he didn't see it, for the odd little craft was drawn up close on the other side of the big wooden dock. "Donald, Donald!" suddenly cried a familiar childish voice. He looked up and down, but saw nobody he knew. "Here! Here I am," cried the little girl, stand in the dock and waving her hand; and then as he came nearer: "Where did you get them beautiful clothes? An' a new hat an' shoes—my! where'd you get 'em, Donald? I knew it was you in a minute, but Janet said it wasn't. Papa's gone to find work. Nobody didn't want their pictures took in Alton, an' if papa gets a job we're a-going to have some dinner just as soon as he comes back. We didn't have any breakfast and Janet's been a crying awful hard all day, but don't tell her I told you." And as they stepped off the dock Janet and Robbie appeared. "Why, Donald!" cried the young lady in astonishment, then. "Why child, where on earth did you get those clothes?" "A good kind man gave them to me Janet; and see, I've got a dollar besides." "Where did you get it boy?" They all started? Just behind Nannie stood her father. Janet looked at him, then the tears arose: "Father you've failed to get anything. What shall we do?" "Take this dollar; I can get more. I've got a good place and——" "Everybody's in luck except me," said the man in a bitter tone, but he took the dollar and started off saying: "I'll bring you something to eat." Then Jack and Nannie began questioning Donald about his new friend, and he had a hard time to get along without "telling." All of a sudden Nannie remembered something. "Say, Donald, [illegible] Crawford's Great Broadway Bazaar is, where they have all the toys, and dolls, and sleds and everything?" "Yes" said Donald. "Oh, Janet, can't we go there? Do you know where it is, Donald?" Donald could have shouted with glee; this was the very thing. So after promising to come back for them in the evening and take them to see Mr. Crawford, he left to report to his new friend.

So, when evening came, they all started for Crawford's, and there they met the tall gentleman who had been so kind to Donald. And Janet was this gentleman's daughter and Donald's sister, and Sissy was his sister, too; and Mr. Crawford gave Lame Nannie a beautiful Christmas tree for a present.

NELLIE KINSELLA.

Just then they came to Crawford's great bazaar. Donald rushed ahead and met the gentlemen as they were going to the elevator to go up-stairs to see the elegant toys, and oh! what a sight they saw; what elegant dolls, and dressed in some of Crawford's beautiful silks and satin. The gentleman went up with them. Janet knew this gentleman before, but had not seen him for a long time. He was an old friend of hers, but had lost track of each other by her having to move around with her father. The friend of Janet played Santa Claus on Christmas Eve and brought everything you can think of. He brought a nice big sled for Donald and a beautiful doll dressed in a silk dress for Nannie, and dress, hat and gloves for Janet, and for Janet's little brother, Robbie, an iron train and a pair of shoes. He then handed the father a little piece of paper much smaller than the rest, but when he opened it he opened his eyes too; there was a $10 bill for him. And then, beside, remember, he brought a tree for Nannie all dressed in those beautiful balls and candles all light and other things to dress it in from Crawford's great store. You know they have things for Christmas there so much better than any other store in the city. Then Donald wanted to know if he could not go the next day and get Sissy to come and see their beautiful Christmas tree that gentleman bought at Crawford's. Oh, won't she open her eyes when she sees this elegant tree and all the things.

ADDIE LEE.

When Janet and Nannie went into Crawford's Great Broadway Bazaar they were bewildered by all they saw, and did not know which way to go first. Just then a gentleman stepped up to them, and as Janet looked up she saw it was her old friend she had not seen for years. She was so glad to see him, and he to find Janet once more, he took them all over the great store and showed them all the beautiful things there was; everything you could think of. It was Christmas Eve. The gentleman bought a tree for Nannie, and then bought everything at Crawford's to trim it with, and a lovely dress, cloak, gloves, hat and lots of nice things for Janet, and a lovely doll like the one that is to be given for the prize, and a rocking chair, tin kitchen and ever so many things for Nannie; and Robbie a nice sled and a ball. The father was not forgotten; he got a suit of clothes, besides other things. Donald and Sissy were remembered, too; and just to think, everything came from Crawford's Great Broadway Bazaar, the most wonderful store in the world.

ROY H. DUNN.

Donald lead the way to Crawford's, and after looking in and admiring the windows he and his friends entered the great Bazaar. A short distance from the entrance stood the strange gentleman anxiously watching the incomers. When he perceived Janet he started forward and his face lighted up with unconcealed pleasure, for the lost was found, and he at last had discovered his love after a weary search of years. She looked younger and sweeter than ever, yet an air of sadness lingered around her mouth, indicating that the years had not passed without bringing sorrow.

The stranger watched the trio wistfully, but did not approach them. He nodded to Donald as if to say: "It is all right." Donald understood him and passed quietly on. After the little party had sufficiently admired Crawford's magnificent holiday display they started homeward, closely followed by the stranger. Her Christmas tree was filled with the most beautiful things that Crawford's could supply without depriving the rest of the public of their share.

Donald's case was looked into, and through the means of his lost watch it was discovered that Nannie's father was Donald's uncle. After his watch was restored and he also became the happy owner of a sled and skates from Crawford's he thought he was the luckiest boy in the world. Sissy was not forgotten in the general happiness, and was made to feel as pleasant and contented as a little girl should be on Christmas day with presents from Crawford's.

LA FORCE DAY.

So off started Donald to his new friend to tell him of the good luck and also to let him know where he, too, would meet with grand success. So off they started till they came to Fifth and Broadway, when Donald turned to his friend and said: "Do you see that large building over on the southeast corner of Broadway? Well, that is the grand Christmas Bazaar of D. Crawford & Co., where I met with such good success; so now you know where to find this grand old Santa Claus, who will be seen in no other place along Fifth street, so grand and magnificent a display of Christmas toys of all kinds, and so many things to make us little children jump with joy on Christmas morning, and you know," said Donald to his friend, "that you get more Christmas things in D. Crawford's for 50 cents than many other places for $1. So you see," said Donald, "that is the very place we wanted to find, so while I leave you here at this grand bazaar to see all the fine toys, sleds, drums, swords, guns, you can see which you like best of all those things. As it is now evening I must go home as I promised and bring Janet and Robbie and Nannie and Jack to see all." So when I entered the house they all shouted at once, "Donald, have you come to take us to see all those fine things?" "Yes," said Donald. So they all started out till they came to a stream of magnificent light and splendor, when all shouted, "Oh Donald, ain't this Crawford's Bazaar? How grand and glorious everything is. Oh Donald," said Nannie, "can't you get me that fine doll." "And can't you get me that," said Robbie. "And I that drum," said Jack. "We will see," said Donald. "Do you know to-night is Christmas Eve, and we must now go home. There is no telling what to-morrow will bring." So they all wished each other good night and went to bed. The first up in the morning was Donald, next came Janet and Robbie and Jack, and last came little Nannie. When they entered the little room to see if Santa had remembered them, to their great astonishment in the center of the room stood a large Christmas tree, loaded to the floor with grand Christmas toys. Such joy to their little hearts knew no bounds. There was a large wax doll for Nannie, a sled for Jack, a drum and skates for Robbie, a new dress for Janet, and for Donald a suit of fine clothes, and candies for all. They all looked at each other, when Donald said, "You see what I told you; there is no telling what the morrow brings." When up spoke little Nannie, "Ah, Donald, look, do you see, they are all from D. Crawford & Co.'s, that magnificent bazaar where dear old Santa Claus makes his headquarters every year, and who never forgets all good little children on Christmas Eve.

MAMIE FARLEY.

"There he is," said Donald, and without another word he ran down the aisle, just as the tall gentleman came up. "They're here," said the boy. "Where," asked his partner. "Standing over there by the doll counter."

By this time Janet had spied the two and after one glance at the familiar face, began trembling so that she couldn't stand still.

Now, however, she heard some one say softly, "Janet will you forgive the past? I've come back to make your life happy." Of course Janet said "Yes," and then Nannie was introduced to her future brother-in-law.

In less time than it takes to tell, the four were on their way to the old boat, where Nan's father had managed to prepare a comfortable meal. Not long after Nannie and Donald were ordered to bed, and Janet and her escort wended their way through the crowded streets, back to the "Old Bazaar."

When the children woke next morning, the foggy lines of St. Louis were far away and they saw the boat stationed in its old resting place. But what made Nannie scream so, and Donald cheer until his breath gave out?

There at the foot of the bed was the loveliest doll you ever saw, with big blue eyes and yellow hair, and dressed in blue silk, and near it a set of dishes, and the range and tins Betty had spoken of, and I couldn't tell what all. Near Donald's stocking was a big "coaster," and pair of skates, while his stocking overflowed with goodies.

In the corner was something covered over with a sheet. Both children asked Janet all day long, "What is it?" "Wait till to-night and you'll see," and sure enough just about 7 o'clock in came Sissy and Betty and a whole line of boys and girls and then suddenly as if by magic, the sheet was withdrawn and Oh, my, there was a tree reaching from floor to ceiling covered with candles, and everything lovely you could think of.

[illegible]

"UNSER FRITZ."

A Sad Weihnacht's Abend in the German Capital.

Joy Restrained by Sympathy for the Crown Prince.

The Frontier Crisis Still Causes An Uneasy Feeling.

Startling Rumors Regarding an Alleged Compact Between Bismarck and the Czar Against Austria—Fall of the Norquay Ministry—Mandeville Released From Prison—Russian Scheming in Bulgaria—The Fishery Controversy—Foreign News.

Special Cablegram to the Post-Dispatch.

BERLIN, December 24.—This is the saddest "Weihnachts abend" I have ever seen in Berlin. Although the Crown Prince, with that unselfish thoughtfulness for others which is so characteristic of him, intimated through the medium of the press his desire that the entertainments of Christmas should not be curtailed in Berlin this winter in consequence of his illness, the respectful and true sympathy of the inhabitants of the capital is restraining them from forms of amusement of a specially gay and festive charater. Since the beginning of November no ball has been given. The officers at Potsdam have been requested not to dance, and those in Berlin have, for the most part, followed their example, so that quite recently an attempt at a large evening reception to get up a valse completely failed, as the gentlemen excused themselves from dancing, whilst the Crown Prince and his family, at San Remo, are standing on the evening of December 24 round a magnificent Christmas tree sent them from Silesia and Potsdam. Countless prayers will be offered up around the hearths of high and low for the restoration to health of the martial hero whom every lisping Prussian babe knows from his cradle as "Unser Fritz." Hence it is that a halo of solemnity hangs over this truly Teutonic festival. This year men's minds are full of other thoughts; anxious doubts as to the future, which are only checked by the hope that we still cling to that Divine Providence may

AVERT A CATASTROPHE

which would be so full of consequences. There is an absence of joyous animation in the people's faces as they bustle about with their Christmas parcels in their hands. The shop windows have all kinds of novelties to tempt every purse and there is an abundance of electric light to dazzle the eyes of the doubtful. All the regiments of the Prussian army have their trees, and in Potsdam the soldiers generally have special entertainments. One of these parties, given on December 19 by Prince and Princess William in the riding school of the Red Hussars of the guard, may find an appropriate place here. The Prince commands this regiment and takes a particular interest in it. His Royal Highness, with Princess William and their two eldest sons, Friedrich Wilhelm and Eitelfritz, accompanied by their suite, went after dinner to the riding school, which was tastefully adorned with evergreens and military trophies and festoons. Each squadron had its own table, covered with white linen cloth, upon which stood a huge tree, around which was placed for each trooper a heap of apples and ginger-bread, with presents, such as portraits of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, or Prince William, tobacco, pipes, cigar-cases, purses, knives, stockings, pocket handkerchiefs and note-paper. When the royal party had taken their places Prince William stepped towards the middle of the riding-school and the band struck up the old chorale, "Ein Feshe Burg ist Unzer Gott," which was followed by the Christmas hymn,

"STILL NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT,"

the whole regiment joining in unison. Then His Royal Highness addressed his men in the following speech: "Hussars, since we celebrated Christmas last year in this place, times have changed. They have become very serious. We stand on the brink of a future which is perhaps uncertain, hence it is fitting for us to think of what we wear on our headpieces. 'With God for the King and the Fatherland.' Above all should we think of the words 'With God'—may he stand by us in this sad time. When one of our own greatest Generals and commanders, who had led our armies in so many wars, stands under a severe trial, how fervently should the heart of every Prussian and German soldier pray for the restoration to health of this distinguished General. May the Lord who has always stood by our army in serious and critical times continue to be with us 'for the King and the Fatherland.' For these we serve, for these you are trained. You are a portion of the great army and extensive family whose father the King is, and belong to the smaller family of your regiment, which will supply the place of your own family, so far as it is possible, and this is why this Christmas festival has been arranged for you, just as the father of a family arranges it for his children. We give you these presents which you have expressed a desire to receive, and I wish you at the same time a happy New Year. May you show yourselves in the coming year to be

LOYAL AND EFFICIENT HUSSARS,

and may you always bear in mind what His Majesty, the Kaiser and King, always characterizes as the three foundation pillars of his army, bravery, sense of honor and obedience. In order to give expression to these ideas, let us shout, 'Long live His Majesty, the Kaiser and King, Hoch! Hoch!'" The troopers then gave three lusty hurrahs, and sang the national hymn: "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," while the band played Frederick the Great's Torgan march and other martial airs. Princess William walked amongst the soldiers bestowing a gracious word here and there.

The Emperor this afternoon received Count Radalinski, who arrived from San Remo this morning, and who is said to have brought a comparatively good account of the condition of the Crown Prince. The San Remo correspondent of the Vossische telegraphs to-day that the Crown Prince's health remains unchanged. Walking, the exercise which he is impatient again to enjoy, will be permitted him as soon as the weather allows. On Wednesday a procession of 5,000 persons went from Aix-la-Chapelle to a neighboring shrine to pray for the Crown Prince. Two enormous candles, each weighing 56 pounds, 1 pound for each year of the Crown Prince's life, and each borne by eight girls dressed in white, were burned. A number of leading citizens of Berlin have combined to send the Crown Prince a very beautiful address of congratulation and sympathy on New Year's Day. Signatures are being eagerly added to the address in all parts of Berlin. A characteristic proof of the widespread sympathy felt for the Crown Prince is afforded by the fact that the so-called "Beggar bracelets"—that is, a bracelet hung with coins, are being sold now in large numbers, and almost exclusively with coins bearing on one side his portrait and on the other the words, "God save the Crown Prince."

ON A VOLCANO.

The Probabilities of a War in Europe—Italy as Peacemaker.

Special Cablegram to the Post-Dispatch.

LONDON, December 24.—A diplomatic friend writes me from the Continent: "Once more Continental Europe seems to sleep over a volcano. Austria is adopting every possible measure so as not to be taken by surprise and suddenly overrun by Russia, and the latter declares in an official statement that she will not discontinue the concentration of her army on the frontiers. Thus we must be prepared for the worst and though war will probably not break out before spring, it is looked upon as unavoidable both in Russia and in Austria. Bulgariar is the bone of contention, and Russia assumes the role of a defender of treaties. The first thing is to ask what her plans are, and what solution she advocates, but neither the Austrian nor German Cabinets can ask directly for an explanation. I hear that the Italian Government is entrusted with the role of mediator. Although a member of the triple alliance, and not in favor in St. Petersburg, Italy can, nevertheless render great services. Before long we shall learn what the consequences of this intercession will bring forth, but the sky is black and dangerous symptoms are visible. The extraordinary speech of the King of Servia is one of the most conspicuous. It reveals the real feeling of distress prevailing in the Balkan peninsula, and it shows also, at the same time, that Austria is gathering her allies around her."

A STARTLING RUMOR.

LONDON, December 24.—A startling rumor has gained currency and is given some credit by well-informed people that the Czar and Prince Bismarck, at their famous interview in Berlin, decided to break with Austria in certain contingencies and divide the empire, Germany to absorb Western Austria, Russia to take Roumania and Hungary to be erected into a separate and independent kingdom. This scheme, if carried out, would allow the Russians ultimately to reach Constantinople.

REMAINS UNSETTLED.

LONDON, December 24.—The continental crisis remains unsettled. Meantime, the tension is increasing and preparations go on with redoubled activity. A remarkable feature of the crisis is the silence of the three Powers. The press so far has conducted the war of statements, reports and rumors. No announcement has in any way made itself responsible. At the same time there has been a scrupulous regard for treaties. No act contrary to international law has been committed and there has been no bluster or bravado.

The Situation Dangerous.

LONDON, December 24.—Count von Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador, started suddenly for Berlin yesterday afternoon, leaving Baron Plessen in charge of the German embassy ad interim. This afternoon Baron Plessen held a long interview with Lord Salisbury who came to London at Count Von Hatzfeldt's request. After being closeted with the German charge de affairs Lord Salisbury visited respectively the Russian, Italian and French diplomatic representatives. It is suspected that Count Non Hatzfeldt mentioned Lord Salisbury's name in connection with the tripartite agreement and relating to the massing of Russian troops, and the possibility is not at all remote that Germany will define the position of the Central powers at the beginning of the new year. The Spectator says that judgment of men who have means of knowing the symptoms is that the situation is most ominous. Russia knows how to fight in winter and the suddenness in respect of movements in severe climates is modern warfare portentious and dangerous, while methods contemplating the necessity of counteracting such action are vitally important. The Economist believes the situation dangerous, but the Government has not abandoned hope of smoothing matters.

COUNT GOOD.

The Successful Yankee Rope-Maker Honored by Pope Leo.

Special Cablegram to the Post-Dispatch.

LONDON, December 24.—The announcement in the New York papers that John Good, the great rope inventor and manufacturer, had been made a Count by Pope Leo has a most practical as well as a romantic side of the affair. This papal honor of an American rope-worker has caused no little amusement among the great-rope makers of the United Kingdom, and especially those in London, and yet they all acknowledge that he is the most progressive man in his trade. Count Good has been very successful in all of his inventions of rope-making. His patents extend throughout the world, and he only regrets that the world is not larger where the music of his machinery can be heard. For years every rope manufacturer in the United States has paid him an immense royalty, while English firms have largely bought of his inventions. Count Good is not an idle man and no one appreciates hard work more than himself. He is ever inventing, and when some new bright piece of machinery is perfected he usually invites the foremost manufacturers on this side of the water to meet him in his palatial office in the Stewart building, New York, or at his residence in Brooklyn, and there he entertains them in the most lavish hospitality. About two years ago the noble Count sent forth one of his cards of invitation and it was responded to by the senior representative of the oldest and largest rope establishment in London. This gentleman never tires of speaking of the Count's generous hospitality, but at the same time fears the shrewdness of his American competitors; but after the social hour came business. Good's new improvements were worth £4,000 to each large English manufacturer, or £1,000,000 for the entire royalty. The result was that the English firms smiled at the demand, clenched their purses more tightly than ever, thanked their liberal host for his hospitality and departed for England. The last words that echoed upon the ears of these foreign manufacturers

WERE SOMETHING LIKE THIS:

"If you do not accept my proposition I will erect a factory in London and send over the very finest machinery I can furnish, and will conduct the manufacture of rope on your own land for less than you can do, and issue stuff such as you never saw." And now comes the carrying out of these words. True enough, he has not failed in any one of his promises. Early last summer Mr. Good came with his family to London, took apartments and at once started in business with all of his well-known energy. He remained here some two months, in the meantime leasing for a number of years a splendid wharf on the Thames, directing the establishment of a fine office in old London, fashioning large warehouses to meet the demand of his extensive machinery, then giving orders for the immediate shipment of £30,000 worth of machinery and for a gang of his own men to come over and put the same in running order, even selecting a manager thoroughly Tory in his political feelings, but gentlemanly in his manners, competent in the great responsibility of his situation and who thoroughly understands the requirements of his chief. Mr. Good is a member of the Roman Catholic Church. At his own home he is bountiful in his offerings, and regular in his attendance at almost daily service. While in London he acted in the same religious demeanor, always believing that if he was true in his spiritual obligations, he would be successful in his temporal business. He was wonderfully independent while here, and called on no rope-maker, and none of the latter called upon him. Therefore, after being satisfied with his work in London, in company with his family he visited several important places in Italy, and finally reached the Eternal City where he spent some time having two or three audiences with His Holiness, receiving the papal blessing, and now comes the honor from the Pope, and his insignia of Count. It has not been announced whether he will accept it or not. The wheels of his splendid machinery will be in complete running order early in January, and many eyes are turned to this place on the Thames, while no one can dispute the fact that it has been the biggest bit of Yankee enterprise that has ever appeared on English soil. Of course his business competitors predict for him a great financial collapse, and that ere long this great American inventor will be a bankrupt Count in some humble cottage on the banks of the Seine. Others predict splendid success and no one is more positive in this than the whole-hearted, generous Count himself.

MANDEVILLE FREE.

Editor O'Brien's Fellow-Prisoner Released From Tullamore Jail.

Special Cablegram to the Post-Dispatch.

DUBLIN, December 24.—Mr. Mandeville, the fellow-prisoner of Mr. O'Brien, M. P., was released from Tullamore Jail to-day, the term of his sentence having expired. Mr. Mandeville, it may be remembered, appealed with O'Brien against the sentence of the magistrate. Recorder Hamilton was the Judge appealed to, and Mr. O'Brien, at the outset, refused to proceed. The extraordinary scene that ensued was cabled at great length to the POST-DISPATCH. O'Brien's sentence was confirmed and Mandeville then declined to go on with his appeal, the result being that both were taken from court to jail amid a great popular demonstration. Mandeville was deprived of his clothes in Cork Jail, but they were restored to him on being removed with O'Brien to Tullamore. In Tullamore Jail he refused to part with them and was put on punishment diet for contumacy. He would not wear prison clothes or do menial work in his cell, and was put on a bread and water diet. On the night of November 23 he was visited in his cell by the Governor and six wardens, who forcibly stripped him of his clothes, took them away and left him absolutely naked. Mandeville put a quilt around him, and thus remained for twenty-four hours. He was again visited and threatened with the removal of the quilt. He got five minutes in which to decide, and under such compulsion had no alternative but to put on the prison clothes. This cowardly conduct was denounced by the public. Mandeville refused to clean his cell, and was again put on bread and water. This torture was kept up at intervals until his liberation to-day. Although he suffered terribly from diarrhœa and rheumatism, Mandeville proceeded by train to Cork on his liberation. There was no demonstration at Tullamore.

LONDON GOSSIP.

Miss Melbourne's Marriage Excites Comment—Maj. Green's Sensational Suicide.

Special Cablegram to the Post-Dispatch.

LONDON, December 24.—Much comment is occasioned here by the news of Berry Wall's runaway match with Miss Melbourne in Baltimore a few days ago. Miss Melbourne is well known by the American colony. Accompanied by her sister she came to London during the season of '86 and occupied fashionable apartments at 112 Piccadilly, facing Green Park. Being both beautiful and interesting the Misses Melbourne soon got into the swim of society. Sartoris, the husband of Nelly Grant, was their introducer, and soon Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck adopted them as her particular proteges. In a few weeks the engagement of the present Mrs. Berry Wall was announced to Charles Phelps, son of the Minister, and Second Secretary to the American Legation here. The match was sternly opposed by Minister Phelps, and soon was broken off. The Misses Melbourne then faded from the social horizon, but not before Mrs. Grundy had wagged her tongue and said a great many wicked things in connection with which I indistinctly remember the words, "unconventional," "fast" and "improper," which, however, fortunately for our fellow-countrywomen, do not mean very much. when coming from British matrons, hampered with many unmarriageable daughters and with generic and not unnatural aversion to pretty and fetching Americans, who always make the best matches.

MAJ. GREEN'S SUICIDE.

Miss Braddon herself could not have invented a more dismally sensational incident than that of the suicide of Maj. J. F. Green of the Fifth Dragoon Guards at the Clarenden Hotel, Leamington, on Monday. It only illustrates one more fact that it is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new. The late gallant gentleman who was very popular here, was engaged to Miss Low, formerly of Mobile, Ala., but now residing at Leamington, near where her family own a handsome country residence. The marriage was to take place the first week in the New Year, and Maj. Green was spending the holidays with the family of his fiancee. On Monday morning, while the family were breakfasting, Mrs. Ann Sophia Raynor, who is described as

A TALL, HANDSOME WOMAN,

of about fifty called and demanded to see the Major immediately. Green seemed very much confused and dismayed and sent word to the lady to meet him at the Clarendon Hotel in half an hour. Turning to his entertainers Maj. Green said that the lady was the widow of a brother officer who had fallen in the Ashantee war and who was continually bothering him about business matters. But half satisfied at this lame explanation, the family saw Maj. Green ride off to Leamington, and within half an hour were apprised of his self-destruction. It is said that Maj. Green had for some years been very intimate with Mrs. Raynor, who is a dashing widow of Maidenhead on the Thames. The announcement of his engagement to Miss Low greatly infuriated her, and it is said that when closeted with him in the room at the Clarendon she threatened to make certain damaging disclosures unless the engagement was immediately broken off. Maj. Green, in a fit of despair, snatched a bird-gun in the room and discharged it at his face. Half of his head was blown off, but he lived several hours in terrible agony. Miss Low is the daughter of a very wealthy cotton merchant, who died not long ago, leaving an immense fortune, albeit he was the heaviest loser in the disastrous bankruptcy of Duncan, Sherman & Co. of New York.

VANDERBILT ABROAD.

The Interest Created by the American Millionaire in Turkey.

Special Cablegram to the Post-Dispatch.

LONDON, December 24.—An English correspondent writing from Constantinople says: "Undoubtedly the great event of the week here has been the arrival of the American millionaire, Vanderbilt, king of all railways as he is. He did not choose the iron road for approach to the Sultan's city but came delicately at dawn in his own magnificently appointed yacht 'Alva.' Vanderbilt is a modest, quiet man, gentle, almost shy. He has nothing of the aroma of bank-notes about him, nor aught of the pomp and circumstance which dollars give. One would never suspect him of being able, like Jack and Joan in the song, to lash out at a country feast his silver penny with the best. It is even said he has a weakness for bargaining and for disputing the prices of things.

AT THE GRAND HOTEL,

where he stopped one day for lunch, 5 francs seemed to him an exorbitant price, but all the same his fortune is estimated at $80,000,000. If he is loath to pay for a bad lunch, he nevertheless can afford a most sumptuous yacht in which to cruise about the world. The 'Alva' is considered to be the largest private yacht afloat. She carries a crew of no fewer than fifty-two hands. Since his arrival on the Golden Horn, Vanderbilt has, of course, been beseiged by obsequious and indigent Levantines who ever scent money from afar. Enterprises of most brilliant nature have been revealed to him and his support has been anxiously solicited, but he keeps tight hold on his purse-strings. He is far too cute to listen to the canzonets of concessionists seeking for jobs and finding none. Vanderbilt is, so his detractors say, a trifle close-fisted.

HE GAVE THE AMERICAN MINISTER

and his colleagues a very pretty little lunch on board the Alva, and was asked in return to a so-called diplomatic dinner at the United States Legation, to which were invited some of the heads and a few of the tails of that august body, which is also a sacred circle. After dinner when all had sufficiently stared at the vitelle d'oro of the evening, they danced around him until dawn, and an acidulated artist whose picture it seems Crœsus did not greatly affect, sent me his menu of the banquet, with the following lines scrawled at the back of it:"

What's the use of Crœsi, Vanderbilts and sich?
Make 'em pay for pictures; fleece 'em, for they're rich.
Yet if he be scurvy, treating art with scorn,
Kick him topsy turvey into the Golden Horn.

DOMINION DOINGS.

Fall of the Norquay Ministry—The Fisheries Controversy.

TORONTO, December 24.—A Winnipeg dispatch says that Premier Norquay gave a complete review of the whole situation in which he is involved to a conservative caucus yesterday. He told how earnestly he had striven to build the Red River Valley Railway, and reiterated his devotion to that enterprise, saying he would never be found strenuously opposing any man or set of men who would not carry to the bitter end a work which he deemed of such a vast importance to the provision. He went into the position very fully, dealing especially with the Hudson Bay Railway bonds irregularly, and stating with great sincerity that while he recognized that it was this matter which was driving him to the wall, he was in no way to blame. He said that in handing the bonds over he had acted only on the telegraphic authority of his colleague, Mr. La Riviere. He announced his intention of moving for an inquiry when the House met, and had no doubt he would come off more than conqueror. With regard to the Red River Valley Railway, not all the warnings of his friends and enemies had diverted him from his object, which he had recognized as being so vital to the interests of the Province. He would be found fighting for that road until it was an accomplished fact, as he believed it was the only effective weapon with which to break the monopoly. A perfect understanding had been arrived at with his colleagues. He had resolved to tender his resignation to the Lieutenant-Governor at an early date, and Mr. La Riviere would do the same. In tendering his resignation to His Honor he would recommend him to call upon Dr. Harrison as the leader of what he believed to be the largest party in the House to form a Government to succeed him. He therefore tendered his resignation as leader of the party to the caucus.

Dr. Harrison is as fully committed to prosecuting the Red River Railroad as Mr. Norquay. The Legislature has been officially called for January 12. Before that time Messrs. Norquay and La Riviere will go out. No appointments to the Cabinet will be made for the present.

THE FISHERIES CONTROVERSY.

OTTAWA, Canada, December 24.—Attorney-General Winter of Newfoundland, who, while not actually a member of the Fishery Commission which sat at Washington, was present to represent so far as he could the interests of his colony, arrived here yesterday. Speaking of the position of Newfoundland on the fishery question to-day, Mr. Winter said that the Newfoundlanders do not rely on the treaty alone, but claim the right to pass a statute at any time forbidding the sale of bait, ice or any commodity to outsiders. Without these fishing on the Banks cannot be conveniently or profitably carried on. Judging by Mr. Winter's remarks New Foundlanders do not view free intercourse with any apprehension. He is evidently in the position of a man who wants a bargain advantageous to himself closed as quickly as possible before the other party to it sees how the arrangement will work. The Attorney-General was very cautious and unwilling to speak, but from words let drop by him it appears as if it was extremely likely that the free admission of fish in the United States was one of the propositions of the settlement that had been discussed favorably. Newfoundland's present market for fish is France, Spain, Italy and other Mediterranean countries. For this trade fish has to be very well cured. For the United States consumption fish need only be superficially dried, and, moreover, the market is right at the door of Newfoundland and the maritime provinces' fishermen. Mr. Winter is evidently hopeful of a satisfactory and amicable settlement. "It is bound to be settled satisfactorily," he exclaimed, "as while it remains open the officials of both countries will be continually embroiled in unpleasant wrangling and disputes. Both are anxious that this should cease." He returns to Washington when the committee resumes its sittings.

MR. MORGAN WANTS DAMAGES.

Henry Morgan, Secretary of the State Department, will take action against the New York Herald for $5,000 damages for publishing an article reflecting on Mr. Morgan's probity. He will also enter actions against those Canadian journals which published the slanders.

THE DETECTIVE CONSPIRACY.

MONTREAL, December 24.—The evidence so far taken in the detective cases here has been against the prisoners. Several witnesses, including the baggageman, telegraph operator and newsman, swore they saw the prisoners at the depot on the day of the robbery of the Grand Trunk safe. Detective Wilson, the principal witness in the case, will probably be examined early next week. The prisoners have declined hitherto to make any statement of their side of the case, but Detective Fahey broke the silence to-day by saying to a reporter: "As far as I am concerned, I am as innocent as the child unborn. Of course, the conspiracy is deep, well laid and finely worked, and so far all one-sided in the public eyes, but though things look bad for us now, it will all come out in time, and we will change the tone of the affair."

FUTILE EFFORTS.

All efforts to settle the difficulty between the Allan Steamship Line and the Grand Trunk having proved futile, Capt. Smith, Manager of the Allan Line, announces that their steamers will go to Baltimore.

England.

THE CHAMBERLAIN INTERVIEW.

LONDON, December 24.—The St. James Gazette says of the interview with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in Washington: "Mr. Chamberlain's reply commends itself to that kind of superficial, but somewhat limited English, common sense, of which Mr. Chamberlain is in many respects the most conspicuous representative; but it lacks political imagination and breadth of judgment, both of which are necessary to statesmanship. The Separation party is possibly stronger than it was, but it might be composed at least of respectable elements of Irish dissaffection, French bigotry and Manitobian particularism, worked up by a faction of our unscrupulous home rulers. Mr. Chamberlain's formula is very clear and logical in many ways, but unfortunately, political problems do not present themselves in such a delightful and simple guise."

Ireland.

O'CONNOR POWER.

DUBLIN, December 24.—The Evening Telegraph (Parnellite) urges the readmission of O'Connor Power to the party if, as it believes, he is truly repentant.

France.

PRESIDENT CARNOT'S POPULARITY.

PARIS, December 24.—President Carnot grows more popular every day. He takes long walks through the boulevards of Paris and cordially exchanges greetings with every one who accosts him. He is invariably accompanied by Gen. Brugere, his military Secretary, and yesterday the pair stopped at Braun's, and were photographed. Emerging from Braun's the President was cheered to the echo, and was impelled to halt at Yvon's studio on his way back to the Elysee to have his portrait taken at full length. Clemenceau is reported to have said in a recent interview with M. Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the Times, that he was dismayed to see in the papers an account of a stormy scene between himself and President Carnot in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies, and observe its characterization as a portentious discussion, when, as a matter of fact, nothing more than a friendly greeting had occurred.

Bulgaria.

AN INCREASED BUDGET.

SOFIA, December 24.—The Bulgarian military budget shows an increase of over thirty million francs, but where the money is to come from is a mystery. The people are already beginning to grumble over the burden of taxation and the dissatisfaction is intensified by the glowing pictures drawn by Russian agents of the happy lot of the Bulgarians under the Russian regime with their light burden of taxation.

Italy.

PAPAL JUBILEE PRESENTS.

ROME, December 24.—The jubilee presents sent to the Pope are enormous in number and value. They will require a large building for their exhibition. The Holy Father is delighted with their variety, coming as they do from all parts of the civilized world. He is especially pleased with the simple and characteristic gifts of the poor, and has had a special department made for the presents from Ireland.

PRINCE AND PUGILIST.

Wales Has a Scene With the Queen—Sullivan's Tour.

Special Cablegram to the Post-Dispatch.

LONDON, December 24.—The talk which is current about the surprise of the Prince of Wales at the publicity given to his reception of Sullivan, by the press, is all nonsense. However, he may be displeased because certainly he miscalculated the consequences and manner in which the news would be received by the public. The Prince of Wales met and freely conversed with several correspondents present in the Wellington Barracks. In Red Radical circles I have heard His Royal Highness compared to certain interesting members of the animal kingdom, but never to an ostrich, the comparison which is suggested by the attitude of his present would-be apologists. The meeting with Sullivan was brought about by the desire of a man with somewhat sobered, but, nevertheless, decided sporting tendencies, to see the pugilistic wonder. At the same time the Prince, who is an amiable demagogue, probably concluded that it would not be a bad stroke of policy to continue conciliation of the people who point with pride to prize-ring heroes who are far more numerous here than in America, without the gratification of personal curiosity. The consequences of

THE PRINCELY INDISCRETION

have, however, been very disastrous. I know on the best authority that it has called from the Queen the severest reprimand that "Berty" has received from that quarter since the Mordaunt scandal, and the result, I hear, is that Christmas greetings will not pass between Sandringham and Osborne to-morrow; in fact, the Prince has been down on his luck of late, personally and pecuniarily. He was interested in the Smith-Kilrain fight, and requested the book-maker, who was to be present at the fight, to send him at the earliest moment a telegraphic account of the mill. The message came to Marlborough House and was, by some mistake, forwarded to Windsor while the Prince had gone to pay a farewell visit to the Queen before her departure for Osborne. The Prince was out walking with friends in Windsor forest when a huge bundle of telegrams came. Fearing ill news from Princess Maude, who has been quite unwell ever since her measles at Fredensburg, the Queen opened the dispatch and read a brilliantly-written description of the battle. On the return of the Prince there is said to have taken place a very undignified and unpleasant scene. In the meantime, the moral of the meeting continues to be announced from the pulpits and by the press sometimes in veiled and sometimes in very lucid language.

SULLIVAN COINING MONEY.

Sullivan continues his majestic way through the country. Yesterday he crossed the border and reached Manchester, where, on "boxing day," he is to give several exhibitions. The Boston slugger is coining money; the lowest estimate I have read placed upon profits of his tour in the provinces is that of £1,000 weekly made by his detractor, little Charlie Mitchell. Smith and Kilrain have mutually agreed to stop up each other's ears whenever the big fellow from Boston invites them to a fistic feast. Jem and Jake, likewise children of Mammon that they are, seem to have determined on making money while they can. They are announced to appear at the Royal Aquarium in a few days and spar three rounds. In the early spring they will certainly start for America.

It is announced that on January 10 Sullivan will stop exhibiting and go into training. Windsor and Curragh—Kildare are both mentioned as his training quarters, but I think the date mentioned for entering upon them is at least a month premature. Sullivan's only fixture is at present his problematical bout with Mitchell in April, and for this neither Sullivan nor Philips believe that training is necessary, because the Brumagen bruiser will never enter the ring.

A RICH CITY EDITOR.

Brain workers never are properly paid. It would seem to be an invariable decree of destiny that the reward of pen driving shall be paid in the next and better world, while pugilistic pile-drivers reap their profits here. American city editors will doubtless experience a thrill of pity for the orphan children of the late Marmaduke Blake Sampson, city editor of the Times, whose estate was yesterday estimated before Justice Kay as being merely worth the bagatelle of £124,000. Among the extra items, however, was a collection of pictures worth £20,000, so there would seem to be, at least not as yet, any urgent necessity for a collection benefiting the descendants of the late Marmaduke Blake Sampson, who seems to have given assignments to some purpose.

A DISMAL CHRISTMAS.

Government Employes Discharged in New England—Loaded for Foraker.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

BOSTON, Mass., December 24.—A dismal Christmas for Government employes in the Custom-house of Boston is decreed by an order from Secretary Fairchild which arrived in Collector Saltonstall's mail this evening. This order cuts off the official heads of twenty-three employes and reduces the pay of as many more. Retrenchment of expenses is the cry from the Capital, retrenchment not only here but in many of the other ports of entry on the New England coast where Uncle Sam has an establishment. The news was known at the Custom-house before the official order arrived, and all day there has hovered around the big sepulcheral-looking stone edifice on Broad street an atmosphere of gloom and undisguised disappointment. Collector Saltonstall is confined to his home on account of sickness, so that the contents of Secretary Fairchild's letters are not given for publication, but advices from Washington say that the saving from discharges and reduction will help increase the swollen surplus in the Treasury to the amount of $40,000.

A YEAR AGO

Collector Saltonstall knew the official axe was about to fall, and protested against it. He averred that the discharge of so many men would jeopardize the ability of the office to handle the business properly. It is given out that Special Agents Tingle and Crowley are responsible for the order. These men visited the Custom-house in October, and, it is said, made the recommendation to Secretary Fairchild, the result of which is seen to-day. The Democratic politicians, especially those who applaud the smelling committee's work, are pleased at Secretary Fairchild's action, and see in it a prospect of placing straight out-and-out Democrats in the vacant berths. These men removed are in the main Republicans, and many think that after awhile Democrats will get their places. This is believed because Saltonstall has all along refused to yield to the demands of his party to oust the Republicans.

THE CHIEFS

waited upon him again and again, but he would not yield to them. Now that the order comes from Washington for the removal of these men, the party chieftains are congratulating themselves that at last they have "bounced the rascals out," and will put men of their own ilk in as soon as it is found the business cannot be managed by the reduced force. The order includes nine ports in Maine—Belfast, Castine, Ellsworth, Houlton, Machias, Saco, Waldoboro, Wiscasset and Portland. In Massachusetts Barnstable, Edgartown, Gloucester, Marblehead, Nantucket, Newburyport. In Rhode Island Bristol, Warren, Newport, Providence. In New Hampshire, Portsmouth. At all of these points salaries are reduced and discharges made.

Loaded for Foraker.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

COLUMBUS, O., December 24.—The Jackson Club of Columbus will give its regular banquet on the evening of January 9, at which Gov. E. W. Wilson of West Virginia is to respond to the toast, "Union and Fraternity." It is generally understood that he will pay his respects to Gov. Foraker, who will be inaugurated for his second term on that day. Wilson will refer to the Wheeling episode of last summer, and Gov. Foraker's bloody-shirt campaign in Ohio last fall.

SWINDLING COAL RATES.

The Railroads Charging Exorbitant Tariffs for Hauling Kentucky Coal.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

LOUISVILLE, December 24.—As a result of the general shortage of coal here and interior towns, and the consequent extreme advance in freight rates by the railroads, a law will probably be passed by the approaching Legislature to fix rates on coal or allow the Railroad Commission to fix them. The commission's power is now only advisory. At the same time the Louisville & Nashville, Cincinnati Southern and Huntington's line, the Newport News & Mississippi Valley, operating 940 out of the 2,431 miles of road in the State, will make an effort to have the commission abolished. Their property valuation for assessment, as returned by themselves, was increased $11,000,000 by the commission taking from their treasures for taxes $50,000 more than they counted on. It bids fair to be a big fight and money will be used freely. There has not been enough water in the Ohio to bring coal from Pittsburg since June. The like has not occurred since 1839. The great scarcity here, at Cincinnati and other river points has drawn heavily upon the Kentucky coal fields and

CREATED A GENERAL SHORTAGE.

The railroads have taken advantage of the situation and advanced rates. The retail price of coal has been nearly doubled and the dealers and railroads have by agreement divided the extra profits. Railroad rates have in some cases been tripled. This added discrimination has roused public indignation and created a strong demand for the law. A case of discrimination cited by Railroad Commissioner Spalding, occurred upon the new Ohio Valley road, running from Henderson to Princeton, built by Capt. Sam Brown, the Pittsburg Coal King. Spalding says Brown owns large mines at Decoven, Union County, on the road. The large vein there worked does not produce so good a coal as small mines a few miles away. The owner of these asked that the road build a switch to his mines. The road refused. He offered to guarantee 8 per cent on the cost of the road; refused. He offered to build the switch himself, and guaranteed a certain amount of coal loaded on his own cars ready for the road to haul, refused. He then hauled his coal more than a mile to Sturgis, a small station, and loaded the cars. Finally orders came that he would not be furnished cars there. The Ohio Valley road had coal of its own to sell.

Mr. Ed Dameron and his sister arrived in New York yesterday per steamer Aller.

Santa Claus at Herzog's
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL
Kris Kinkle has awarded his five elegant presents as follows:
The Rich Toilet Case to .... No. 1,8
The Lovely Fan to .... No. 2,1
The Gold-Headed Silk Umbrella to .... No. 1,0
The Elegant Two Bronzes to .... No. 3,1
The Exquisite Doll to .... No. 8
NOTICE—We shall keep on sale till New Year's Day the yet unbroken line of magnificent H day Goods, and will close them out at 20 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.
L. HERZOG & BRO., 407 N. Fourth Stree

FIGHTING A MONOPOLY.

Convicted Agents of the Standard Oil Company Denied a New Trial.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

BUFFALO, N.Y., December 24.—Judge Haight to-day denied the motion of the convicted Everests, father and son, the Rochester agents of the Standard Oil Company, for a new trial. They were convicted of conspiracy to injure trade and commerce and are now on bail. In his opinion Judge Haight sustained the District Attorney in all points of his argument recently made in opposing the motion for a new trial. When Superintendent Miller was enticed away from the employ of the Buffalo Lubricating Oil Company the unlawful acts and conversations took place in various counties and the bargain was consummated in Boston, but the effects of the act were upon the business trade and commerce of Erie County, and the misdemeanor is thus brought within the provisions of section 134 of the Criminal Code. It is the custom of the Standard Oil Company to carry all motions, however frivolous, to the court of last resort, and this motion for a new trial will be carried up of course.

THE GENERAL TERM

will pass on the question, and in case they sustain Judge Haight's ruling the Court of Appeals will have to decide the question.

"This is the beginning of the end," said District-Attorney Quinby to the correspondent. "Step by step they will fight the thing, but we have right and justice on our side, and I am confident every bench will sustain us."

The two Everests are managers of the Vacuum Oil Company of Chester, and were the Standard's tools used in the celebrated attempt of 1881 to blow up the works of the Buffalo Lubricating Oil Works and ruin the business of the Buffalo company. Public sentiment here is strongly against the convicted men, and the recent explosions in Rochester caused by naphtha from the Vacuum Oil Works have greatly stirred up a feeling of hatred toward the Standard monopoly.

The New Priest at Castle Garden.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Rev. Hugh. J. Kelly, who was recently appointed by Archbishop Corrigan as the successor of the late Father Riordan at Castle Garden, has just formally announced to the mission members in a circular letter that he has assumed charge of the mission, and he appeals for a continuance of their co-operation. He pays a glowing tribute to the character of his dead predecessor, and says that his great work in behalf of his "own immigrant girls" will remain as a lasting monument to the memory of Father Riordan. In closing his appeal to the members of the mission, Father Kelly says: "When in life you and I would have vied with each other to have contributed in the slightest degree to his (Father Riordan's) happiness, now that he is dead let us prove the sincerity of our friendship by bringing to a successful issue that which he had so much at heart and to the completion of which he bent all his energy—a home for "his immigrant girls.""

A Bed of Burning Lignite.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., December 24.—The strange phenomenon of burning lignite at Wickliffe, Ky., is fully verified by a company of gentlemen who have just arrived in this city from that point. It had been reported a hoax, but can no longer be doubted as it is a bed of mineral coal largely impregnated with oil, which has been ignited and burning for the past two weeks. The parties visiting the strange fire say that when a vent is opened, permitting the air to get in other parts of the lignite it immediately ignites and burns freely. There is a gaseous odor to the smoke and when pieces of the lignite partially burned are dropped into water oil will arise to the surface. Whenever this oily substance is burned out of the lignite, it becomes as hard as stone, with a whitish color, like pumice. The singular phenomenon is attracting considerable attention and a party of scientific gentlemen from Louisville will visit the locality next week to examine into its origin. The burning hill is about half a mile from Wickliffe.

A Good Move.

PITTSBURG, Pa., December 24.—The Chamber of Commerce to-day recommended in view of the deficit in the signal service appropriation that Congress take proper measures for the protection of river interests by proper measures to insure necessary reports in the river branch of the service. The Minneapolis memorial relative to the reduction of the United States surplus is recommended and it is suggested that all internal revenue placed as a war measure be removed; liberal appropriation for the army and navy and the encouragement of the merchant marine; the free listing of all articles not mined, manufactured or produced in the United States; increase of duty on tin plate; the purchase of National outstanding obligations in the open market. Committees from the Chamber of Commerce, Councils and the local Exchange may go to Washington to urge the above.

Dolby Promoted.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

ATCHISON, Kan., December 24.—It is announced that on January 1 J. W. Dolby, at present Division Superintendent of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, will be promoted to Superintendent of Terminal Facilities at Kansas City, and will be succeeded by J. A. Edson, late chief clerk and secretary to Superintendent Doddridge. Mr. Edson's headquarters will be in Atchison.

Will Sue for Libel.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., December 24.—Alderman Bigelow is contemplating a libel suit against ex-Assemblyman Lawler, who openly and publicly charged Bigelow in the Board of Trustees' rooms with being a thief, and with having some connection with the delivery of A. T. Stewart's body.

A Strange Runaway.

A team of mules attached to Bellefontaine road car No. 19, took fright about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon and ran away. They ran into the fence of Joseph Branch. Several ladies in the car became badly frightened and Mary Nagel of No. 2603 College avenue fell on the ground, striking on her head and receiving a concussion of the brain.

Cut and Hammered.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

HANNIBAL, Mo., December 24.—At a negro festival at New London, to-night, a fight occurred between Frank Mosley and Hayes King, in which Mosley was struck on the head with a hammer, and almost disemboweled with a razor. It is thought that he can not survive. King is in jail.

Her Pocketbook Snatched.

A woman giving her name as May reported to the police yesterday that as she was boarding a street car at Seventh and St. Charles streets her satchel, containing her pocketbook and a large sum of money, was snatched from her hand. Just what amount of money was in the purse is not known, but is supposed to have been very large, as officers were immediately sent out to work on the case.

Railroad Commissioner Appointed.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., December [illegible] Anderson has been appointed Railroad [illegible] missioner by Gov. Davis in place of [illegible] Slade. Mr. Anderson has been [illegible] years in the service of the New York [illegible] Boston Railroad.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch,

PUBLISHED BY
THE DISPATCH PUBLISHING CO.,
JOSEPH PULITZER, President.

[Entered at the Post-Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class mail matter.]

TERMS OF THE DAILY.

One year, postage paid, every afternoon and Sunday morning.......$10 00
Six months.......5 00
Three months.......2 50
By the week (delivered by carrier).......20
Sunday Edition, by mail, per year.......2 00

Subscribers who fail to receive their paper regularly will confer a favor upon us by reporting the same to this office by postal card.

THE WEEKLY.

One year, postage paid.......$1 00
Six months, postage paid.......60

All business or news letters or telegrams should be addressed
POST-DISPATCH,
515 and 517 Market street.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

Editorial Rooms.......501
Business Office.......558

London Office, 32 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross.

HIGH-WATER MARK, 54,420.

The circulation of the DAILY POST-DISPATCH in the City of St. Louis is larger every week than that of any other newspaper in the City.

TWENTY PAGES

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1887.

CLEVELAND'S Christmas gift to the country is a suit against the Union Pacific robbers.

REMOVALS of school employes "without cause" are doubtful in law and odious in morals when made by a reform School Board.

BY all means let the prohibition question be debated between the "wets" and the "drys." There is matter for excellent argument in it.

IT looks as if it would require a decision from the Supreme Court to determine whether the St. Louis Gas, Fuel & Power Company is still in existence.

THE renewed Republican abuse of ST. JOHN indicates that the foremost apostle of prohibition is preparing to do some very fine and effective work next year.

WHEN we consider the fact that nobody is asking for free trade it becomes evident that the amount of lying now being done in connection with that subject is unequaled in the annals of mendacity.

THE refusal of the morning papers to publish the Gas-Trust agreement may be accepted either as an admission that anything published in the POST-DISPATCH is read by everybody, or it may have another reason.

IT should not require a very long-winded statute to invalidate the action of stockholders who put their holdings into "trusts" in order to evade the limitations which the law imposes on the corporations they control.

THE latest reports from HENRY M. STANLEY locate him east of Lake Nyanza. Since EMIN BEY refuses to be rescued, it is not known what STANLEY is there for. He should come home and prepare to rescue somebody else.

MR. CHARLES GREEN'S suggestion that the expenditures of the St. Louis Gas-Light Company for the past nine years should be investigated is one which commends itself to the judicious approval of the people of St. Louis.

THE Wall street column of the SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH has regularly recorded a succession of scoops. The exclusive intelligence of the result of the Union Pacific investigation which we present to-day adds one more to the tally.

MR. HENRY GEORGE intimates that the Anti-Poverty movement was the main cause of the present agitation in behalf of tariff reform. It is hard to decide whether Mr. GEORGE'S modesty or his sagacity is the more admirable and conspicuous.

WHEN the Republicans were in power in the Southern States they showed some sagacity and prevision in opposing an efficient system of public schools. The main cause of this is now apparent in the fact that the educated negroes are rapidly leaving the Republican party.

THE Philadelphia Times is cruelly severe in commenting on Mr. BLAINE'S Republican clubs. It says: "The best thing "the party leaders could do would be to "trade the proposed National League of "Republican Clubs for a worthless yellow "dog, and then shoot the dog."

OUR esteemed contemporary, the New York Press, is trying to eclipse the old sectional veterans in shaking the bloody shirt. Such ambitious hardihood is not exactly becoming in a journalistic infant, and we hope that our new-born contemporary will abate something of its sanguinary ardor and strive for higher and better things.

MR. BLAINE should not be violently censured for saying that tobacco is a necessity. He simply intended to say what he thought was the popular opinion on the subject. If he made a mistake he [illegible] willing to assert the contrary. No impartial and sensible man will seriously contend that Mr. BLAINE'S utterances are gauged by his convictions. Moreover, Mr. BLAINE'S convictions are things which no prudent sporting man would bet on.

THE world has rejoiced over many Christmas days, but no previous one has witnessed a more wide-spread diffusion of the fruits of Christian teaching. There are still armies in the Old World, but there is peace everywhere. The poor we have always and everywhere with us, but there is reason to believe that the average of human suffering is lower and the average of human comfort higher than ever before. Especially is this the case in our own peculiarly blessed land of liberty and popular self-government. Our people seem to feel universally an assurance of national security and prosperity such as they have never felt before, and the unprecedented holiday activity in all parts of the country shows that they are manifesting their gratitude in a spirit of rejoicing that is sanctified with good will to man and reverence to God. They seem to realize that now no danger stirs abroad.

No planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time,

and millions of hearts full of Tiny Tim's "God bless us every one" overflow in acts of love and kindness that comfort and strengthen the sufferer and lend a new zest to the joy of the fortunate.

IMPUDENT SPOILSMEN.

A better illustration of the inherent viciousness of the political spoils system and the impudence of spoilsmen could hardly be found than is presented by the desperate efforts of the politicians to capture the new School Board of St. Louis.

Of the twenty-one members elected last month, all but four were elected on the Citizens' ticket, distinctly pledged to a non-partisan reform administration of the public schools.

The non-partisan character of the Citizens' movement, as our readers well know, was emphasized in every possible way. Representative Republicans were placed on the nominating committee, the candidates-at-large were taken from all parties, and the platform adopted and the address of the committee to the voters were as emphatic as possible on this point. Even the Turner Hall platform, though adopted by a party convention, expressly absolved its nominees from all party obligations. If any one point seemed absolutely assured before the election, it was that the administration of the schools would be absolutely free from political influences of every kind.

Hardly is the election over, however, when it is openly and unblushingly asserted that the non-partisan Citizens' movement was only a cloak for a swoop of the politicians upon the School Board, and, a majority of the district Directors being Democrats, a demand is made for a "clean sweep" of all the employes of the Board. The pretense that it is necessary to have all employes in sympathy with the "reform" policy will deceive no one. If an employe fails to do his duty in any regard the Board should discharge him on that ground. The soliciting of legal opinions in support of the right of arbitrary removal clearly indicates the scheme of the spoilsmen.

The people of St. Louis are not concerned with the legal rights of the Board in the matter, nor with the conflicting opinions of the lawyers. The certainty that the Board would be compelled to pay double salaries if removal "without cause" is adjudged illegal may be a proper matter for consideration, but the paramount issue in which the people are vitally interested is that the public schools be kept out of the hands of politicians.

If the business offices of the Board are to be treated as "spoils" the putting of janitors and teachers in the same category will naturally follow, and the whole school system will be made an appendage of a political machine. The people should keep a watchful eye on the members of the reform School Board.

THE TRUST FIGHT IN COURT.

Mayor FRANCIS says the Water-Gas Company has violated the terms of its franchise in entering the Trust under the Trust agreement, and City Counselor BELL says "the Water-Gas Company has unquestionably violated the conditions of its franchise, which will be declared void and the company's existence under it will terminate."

If Mr. BELL shall so easily solve the hitherto dark and difficult problem of how to deal with and demolish Trusts he will render a great public service and greatly extend his reputation as a learned and skillful lawyer.

Nobody will deny that the existence of this Gas Trust, and the joint control it exercises over the several corporations whose stocks and bonds are its only capital and whose management is its only business, are in effect a nullification of the primary condition of the franchise grant to the Water-Gas Company. So far as the purpose of the grantor and the interest of the public are concerned, the intent and the effect of the Trust arrangement are precisely the same in a business sense as if the companies had disregarded their charters and had united their capital and franchises in one corporation.

But the Water Gas-Company denies and defies anybody to prove that it has entered into any Trust or that it, as a corporation, knows anything about the Trust or is guilty of any act or sustains any contract relations to any other corporation or partnership contrary to the terms of its agreement with the city of St. Louis. As to what its stockholders may do with the stock, which is their private property, or as to any private business arrangement they may have with the stockholders of other gas companies, the corporation itself is innocent and powerless. It cannot deprive them of their control over their stocks. Only the law of the land can do that or limit such control so as to prevent stockholders from entering into arrangements which may place several gas companies under what is practically a joint control. So long as the law permits them to do this, and no corporation act is contrary to the condition of the franchise, it will claim that it cannot be lawfully deprived of its franchise on account of stockholder arrangements that are beyond its control and subject only to regulation by the law-making power.

If Counselor BELL can outflank or batter down the defenses of this very strong legal position and induce the courts to establish the precedent of holding corporations responsible and punishable for the outside acts and arrangements of their stockholders, or at least for the effects thereof when such effects are the same as would be produced by corporation acts in violation of charters, we shall soon hear the last of Trusts as a means of uniting corporations in great consolidated monopolies. The POST-DISPATCH wishes him success and will watch his efforts with interest and sympathy, but with a misgiving that he will have to look to legislation for some better remedy than any of our present laws afford for this new evil.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, the Christmas "bust,"
The escapade, and deep black eye;
Ring out the demagogue's false cry,
Ring out the sly, mysterious "trust."

Ring out the darkened days of gloom,
And sweep the several kinds of "slush"
From muddy street and lobby's crush;
Ring out the odoriferous boom.

Ring out the well stuffed ballot-box,
Ring in the turkey stuffed aright;
Ring in the old Santa Claus at night
With gifts to fill the children's socks.

Ring out the tall hat at the show,
Ring out the drinks between the acts,
Ring out the "chestnut" that distracts;
Ring out the nose with too much glow.

J. A. MACON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPORT.—Sullivan and Kilrain have never met.

BET.—Sullivan and Coburn never sparred at Boston.

READER.—Morrissey and Heenan fought on October 20, 1857.

A. B. R.—There are twenty-six letters in the English alphabet.

J. Q. S.—The highest revenue tax per thousand on cigars was $12.

A SUBSCRIBER.—There is no premium on a $10 bill of the year 1862.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Dalton's Physiology is as good a book as you will need.

JACK POT.—When a jack-pot is opened, any player has a right to "raise" the opener.

A CONSTANT READER.—Queen Victoria's first visit to Ireland was made in the year 1849.

THREE LADIES.—The proper day to receive New Year's callers will be Monday, January 2.

READER.—There is no Wash street in Boston. Washington street is sometimes called by that name, however.

J. S. C.—The poem "Ticonderoga," by Robert Louis Stevenson, was published in these columns on Thursday, November 24.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Heenan and Sayers fought for the championship of England and America in England, in the year 1860, April 17.

STAGE.—If J bets F that Sarah Bernhardt played but one engagement in St. Louis J loses. She played two engagements here.

A CONSTANT READER.—Cork limbs are made in this city, but we cannot give business addresses outside of the advertising columns.

J. W. L.—The Missouri defence bonds were issued during 1861 for providing means for raising an effective militia. They were in circulation.

ENQUIRER.—Thanksgiving Day is observed for the purpose of giving thanks for the good things of life. It is observed in this country only.

E. H. R.—The rules of progressive euchre are too long for publication in this column. You can purchase them for a trifle at most bookstores.

A CONSTANT READER.—There is no regular record kept of the number of strike outs in the Association. Ramsey probably holds the highest number.

CONSTANT READER.—If you have a cylindrical tank of water 30 feet high and 30 feet in diameter, it would take four tanks of the same height and 15 feet in diameter to fill it.

B. G. T. B.—The oldest violin known is in the British Museum. No history of the violin states when or where the first was made. In fact, the violin is a derivative instrument.

J. W. F.—John L. Sullivan holds a diamond belt which was presented to the American champion for being the best man in the world. There is no recognized championship belt.

CONSTANT READER.—The longest verse in the Bible is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther. The shortest is the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of St. John.

C. H. S.—1. Electricity travels faster than light. 2. A moment is not a recognized measure of time, so that the number of moments in a minute cannot be stated.

ELINORE.—1. The word "bidable" cannot be found in any of the recognized authorities or dictionaries. It is a localism. 2. "Diamonds and Precious Stones," by Dieulafait, to be had at the Public Library, is the book you want.

IGNORANCE.—1. There is no "President of the Fiftieth Congress." The President of the Senate is J. J. Ingalls. The Speaker of the House is J. G. Carlisle. 2. In the pronunciation of the word "Romola" the first syllable is accentuated.

A READER.—The longest glove fight on record was between Wm. Sheriff and Jack Welch at Philadelphia, 1884, seventy-six rounds. The longest prize-ring battle was between James Kelly and J. Smith, 1855, Australia, 6 hours 15 minutes.

A AND B.—If A had bet B that Smith would win the fight with Kilrain, he could not be compelled by law to pay the bet, because bets cannot be collected by law. Even if they could, he could not be compelled to pay that bet, because he did not lose it. All bets are drawn.

A SNAKE HUNTER.—Sullivan did not defeat Wilson, strictly speaking, as he failed to knock him out. The match took place at Madison Square garden on July 17, 1882. The only regular prize-fights Sullivan has had, excluding the mill with Ryan, were with Joe Goss and John Flood, and he beat both.

MR. W. C. STEIGERS

Will call on merchants wishing to contract for advertising in POST-DISPATCH. Telephone 558.

THE GOSSIPS' CORNER.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION PICKED UP BY POST-DISPATCH REPORTERS.

Christmas Reminiscences That Make Very Pleasant Reading—Judge Normile's Narrow Escape From Becoming a Millionaire—Danger in Electric Light Wires—Begging Letters—A Strange Sensation.

"Although the Health Department has been in existence but twenty years," said Sanitary Commissioner Francis to a POST-DISPATCH reporter, "the time has been sufficiently long for the series of reports in possession of the office to have disappeared. It may seem strange that those connected with this department have not seen fit to preserve its reports, but such is the case. As far as I know but one complete series exists, and that is in my possession. I began to make the collection long before I occupied my present position, and now I am the only man in the city who has copies of all. Dr. Carson has nearly a complete set, but several volumes are lacking, and I know of no one who has as many as he. Nearly every day dozens of people call on me for information contained in these reports, which they are unable to obtain in the health office, and I find the collection that I begun to make without any conception of its importance of very great value indeed, and its value will increase as time goes on."

⁂

"I tell you it's a strange sensation to feel that you're a gone goose," said Sergt. McGrew of the Mayor's Office, "I felt it once. Some time ago a fellow came in here and began talking wildly. I saw he was a lunatic and took him into custody, and had him committed to the Insane Asylum. I was day-dreaming here about a month afterwards when the door opened and in he walked, without a word. He walked up to the railing, and, leaning over, said: 'I was here a month ago.' I said, 'Yes.' He stopped for a moment, eying me wildly, and then continued, 'You're the man that locked me up and sent me out to the Insane Asylum.' He was working himself up, I thought. All of a sudden he reached back his hand to his hip pocket, and I saw I was gone. I couldn't get to him; the railing was between us. I saw myself a dead man. I closed my eyes for an instant, and when I reopened them I saw a relieving sight. He was pulling two yards of a red bandana from his pistol pocket and sobbing and sniffling like a child."

⁂

"I came very near owning the Father de Smet, the big mine adjoining the Homestake, in Dakota," said Judge J. C. Normile. "We came within a snow-storm of owning it. A number of us had the option on it. We were to pay nominally $350,000 for a controlling interest, but only $75,000 of this was cash, and the balance was to come out of the mine. The syndicate of fifteen or twenty men organized to purchase it included Mr. Dausman, Samuel Gaty, Erastus Wells, Edwin Harrison and myself. We had all the money necessary subscribed, but Mr. Gaty delayed paying his subscription. He wanted to consult a fortune-teller, I believe. We waited for him as long as we could and then Mr. Dausman made up his subscription and we sent old Mr. Loker out with the money. It was in October, but an early snow-storm delayed him between Denver and Cheyenne twenty-four hours and he arrived at his destination one day too late. Our option had expired and some California parties who had been waiting for the opportunity bought the controlling interest in the mine. It paid $1,120,000 before it suspended dividends in 1885."

⁂

"One of the strangest modes of celebrating Christmas I ever heard of," said Maj. J. P. Nickerson of Albuquerque, "was related to me by an old Texan some months ago. On Christmas of the year 1867 he was stopping at the hotel at Houston, and one afternoon an old hunter came in dressed in the rough style of the frontier, and wearing a formidable knife and revolver. He took his seat at the supper table, and after the meal was finished my friend fell into conversation with him, and finally they walked together toward the Mexican plaza. Suddenly the stranger drew his revolver and fired at a Mexican who was passing. The Mexican fell to the ground with a bullet-hole in the fleshy part of his thigh. The shooter was instantly arrested and taken to the lock-up. 'I never,' said my friend, 'saw a man so furiously indignant. Amid streams of profanity he declared the country was going to the dogs. In the good old times, he said, the entire population used to turn out on Christmas and shoot at the greasers to see them jump, but now if he did it he was put in jail. In his opinion Texas was ruined and was no longer a place fit for a white man to live in, and as soon as he got out he was going away from a place where the time-honored amusements of the people were so interfered with. He managed in some way to get off, and departed from the town, cursing all the inhabitants as a set of wretched creatures no better than the greasers whom they so unwarrantably protected."

⁂

"At this Yule-tide, which is too many a poor soul the only season of brightness in the whole twelve-month," said a lady yesterday, "benevolence is the fashion; and those charitable women who have been in the habit of giving good gifts to the poor, until the fame of their beneficence has spread throughout the land, do get some of the funniest appeals to their bounty. I saw the other day a letter addressed to a lady who has as many pentioners as the late Mrs. Astor, and whose charity never sends any petitioner away empty. I was bound over to secrecy touching the names, but the drift of the epistle is too deliciously amusing to keep to one's self. It was written from a little village in the far north of Maine. The writer introduced herself, told her age and described her surroundings, which were 'not those of better days.' Then she went on to say that she'd been obliged to build a new chicken house to keep her fowls comfortable during the severe weather. This structure had cost $15. It then became necessary to inclose it with a high fence, that cost a few dollars more, and then the 'woodshed' had to be re-floored. The writer modestly asked that when the purse-strings of the benevolent lady, of whose charity she had often heard, were loosened at Christmas time, she might be reimbursed for this outlay. And she further said that her hair now growing so thin she 'could no longer arrange it nicely without a switch.' So she enclosed a wisp of grayish hair (tied with a pink thread and pinned securely to the corner of the sheet) and requested Mrs. —— to 'match it' and send her the coveted addition to her scanty coiffure. She also said that she 'should not like the neighbors to know that she'd begged for anything and desired that they might not be told.'"

⁂

"The Christmas of 1885 was a memorable one to St. Louisans," said Judge Chas. F. Cady. "About the 20th of the month a blizzard came down on us, and the river closed and remained closed until the following March. All sport, in fact the life of the city was transferred to the ice. Ten-pin alleys were erected, tents where warming beverages were dispensed, lunch stands, etc., were moved out on the ice, and sail sleds and skating were the chief amusements of the day. By the way, I then heard about the most unfilial remark a child ever made. Among the tenters was an old Italian, who had his cook stove in his tent. One night he made a roaring fire, tied his tent strings together, and went to bed. The stove got red-hot and melted its way through the icy floor. The old man suddenly awakened, lost his bearings and falling into the hole was carried away by the current. When some neighboring tenters asked his son next morning concerning the old gentleman's fate he hurmoriously said: 'He's gone down in the cellar to look after the stove.' That winter the ice monument to De Soto was erected. It was a shaft thirty feet high, moulded as neatly as if made of marble by the most skilful artisans. On one side it contained a lithographic inscription, put on as neatly as any work I ever saw done. After the place on the shaft was prepared for it a bucket of water was dashed over the spot so as to be evenly distributed, the lithograph was then put on and another bucket was dashed over it immediately, framing and glazing it at the same time. When the ice broke, nearly three months afterwards, the stately shaft floated down the river, upright, until it reached the Arsenal. A little dog was caught in the break-up and went down the stream, frantically chasing about the foot of the shaft. At the Arsenal some bold fellow made his way out to the floating monument and rescued the little animal."

⁂

"I ate one Christmas dinner at Taos, New Mexico, which I shall never forget," remarked Capt. A. H. Wheeler to a representative of the POST-DISPATCH. "Some six years ago I chanced to be in that part of the country and was invited to take dinner with a Methodist missionary. When I arrived at his house he informed me that there would be another guest, a mining man of large wealth and depraved moral character, upon whose soul the missionary stated he had designs. He had just returned from a long trip in the Arizona Mountains, where he had suffered great privations, and was supposed to be in a most receptive spiritual condition. I had a few moments' conversation with this gentleman before dinner, and quickly discovered that he possessed at least one of the characteristics of a rough diamond. Among other things he told me that on his last trip the provisions had run very short, and that it had been the habit to tell disgusting stories before meals in hopes that the appetites of some would be impaired, and the share of those made of sterner stuff correspondingly increased. When we sat down to dinner the miner began to gather up everything eatable within reach, and commenced operations at once. The missionary was a great believer in grace before meat, and therefore said to his guest: 'Excuse me, we usually say something before we begin dinner.' The miner, with the memory of his previous privations and their attendant tales fresh in his mind, and probably with no knowledge at all of grace, replied: 'Oh, you can say what you darn please, you can't turn my stomach.' Tableau!"

⁂

"Very few people know how to handle electrical wires," remarked a well-known electrician to a POST-DISPATCH reporter, "and it is unfortunate that such is the case in view of the frequency with which broken ends of such wires are encountered dangling in the streets. How would I advise people to handle them? Well, I would advise them not to handle them at all. A very innocent-looking piece of telephone or district call wire, even, may conceal instant death. The broken telephone or messenger wire may at some point come in contact with an electric-light wire over which a fierce dynamo current is being sent, and that current is liable to be diverted and rush to the earth through the smaller wire and the body of any one who happens to touch the latter. The electric-light wires strung overhead are covered with cotton or some other non-conducting substance, and as long as this insulating covering remains intact the wires can be safely handled, but the friction caused by another wire resting on the covering soon wears it off and makes a good electrical contact between the two wires, rendering the ordinary innocent wire as deadly as its electric-light neighbor. A person standing on the stone pavements is a good electrical conductor, and a double contact is not necessary. The people who know a little about electricity run more risk than those who do not. The former usually know that to send telegraph messages a complete circuit is necessary and that no shock occurs from any such wires unless you form a connecting link between the two ends of a circuit. Hence they conclude that electric-light wires are harmless, unless you are in contact with both ends of the circuit, which is erroneous, as death has resulted in many instances from merely touching an electric-light wire or another wire which was in contact with an electric-light wire. A night or two ago I saw two men pulling at the end of a broken telephone-wire, and, as it lay across an electric-light wire, I cautioned them to desist. They sneered at this suggestion, but finally one of them put on a glove and resumed pulling and jerking. Within three minutes thereafter he lay stunned on the sidewalk. He had worn the coating off, and but for his glove would probably have been killed."

WE only charge $1 for 100 finest visiting cards and finely engraved copper plate.
MERMOD & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.,
Corner Fourth and Locust.

A CHURCH SENSATION.

Rev. Dr. S. G. Smith of St. Paul, Minn., Resigns His Pastorate.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

ST. PAUL, Minn., December 24.—There was a great sensation in church circles to-day when it became known that Rev. Dr. S. G. Smith, the finest pulpit orator in the Northwest and pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, had sent in his resignatian to Bishop Foss. The term-limit and dissatisfaction with Methodist Church government are said to be the causes of his action. Rumors are rife that the independent church movement has been thoroughly organized, that Dr. Smith will preach weekly in the Grand Opera-house for the present, and that a church will be built on St. Anthony Hill. Bishop Foss is trying to prevent a stampede of the members from the old church to the new, and visited St. Paul yesterday for that purpose. It is said he promised prominent members to send them the Rev. F. O. Holman of Minneapolis if they would stay. During the last conference Dr. Smith championed high license, while the church in the Northwest is radically in favor of prohibition.

WE are showing a grand collection of silverware and art goods for wedding gifts. Low prices. MERMOD & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.,
Corner Fourth and Locust.

A NEW AMERICAN CARDINAL.

The Red Hat to Be Offered to Archbishop Williams.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Advices from Rome predict that a Cardinal's hat will be offered to Archbishop Williams of Boston in the near future. A strong movement has been on foot for some time to induce the Pope to make Boston the seat of the next Cardinalate, that city being greater, in Church importance, than Baltimore, the seat of Cardinal Gibbons. Archbishop Williams is said to have written the Pope, urging him to give the hat to Baltimore. In the twenty-one years of Archbishop Williams' episcopate he has never had a case before the Roman courts. This, combined with the unpleasant notoriety and somewhat doubtful position which Archbishop Corrigan took in the McGlynn embroglio, are said to have considerable weight in influencing the Pope to pass by New York and bestow the hat on Boston.

President Cleveland has notified the Pope that he will, through an American prelate, present him a copy of the American Constitution and a letter of congratulation on the occasion of his jubilee.

WATCHES.
MERMOD & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.

Sunday Theatricals in Columbus.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

COLUMBUS, O., December 24.—Both the leading opera-houses, the Metropolitan and the Grand, will give Sunday performances to-morrow afternoon and evening for the first time in the history of the city. Intense feeling exists among the clergy over the innovation and the most of them will denounce it from their pulpits to-morrow. The Miller Bros., who manage both places, say that the beer gardens and concert halls are open regularly on Sunday and it has become a business necessity for them to keep their places open. If the city authorities will close the beer halls they will close the opera-houses on Sunday.

NEW YEAR calling cards, the finest collection at the MERMOD & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.,
Corner Fourth and Locust.

The Season's Compliments.

A presentation of a fine gold watch and chain was made yesterday to Mr. J. H. Bidleman by the firm of Jacob Strauss & Co., who has been connected with the firm for more than ten years, and is on the eve of his departure for St. Paul, where he intends establishing himself in business. All the members of the firm and the employes gathered about him while Mr. Adolph Sondheimer of the firm made the speech of presentation. Mr. Bidleman was so overwhelmed by the surprise that he could say nothing.

Mr. J. H. Bright, the contractor, of 209 North Ninth street, was the recipient of a beautiful and valuable watch charm Friday evening. The gift was from his employes and the presentation was made at the Mercantile Library. Mr. Bright made a very happy speech in acknowledgment.

The employes of the Brown-Desnoyers Shoe Company yesterday presented Mr. A. Faverau, superintendent of the buttoning department, with a handsome clock as a token of respect and esteem.

WEDDING and reception cards. The finest are those executed by the
MERMOD & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.,
Corner Fourth and Locust.
Prices the lowest.

By special request of the congregation Ben Deering will preach this evening at St. Paul's Church, Eleventh and Christy avenue.

SOUTHWESTERN TEXAS.

The People Think It Was Slighted in the Recent Immigration Convention.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., December 24.—Col. H. B. Andrews, Chairman of the delegation from the San Antonio District to the recent Dallas Immigration Convention, expresses the opinion concurred in by the entire community that the Southwestern section of Texas was not fairly dealt with there and that in the appointment for this district of a gentlemen—Mr. J. B. Chilton—whose home and interests are far north of San Antonio, the same slighting of this section is apparent. While therefore our citizens heartily favor a general immigration scheme for Texas, a special convention for Southwest Texas is proposed to be held with delegates from every county in the district which shall appoint its own independent agents and insure the vast country tributary to San Antonio its full share in what all believe to be the good times coming. The Daily Express states that the Mexican International Railroad which runs from Eagle Pass to Laredo, Mexico, connecting with the Mexican Central Railroad, thus giving the Southern Pacific a through route to the City of Mexico is nearly completed. The road will be prepared to receive freight by the 1st of January, 1888. In the early portion of February through sleepers will be in operation from San Antonio to the City of Mexico, and the trip will be made in seventy-two hours. By the El Paso route the journey has hitherto taken 108 hours; distance is 598 miles shorter.

Took Refuge in Suicide.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

GENEVA, N. Y., December 24.—Miss Helen Andrews, stepdaughter of Hiram McKinstry, one of the leading farmers living near Richmond's Mills, Ontario County, has committed suicide. She was the belle of society in that locality, and no death here could have caused so great a shock as hers. Miss Andrews was 21 years old and particularly attractive. She was very popular and her company was sought after by young men in the vicinity of Richmond's Mills. Her stepfather and mother idolized her. It was the old story of a young girl's loving not wisely, but too well. She became intimate with Dwight P. Porter of New York, too intimate for her own welfare. They were to have been married New Year's Day, but young Porter broke off the engagement in a very heartless fashion, and the belle of Ontario County to avoid disgrace took refuge in suicide.

Shot and Killed Her Husband.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHICAGO, Ill., December 24.—Mrs. Ida McCauley, a slight, pale woman about 26 years old, shot and killed her husband, William, as he was going out of the house this afternoon. They had been married four years. For the last two years McCauley had been absent from home a great deal and a little while ago Mrs. McCauley discovered that the reason was that he had become infatuated with his sister-in-law, a stately, handsome brunette. He had hired a house for her in another part of the city and was living there as the woman's husband. The discovery came to Mrs. McCauley through her husband's arrest for adultery at the instance of Mackin. Mrs. McCauley taxed her husband with his infidelity this afternoon. He admitted it, and declared that he intended to remain faithful to Mrs. Mackin. As he turned to go away she shot him through the head. He was book-keeper in Bartholomew & Rosing's brewery. Mrs. McCauley was locked up. Both came of good families.

The New Owners of the Chicago Times.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHICAGO, Ill., December 24.—Mr. Clinton A. Snowden and John J. West, who are at the head of the syndicate that has purchased the Chicago Times, went into the office to-night and took formal possession of the property. Changes in the staff began within five minutes. It is understood that they will be continued until an entirely new staff has been secured. The office has hitherto been outside of the Typographical Union. It will be made a union office now, and all the present printers will be dismissed. Mr. Snowden will have editorial charge of the paper. Joseph R. Dunlap, formerly of the Inter Ocean, will be managing editor. The present staff has been employed on the paper with hardly a change for years.

A Birthday Surprise Party.

Louis Schrempp was tendered a surprise party by a number of his friends, the occasion being the celebration of his 35th birthday. A number of his friends, among others J. Kennard, Val. Schrempp, Geo. Geister, G. Van Roisting, H. Feldmann and Richard J. Shea assembled at Marble Hall, 7141 South Broadway, and presented Mr. Schrempp with a medal worth $50 and also tendered him a serenade.

Young Diaz Goes Free.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHICAGO, Ill., December 24.—Joseph M. Diaz, the young relative of Ex-President Diaz of Mexico, who was charged by his employers with embezzlement, was arraigned in court to-day. He had been in jail five weeks. The firm did not desire to prosecute, and the case was dismissed. It is understood that the young man's wealthy relatives in New York effected a settlement. It was Diaz who was said to have been led to ruin by "Kentucky Bess," the sister of the wife and slayer of Capt. Hall.

Herdic's Suits.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., December 24.—The Herdic-Reading case, in which Peter Herdic asked to have a certain litigation reinstated that had been settled without his knowledge or consent, and in which a large amount was involved, was decided to-day in favor of Mr. Herdic in Common Pleas Court No. 4, and the suit will go on.

The Nova Scotia Raft.

BOSTON, Mass., December 24.—The British schooner Mistletoe, which arrived yesterday from Rio Grande Due Sul, reports that on December 17, lattitude 39.55 North, longitude 68.30 West, she passed four large pieces of round timber about fifty feet long, with bark on.

Asphyxiated.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

SHARON, Pa., December 24.—Wm. Smith and John Miles, employed at the Sharon Gas and Water Company Works, while working on the flues this afternoon were asphyxiated. Both leave families.

Celebrating in Their Own Way.

Charles Golding was arrested last night for disturbing the peace of Denny Thompson, No. 1601 Market street.

Dick Alwood was arrested at 10:30 last evening for celebrating Christmas by indiscriminate firing of a revolver. One of his bullets just missed Isaac Bird, a negro.

Presents for Prisoners.

AUBURN, N. Y., December 24.—The Women's Temperance Union to-day presented the convicts at the prison with 100 boxes, each containing toilet soap, hair brush, and other toilet articles.

ABOUT TOWN.

THE local journeyman plasterers opened a library room at 712 Chestnut street for their exclusive use. This is for the purpose of keeping men that are out of work off the streets.

THE first of a series of lectures given under the auspices of Mount Olive Lodge, No. 305, A. O. U. W., was delivered last Thursday evening by Mr. John I. Martin. His subject was "Fraternal Organizations."

TELEGRAPH NEWS CONDENSED.

Last night fire destroyed the shoe department of the State Penitentiary at Michigan City, Ind. Loss, $75,000.

John Barlloy, Journal Clerk of the Lower House of Congress, died at Washington last night, at the age of 71 years.

Mayor Smith of Cincinnati last night entertained 1,500 newsboys with a festival at Music Hall. All the boys received gifts.

Crocker Hall, a boarding establishment connected with the State Normal School at Framingham, Mass., was destroyed by fire last night.

Mrs. O'Neill, son and daughter were run over and killed by an express train on the New York Central Railroad at [illegible]

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

EVENTS OF INTEREST AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

The Streets Crowded With Notable Ladies Out Shopping—An Unsuccessful Fair—Miss Hillyer's Romantic Clandestine Marriage—Programme for New Year's Day at the White House—Society Chat.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 24.—For the past week shopping has been almost the only thought, and the streets have been crowded from early morn till late in the evening with throngs of men and women eager for pretty and suitable presents for those near and dear. Pennsylvania avenue has been a sight these last few days. Only a slight break in the crowd now and then reveals the fact that some person of note is among the shoppers. Now it is Mrs. Cleveland in her pretty cloth dress, whom the crowd pause for a moment to watch. Again it is Mrs. Carlisle, wife of Speaker Carlisle who, tall and stately, makes her way through the throng. And here come Miss Vilas and Miss Endicott, plainly dressed and unmindful of admiring glances from both sexes. Shopping is tedious. The stores are small, the departments cramped, and prices high. But the crowd buys on.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL FAIR.

The ladies of the Garfield Hospital Aid Society have been very busy for several weeks past in arranging for an entertainment and fair to be called "A Santa Claus Party." On Tuesday last, the doors of Willard's Hall were thrown open and the public were invited to come forward and reward their labors with substantial aid. The hall had been tastefully decorated, the booths were filled with pretty things suitable for holiday presents for young and old. A great many of the articles presented for sale were the work of the ladies having the affair in charge and were very handsome. But, strange to say, the public, the male public especially, refused to lend their aid. One can scarcely imagine a more dead-and-alive affair than a fair of this kind minus the male element. There is no money, no fun, no dancing, which had been promised the younger ladies of the committees as a reward for their efforts in behalf of the fair. There is a debt of some nine or ten thousand dollars hanging over the Garfield Hospital and it was strongly hoped that this year's efforts would clear this off. But this clearly is a case where woman proposes and man disposes—of himself and his coveted shekels elsewhere.

Such well-known society women as Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Dolph, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Ford Thompson, Mrs. Judge Graham, Mrs. Holliday, Mrs. Randolph, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Sabin and Mrs. Thomas Wilson were untiring in their efforts. Many of the young ladies were also busy and helped; prominent among whom were Miss Nixon, Miss Odeal, Miss Lerrano, Miss Burnett, Miss Peachy, Miss Taylor, Miss Thompson and Miss Fox.

A ROMANTIC CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

I had hoped to send a weekly letter without being obliged to announce a runaway or clandestine marriage of a Washington belle, but such is not to be. This week it is Miss Bessie Hillyer the young and pretty daughter of Judge C. J. Hillyer, who has deserted a faithful lover who had proposed for her, a home, and was looking forward to a happy ending to a courtship of some length. Mr. Grassie Buckley, is now the happy husband at least in name of the young woman, although it is said that legal steps will be immediately taken to dissolve the tie which the young people took so much trouble to forge.

Miss Hillyer is a tall, slender girl, with decided claims to beauty. She was a debutante two years ago, and has been a general favorite in society, receiving much attention from Mrs. Whitney and other ladies of social distinction. She is but 18 years of age, and her youth is the only excuse for her foolish freak. It was nothing but a girlish freak, which, it is said, she repudiated as soon as she returned to her father's house, which she did immediately after the ceremony, or at least as soon as they returned from Baltimore, where the marriage took place. Miss Hillyer was engaged to Mr. W. L. Trenholm, son of the Comptroller of the Currency, and they were supposed by everybody to be devoted to one another. Mr. Trenholm is in Philadelphia in business and the news of his fiancee's marriage is said to have been a great blow to him.

A SOUTHERN GIRLS' CLUB.

A new club has been formed, which promises to result in some very enjoyable entertainments during the winter. It is organized under the name of the "Dixie Cotillion," and is composed entirely of Southern girls. The membership is limited to twenty. Among the members are: Mrs. Washington of Texas, Miss Bates, Miss Wright, Miss Whittethorn of Tennessee, Miss Muldron of Mississippi, Mrs. Blanchard of Louisiana, Miss Tyler and Mrs. Smead of Virginia. The chaperones are: Mrs. Muldron, wife of the Assistant Secretary of the Interior; Mrs. Bates, wife of Senator Bates of Tennessee; Mrs. Reagan, wife of Senator Reagan of Texas; Mrs. Wright, wife of John V. Wright of Tennessee, and Mrs. Tyler, wife of Col. Tyler of Virginia. The first german will be given to-morrow, and will be followed by another one on every second Monday during the season.

A SWELL DRAG HUNT.

Society is just now busy preparing for the drag hunt, which will take place at Brithwood on Wednesday next. The hunt is given by Mr. Brown, and it is expected that all the society swells will be present. President and Mrs. Cleveland are said to have accepted their invitations, which is, of course, enough to insure the success of the undertaking.

THE COUNTRY CLUB'S BALL.

The "Country Club" will give its annual "Twelfth Night" ball on January 6. Col. Bonaparte, Mr. Aulick Palmer, Mr. David King and Col. Crosby are the Committee on Arrangements. Each member is restricted to a certain number of invitations, which insures a select and fashionable assemblage.

NEW-YEAR'S AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The programme for the official receptions at the White House has at last been made public. The President will receive on New Year's Day from 11 o'clock in the morning until 2 in the afternoon, and will be assisted by Mrs. Cleveland and the ladies of the Cabinet. Mrs. Cleveland's regular Saturday afternoon receptions will begin on January 7, and will continue during the season. Mrs. Cleveland receives in the afternoon from 3 to 5. Mrs. Cleveland has been very busy the past week with her Christmas shopping and has been seen nearly every day going in and out of the different stores, often accompanied by Mrs. Lamont, but occasionally alone. In the afternoon she is nearly always out driving with the President, but is sometimes seen driving alone. They will spend Christmas very quietly at the White House.

MRS. LEITER'S RECEPTION.

Mr. and Mrs. Leiter held a reception on Thursday, from 4 to 7 o'clock, to introduce their daughter. Miss Leiter wore on this occasion a simple debutante dress of soft, white crepe, made with clinging draperies and full round skirt, which proved eminently becoming to the young lady, who is tall and slender with dark hair and eyes. Among the guests were nearly all the members of the diplomatic corps, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Fairchild, Justice and Mrs. Miller, Justice and Mrs. Blatchford, Senor Quesada, Mrs. Hill, the Mexican Minister and Mme. Romoro and many others, although the invitations were not numerous, as Mrs. Leiter intends giving a series of these receptions and has invitations already out for the next.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL CHAT.

Mr. Don M. Dickinson and his wife are in Washington and have leased a house on Farragut Square. Mrs. Dickinson is a tall, rather stately woman, with brown hair and dark brown eyes.

The news of the death of Lady Northcote, which reached this city on Tuesday, has cast gloom over a large circle of friends, who remembered her as Miss Edith Fish, a favorite in more than one circle.

The question of social precedence is in a fair way of a permanent adjustment. It has been for some time the custom to give precedence to the ladies of the Cabinet, but the President and the Secretary of State have decided in favor of the ladies of the Senate, so the matter is thought to be finally settled. At a very recent dinner Mrs. Whitney gave the places of honor to Speaker and Mrs. Carlisle. The ladies of the Cabinet agree gracefully to the decision and will make the first call on the Senators' wives as soon as the season is formally opened.

Senor Murnagu gave a farewell dinner on Thursday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. DeMoran, who left this city on Friday for New York.

Gen. Carlin, in command at Fort Sherman in Idaho, has been in Washington for some days. He has gone to New York en route for California.

Mr. and Mrs. Caysatano Romero, of the Mexican Legation, gave a theater party at Albaugh's early in the week, the guests of honor being Mr. and Mrs. De Moran.

Miss Mary Moss and Lieut. Mason Blunt were quietly married on Friday night at St. Matthew's Parsonage. Only the immediate friends were present, and the bride and groom went directly to the train en route for Fort Elliott, Tex., where the groom's regiment is stationed.

Justice and Mrs. Mathews gave a small dinner on Friday. The decorations were in holly and mistletoe.

Col. Hudson gave a reception on Friday night to introduce his daughter, Miss Anna Hope Hudson. The debutante is a tall, slender girl, with dark eyes and hair. She was prettily dressed in white tulle.

The Austrian Minister, Chevalier Teresa, gave a gentleman's dinner on Thursday night.

MAY HARRIOTT.

A Politician Ambushed.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

WARRENTON, Ga., December 24.—Hon. Chas. McGregor, one of the most prominent politicians of Eastern Georgia was ambushed late last night while on his way home. The ball, a forty-four-caliber, entered his right side and is lodged just under the skin on the left. There is no clue to the assassin. The community is greatly wrought up over the affair and if the culprit should be caught he would be swiftly disposed of.

Died From a Bite.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

ELMIRA, N. Y., December 24.—Edward Buckley and John Holleran got into an altercation in a Canal street saloon on November 25. Holleran felled Buckley to the floor and then bit him over the eye. The wound swelled up, became very painful and erysipelas set in, resulting in Buckley's death to-day. Holleran has been arrested and held for the Grand-jury. He denies the biting.

COQUELIN AT HOME.

THE FRENCH ACTOR CHATS PLEASANTLY ABOUT ART AND HIMSELF.

His Beautiful Residence on the Boulevard Haussmann—A Lovely Collection of Pictures—Some Gems With Interesting Incidents and Associations Connected With Them—His Brother's Plans—His Own Work at the Comedie Francaise—Bernhardt in "La Tosca"—An Interesting Talk.

Special Cablegram to the Post-Dispatch.

PARIS, December 24.—This morning I had the pleasure of seeing Coquelin. I called at his house. He lives on the fourth floor of a fine house on the Boulevard Haussmann. I was shown into a small sitting-room ornamented with several beautiful pictures, including a water-color of Codet in one of his old French comedy roles by Madeline Lemair. It was here that the master of the house met me. He was most amiable. "Whatever am I to say?" he asked, as we shook hands. "I know you expect me to say something funny, but it is so early. Yes, there are some very valuable books there. I saw you admiring them as I came in. Let me show you my pictures."

THE ACTOR'S ART COLLECTION.

I was glad of this offer, as M. Coquelin possesses one of the finest small collections of modern French paintings that I have seen anywhere in Paris. From the little reception-room we passed into the billiard-room, where my attention was called to a delicious little picture of fullest finish by Bouvin, the very picture, I believe, that was practically bought by an American, but which Bouvin sent to the actor of the Comedie Francaise.

"Poor Bouvin," said Coquelin. He then showed me a delightful picture by our friend Degas, two washerwomen in a street of Paris, and one by Sergant of a Spanish court-yard.

"American painters have immense talent," he said; "look at this," a Whistler. There were pictures everywhere—in the drawing room, in the dining-room, in the library, in the passages. In the drawing-room was a magnificent bust of the actor by Falguieres. "It is said that the worst trade now-a-days is that of the sculptor," he said, "it starves an artist. You have read of that suicide the other day of a whilom prix de Rome? Died, you read, of deplorable results of the Clesininger sale? Apropos of busts," he continued as he led me into the hall, "look at that one of Victor Hugo. Is it not the master himself?"

Over this hung a fanciful drawing of Willette, "that noir artist whom I consider first of all our modern French caricaturists." It represented a girl riding a black cat through the air. Through the mist beneath her feet the heads of clowns and columbines look up at her strange journey. In her hand she holds out a baby in swaddling clothes. Near it was an oil color by

POOR ANDRE GILL.

It is called "The Little Orchestra Conductor." It represents a fat baby or cupid with its back turned. Between its legs is a blossoming tree that does not reach higher than its head. Song birds of every kind are upon the boughs. The Cupid has a sheet of music propped against it, and with a baton in hand is conducting the feathered choir.

"This is perhaps what I prize most," said Coquelin, as we walked down the long passage at the back of the flat, and which is a perfect gallery of caricatures, photographs and cunning pen and ink sketches. "It is a photograph of myself from a picture of Berand's, reciting to a company in a ball-room. Look at these rows of beautiful ladies, and there you see in the background is Gen. Pittie, who died the other day.

"It is the best portrait I have of myself. No, these recitations of monologues do not, as you suppose, fatigue me or bore me. I like it very much. It is natural, as every actor likes applause, and the applause one gets in a drawing-room is genuine and spontaneous. Then the monologuist being alone gets all the applause for himself." Here Mr. Coquelin laughed heartily. It is the most infectious laugh I have heard and I can easily understand now the great success with which he controls the risible muscles of his audience.

"There is a caricature of myself as a horse," he said, pointing to another caricature, "by my friend Sapeck. I am rather horsey of face. Yes, it is a English type. There you see is a caricature of John Bull, as a horse with long teeth. I have these teeth. It would be amusing to set down what animal each nation or national type resembles, would it not? This is my bedroom," a magnificent apartment with solid ebony furniture, imperial bed and blue tapestries. "I have two great treasures here; first, this

PORTRAIT OF GAMBETTA,

with its dedication to me. 'Printemps, Coquelin, Spring, Laugh and Love,' is what he has written underneath. Gambetta and I were great friends. Then this; it is a very good portrait of the Coquelin type. It is a picture of a mask on one of the cornices of the theater at Rheims. A friend of ours noticed it one day and sent it along."

Speaking thus, Mr. Coquelin ushered me into his study, a clear, bright room, furnished for work, but with the same elegance and artistic taste as all the other rooms. By the window, with its pleasant look-out on the boulevard, was a writing table, and against the wall by the door a low book-case, full of his own works, current literature, yellow novels; on top of the case, little busts, one in wax of himself, a grotesque colored plaster caricature of himself and other pleasing bric-a-brac. Over this was a canvas by Bastesin Lepage. On the door a sketch by Millet.

HIS BROTHER'S PLANS.

"Yes," he said, as at last I began to question, "we have excellent news of Coquelin, my brother; he has just completed a most successful tour at Athens. He is going to America shortly and has great hopes. Americans are such liberal patrons of art in all its forms, if it has merit. Why did he leave the Comedie Francaise? Well, I will tell you. Apart from the consideration of making more money, which you will allow is an important one, he was anxious for a larger field for the development of his talent. You see the repertoire at Comedie Francaise is a very small one. Writers of comedies which would be accepted there are very rare, and there is rarely any new part to be played. Creations of roles, which is what we all desire and Coquelin most desired, are exceptions. One is in a groove more or less there, and men of energy don't like running in grooves. Yes, I think it quite certain that Coquelin will return some day to the fold when he has worked out his various plans.

BERNHARDT IN "LA TOSCA."

"No, I have no faith in the reports that Mme. Sara Bernhardt will return. You see Sara wants a terribly large amount of money to meet her needs, far more than the Comedie Francaise would ever give her. She is doing well in 'La Tosca,' though people are grumbling, but Sardou is always being attacked. I think that the last act of 'La Tosca' is one of the finest pieces of dramatic literature. Mlle. Brandes? Well, I cannot say that she is considered a success at the Francaise. Let's call it a half success. Shall I ever go to America? Well," here Mr. Coquelin smiled, "I don't know how to answer that question. You see, I am tied to the Francaise. I cannot tell you how I should like to, nor how anxious I am to see that splendid country. Just now I am not doing much. I believe a play by Jean Richepin is coming on, and I shall have a good part in it. I have great belief in Jean Richepin's talent. What sort of a study am I? Well, a very slow study. I take a long time to learn my words, but once learnt I never forget a word. I think that is always the case, slow and sure, as you say. Most quick studies that I know have terrible lapses of memory. Now tell me, would you think that for many years I have been dreadfully nervous at times that I have been on the stage? No, quite the contrary, you say, and that is what my friends have told me. It is none the less the case, and it is only of late that I have mastered that nervousness. I now play sur moi, as they say at the theater, and that point I have only reached after nearly twenty years of activity."

WILLIAM WAS WILLING,

And the Court Granted Mrs. Aschenbrenner an Absolute Divorce.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—One of the handsomest members of the musical profession in the city is Prof. William Aschenbrenner, formerly of the Grand Conservatory of Music. He is tall and well formed. Personal attractiveness had much to do with his earlier success as a singer in opera. The Professor has a fine tenor voice, and though not the vocalist that he once was his tones still retain much of their youthful strength. This melody, however, is not the opinion of his ex-wife, Mrs. Annie Aschenbrenner, who has just secured an absolute divorce on the ground of infidelity. There has been music in the Aschenbrenner household for a number of years, and the Professor was not always a soloist. Prof. Aschenbrenner is the true son of Dr. Aschenbrenner, at one time a wealthy physician in this city.

THE PROFESSOR

was born in New York and was carefully educated in the best foreign schools of music. He made a successful debut abroad as a singer and came back to his native city eight or nine years ago.

In October, 1885, Prof. Aschenbrenner began a suit in the Supreme Court for limited divorce from his wife, Annie Aschenbrenner, to whom he had been married about five years previously. He alleged cruel and inhuman treatment, on one occasion, so the complainant alleged, she threw a glass pepper-box filled with pepper with such force as to break the box, cutting and bruising his eye, which remained discolored for weeks, and she threatened on the same occasion to blind him. Another time, so states the complainant, she attacked him with a knife. Again, she tore off his shirt and struck him in the breast with a glass bottle filled with water. On the same occasion she alluded, the complaint stated, in very disrespectful terms to his respected ancestry. Again, it is averred, "she struck him with her clenched fist, kicked him in the abdomen, dug her finger nails into him, bit his arm and attempted to tear his clothes, and called him vile names." November 24, 1884, according to the complaint, "after he had gone to bed she lit all the gas burners, threw open the shutters and curtains, opened the windows and pulled away the bedclothes, leaving him uncovered and exposed to the people on the street, she then closed the blind and assaulted him. January 24, 1885, "she grasped him by the hair and tore his beard," so that he had to have the remainder shaved off. The same evening after the plaintiff had retired, the complainant stated, she again made various attempts to pull out his hair, and said she would have his life. He remained up all night. About 2 o'clock in the morning she attacked him with an iron hammer, aiming a terrible blow at his head, which he warded off. She said she would brain him. He took the hammer away from her. The next day she attempted to stab him with a pair of scissors. Later on, while he was laying on the sofa with his eyes closed, the defendant struck him a violent blow with her clenched fist in his right eye, discoloring it. In February of the same year, while he was washing, she struck him

FIVE OR SIX BLOWS

with a heavy napkin-ring, raising large lumps on his head. In the same month, it is alleged, while he was defending himself against her, she grasped the forefinger of his right hand and bent it backward, injuring it so as to disable him in the pursuit of his calling—piano playing. On July 18 she struck him, he alleges, over the head and shoulders with an umbrella.

Roberts & Macadam represented Mrs. Aschenbrenner in this suit, and Judson G. Wells, the Professor. Mrs. Aschenbrenner answered with a general denial of the charges, and was allowed $5 a week alimony pending the case.

In December, 1885, Mrs. Aschenbrenner began a suit for absolute divorce against her husband, alleging infidelity. Annie Bowie was made co-respondent to this complaint. Prof. Aschenbrenner returned no answer, being, so it is claimed by his friends, desirous that his wife should gain her suit. An application was made in the wife's behalf before.

JUDGE BARRETT

for counsel fees and alimony. The Judge granted her $25 counsel fee. In the Professor's suit for limited divorce, William H. Hall, Esq., was appointed referee. In Mrs. Aschenbrenner's suit for absolute divorce, George M. Boynton was referee. It was agreed between counsel to allow the limited divorce proceedings to await the result of the wife's suit for absolute divorce. The Professor's counsel appeared before Referee Boynton, but did not dispute the testimony as to alleged infidelity. On the report of Referee Boynton Judge Lawrence granted to Mrs. Aschenbrenner an absolute divorce, with $6 a week alimony.

CASUALTIES.

A Fatal Collision—Shot by a Sportsman—A Brakeman Killed.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

SEDALIA, Mo., December 24.—The train on the Missouri Pacific Railroad which left Sedalia last night was struck by the engine of the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf Railroad at the junction of the two roads at Fort Scott, Kan., at an early hour this morning. The Missouri Pacific engine was just crossing the Gulf track when the engine on the latter road crashed into its side. Both engines were turned over on their sides, and the engineer of the Missouri Pacific engine, Wm. Berry of this city, was instantly killed, and the fireman, Goodrich, fatally injured. The Missouri Pacific engine was completely demolished and the engine of the Gulf train almost as badly damaged. Officials here say the accident was the fault of the Gulf people, as the Missouri Pacific train came to a dead stop at the crossing, as required by law. Wm. Berry, the dead engineer, lived with his wife and mother in this city for many years. He was about 25 years of age, and had been running from Sedalia to Parsons for a long time. His remains were brought up from Fort Scott this evening. Goodrich, the injured fireman, was brought up on the train this evening and sent to the Missouri Pacific Hospital. He was badly bruised and scalded, and it is feared he was injured internally. Berry will probably be buried Monday.

A Serious Explosion.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

ARMSTRONG, N. Y., December 24.—The boiler in the knitting-mills at this place exploded this morning. Several people were seriously injured and many others slightly hurt. The building and machinery are badly wrecked.

A Fatal Mistake.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., December 24.—While a hunter named Tissel and a comrade named Boyers were hunting deer in Grant County, last Friday, Tissel mistook Boyers for a deer as he was coming through the brush, and shot him through the body, killing him instantly.

Elevator Accident.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., December 24.—The elevator which is being put into the Stanton House fell to-day and seriously injured George Binnyard. He was badly crushed about the right shoulder and breast.

A Brakeman Killed.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

FAIRMOUNT, Ill., 24.—Thomas W. Reiker, a brakeman on the C. & E. I. Railway, was run over and instantly killed at Rossville, Ill., to-day. He had been married but a short time.

Candy Confiscated.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

DAYTON, O., December 24.—The Board of Health to-day and to-night confiscated a number of barrels of cheap candies they found. They found candies on sale for Christmas, which hours of hard boiling failed to affect, and some of it that was actually colored with common cheap paints. The market here is overstocked with candies that an ostrich could not digest, let alone a human being, and much of it is considered extremely poisonous. The authorities are now in search of the parties who put it on the market.

BURNING TOYS.

A LOCUST STREET NOTION STORE VISITED BY THE FLAMES.

The Fire Laddies Spend Their Christmas Eve in Frost-Coated Jackets Wading Through Ice and Slush—A Threatening Fire Successfully Confined to Its Place of Origin—Smaller Blazes.

All day yesterday the firemen awaited an ugly job with dread expectancy. At 7:42 last evening the job looked for on each Christmas Eve came with an alarm from box No. 43, at Sixth and Olive streets. At that hour Police Officer Battersby, passing west on Locust street discovered smoke rolling from the third story of building No. 516 Locust street, occupied by Chas. E. Clark & Co., general notion dealers. At that hour the book-keeper of the firm was attracted by a roaring noise in one of the upper stories, and looking out saw a burst of flame from the fourth floor. Chief Lindsay, who was at the Seventh and Olive streets headquarters, hurried around to Sixth and Locust streets. The fire was making great headway. With commendable good judgment, the Chief saw that the fire would be a difficult one to handle. Engine Companies Nos. 6, 23, 12, 18, 15 and 14 and truck companies 3, 4 and 6 responded to the first alarm. Two streams were run up through the lower floors, but the pipemen were forced back by the flames, which were encroaching on the third floor. A second alarm was accordingly ordered, bringing Engine Companies Nos. 18, 24, 22, 9, 16 and Truck Company No. 7 to the work. By the arrival of these companies the truck companies ascertained that on account of the nest of Western Union telegraph wires on the south side of Locust street they could be of little service in fighting the spread of the flames, which threatened the new Mercantile Library, now in course of erection; the new POST-DISPATCH building on Olive street, and the corner buildings on the east side of Sixth street and the north side of Olive street. To make sure against the usual disastrous Christmas Eve conflagration Chief Lindsay turned on the third alarm, calling out Engine Companies Nos. 10, 4, 25 and 7, and Truck No. 5. Within a quarter of an hour the fifteen companies called out by the three alarms were playing on the blaze. From the interior of the building the descent of the flames was fought so successfully that no damage by fire was done below the fourth floor of building No. 516 Locust street. Engine Companies Nos. 15, 14 and 22 finally secured an advantageous position on the roof of buildings No 515 Locust street and from this point poured three streams into the upper stories of the burning building. Another line was led up building No. 314 North Sixth street and from the roof of this house a stream played on the blaze. Lines were also run up building No. 512 Locust street. As the fire raged principally between the third floor and the roof it was difficult to reach it. At one time it looked as if the blaze would spread to house No. 514 Locust street, occupied by the Udell & Crunden Wooden Ware Company and to No. 512, occupied by Leonhard Roos, the furrier, who suffered serious losses by fire only a short time ago at Fourth and Christy avenue. By hard work the flames were confined to the floors of 516, in which they originated. The engines were sent home in pairs, according to the remoteness of the engine-houses. After three hours' work the fire-laddies gathered up the ice-coated hose, and, decked out in icicles, men and apparatus returned to their quarters. The principal sufferers by the fire, the origin of which could not be accounted for, were Chas. E. Clark & Co., general notions, occupying building No. 516 Locust street. Their stock was damaged to the extent of $20,000; covered by insurance. Udell & Crunden, occupying 514, suffered a slight loss by water. The building, which is owned by the Oliver Hart estate, was damaged to the extent of $4,000; fully covered by insurance.

The damage to the building No. 514, occupied throughout its five floors by Udell & Crunden, dealers in wood and willow ware, was slight. The flames were spread only to the upper floors, and the stock, saving the damage done by the water, was pretty thoroughly preserved. The building was thoroughly stocked; on the fifth floor with ladders and rattan chairs; on the fourth with boys' wagons, commodes and willow ware; on the third with toys, baby carriages, etc., and on the two lower floors with samples mainly. Mr. Crunden said that the stock was valued at $35,000 and is covered with insurance to the extent of $25,000, so that the loss of the firm in any event could not be great.

AN ACCIDENT.

During the excitement attendant on the fire a lady, who was walking on Broadway near Olive with her husband, slipped and fell, breaking her arm and dislocating her shoulder. Her injuries were attended to in Alexander's drug store and she departed with her husband.

A Collision.

As Reel No. 4, driven by Bat Kelly, was galloping down Washington avenue on the second alarm, it caught up with double car No. 78 of the Washington avenue line, in front of Simmons' hardware store. Immediately east of Ninth street on the south side of Washington avenue an immense pile of building rocks projects almost to the car tracks. A red light fell faintly upon the pile. As the hose-cart reached it, it was still even with the street car. The driver yelled to the car to let him in ahead, but it was too late. The space was too narrow for two, and with a crash that could be heard several blocks, one side of the cart struck the rocks and the other side the street car, throwing the car clear across the north track. The wedge was complete, and fully a quarter of an hour was spent in getting the cart out of its entanglement. The driver, Kelly, was thrown clear over the horses upon the granite, and was severely shaken up. The passengers in the car thought their last day had come, and there was a great scrambling to get out. No damage was done either vehicle, but the firemen's harness was somewhat destroyed.

Small Blazes.

At 3 o'clock yesterday morning the two-story brick dwelling No. 3250 Olive street, occupied by A. Archambeault, was set on fire by a defective flue and was damaged to the amount of $50. The furniture was damaged to the same extent.

At 8:10 a. m. some cottonseed oil caught fire at Brown's oil-mills, 2809 Papin street. Damage, $5. An alarm of fire was turned in by an employe of the mill.

A BITTER STRUGGLE.

The Local Option Election in Butler County—Macon Returns.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

POPLAR BLUFF, Mo., December 24.—This will be the most memorable Christmas in the history of this town. The moon shines cold and clear, and the crowds of buyers are greater than ever known, but the greatest interest is in the near-approaching local option election. C. J. Holt and Joe Critchfield, the two eminent advocates of temperance, are here and are holding a large meeting in Ferguson Hall. While the saloons are all wide open, with one of the finest free lunches ever seen in the city. Threats have been made by some of the whisky party that if the ladies go to the polls they will be indicted. Threats of violence have been made, too. It is impossible to tell with any certainty how it will result, both sides claiming a sure victory, but the chances are in favor of the "drys." There have been hundreds of jugs sent out to remote precincts, and to-morrow will be the drunkest Christmas ever seen in Butler County.

A Big "Dry" Majority.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

MACON, Mo. December 24.—Returns are in from twenty-five of twenty-six townships, on the local option election, and give a majority of 290 for prohibition, insuring the passage of the law by a large majority.

Fifty-Five Turks Arrive.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Fifty-five Turks arrived by the steamship Chateau Leoville of the Bordeux Line to-day. Many of them came from Jerusalem and the vicinity. The party included a number of children. Only twenty were provided with money. These were permitted to land. The cases of the others were referred to Collector Magone. He will probably order them to be returned.

AGAINST WHISKY AND COCKPITS.

The Fight in South Carolina for the Enforcement of the Laws.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHARLESTON, December 24.—South Carolina seems to to have been seized with a spasm of virtue. Charleston is fighting over Sunday cocktails; Columbia is trying to suppress her cockpit, and the Legislature has just authorized Greenville and Abbeville Counties to hold special Prohibition elections. The war on the Sunday cocktail is still going on in Charleston, although from the appearance of the barrooms Sunday, strangers would not have known it. On Thursday night a meeting was held in the Cumberland Methodist Church, at which the temperance people pledged themselves to push the seductive cocktail to the wall. The matter has not been brought to the attention of the City Council, and the barkeepers laugh at the agitation. The originators of the movement for the revival of the Sunday blue laws are broadening their basis of operations. They now propose to take care of policy shops and

SELLERS OF LOTTERY TICKETS.

In the Evening Sun to-day Michael Kelly, a ward politician of some popularity and influence, addressed an open letter to Capt. George D. Bryan, the newly installed Mayor, in which he said: "Now, Capt. Bryan, I would advise you, as a constituent who has no favors to ask, no axe to grind, my only desire being to see the government of the city carried on in a fearless and impartial manner, to reflect well before taking your oath of office, wherein you solemnly swear to execute the laws of the city, and if you find after reflection that you do not possess the backbone to speak fearlessly and impartially administer and execute the laws and ordinances of the city, particularly the sections making it unlawful to sell lottery tickets and to keep bar-rooms open on Sunday, then I say to you, refuse to qualify, for there is going to be a war waged against the two evils. It will be war to the knife and the knife to the hilt. The people demand and are determined that there shall be no whisky sold on Sunday, nor shall there be any more lottery or policy-shops."

THE LEGISLATURE

has just passed a law prohibiting cock-fighting within three miles of any institution of learning in the State. The violation of the law is made a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment. The cockpit in Columbia, which is conducted by Mat Ison, a well-known sporting man, pays to the city an annual license of $300. Ison, however, claims that the new State laws cannot close his pit until January 1, when his present license expires. It has therefore been determined by the sporting men to hold a grand interstate contest in Columbia on the 27th, 28th and 29th insts. This announcement has caused an outburst of indignation among the humane people of Columbia, but leading lawyers sustain Mr. Ison's claim to his right to hold the main under his present license. Scores of sporting men from New York, Washington, Georgia, North Carolina and other points will be present and thousands of dollars will change hands. The Greenville and Abbeyville County prohibition election bills are moves on the part of the Prohibitionists to force prohibition on the cities of Greenville and Abbeyville by the aid of the county vote. It is not probable that it will succeed, as the same thing was tried last year in Anderson and Laurens, and prohibition was defeated by an immense majority.

NO FUNDS.

An Omission In An Estimate for the Colored University.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

ATLANTA, Ga., December 24.—The Atlanta Colored University has not received the $8,000 appropriation for the present scholastic year and the outlook is that it will not be paid. The act of 1874 requires that a plan of expenditure be submitted by the Board of Trustees of the Atlanta University to a commission of which Chancellor Mell of the State University is now the head. Heretofore it has been the custom of the Commission to approve this plan of expenditure and forward it to the Governor, whereupon he would order the appropriation paid. But the last Legislature adopted a resolution that hereafter the trustees of the Atlanta University must state affirmatively in their plan of expenditure that the appropriation would be used exclusively for the education of colored people. The plan of expenditure presented by the trustees to the Commission for the present year contained no such affirmation. Chancellor Mell declined to approve it and Gov. Gordon has issued no order for the payment of the appropriation. President Francis of the colored university declares that he will not dismiss the white pupils.

SLICK McNEALLY.

The Saco Bank Unable to Secure the Youthful Robber.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

HALIFAX, N. S., December 24.—Harry McNeally, the brother of the defaulter, cannot reach here until Sunday afternoon. It is not admitted that he comes as envoy plenipotentiary of the Saco Bank. Compromise will be the order of the day. As the bonds are not here, it is more than probable that Harry took them to the States with him and ere this they are where the Saco Bank people can not find them. In the meantime the young bank robber is in safe keeping. He is allowed the liberty of the Marshal's office and has not been submitted to the indignity of a felon's cell. He is very hopeful, and says that when his brother arrives he will know just how the bank people feel toward him. The State of Maine, so far, has taken no official notice of his capture. This is taken here to mean that the State officers know that the defaulter cannot be extradited. His capture here has created a great sensation. No one here ever knew that the young man was living here in the most fashionable house in the city until the Globe's report arrived and gave the official information to the representative of the United States Government.

Carondelet Jottings.

Six deaths were recorded here during the past week.

There will be only one collection and one distribution of the mail to-morrow.

The annual ball of the Park Social Club will be given at Turner Hall on New Year's Eve.

Rev. E. H. Corry of the M. E. Church returned yesterday from a visit to Leville, Ky.

The steamer Gem City and the tug Mary Bryan are on the ways at the marine dock yards.

Burt Forsythe of Kirkwood, Mo., is spending the holidays with his father, Maj. Forsythe, at Jefferson Barracks.

The Ladies' Mission Society, with the aid of the Young People's Association of Christian Endeavor, will give a festival this evening at the Presbyterian Church.

Miss Annie Lick was united in wedlock to Mr. Herman Feldman, last Wednesday evening, at the residence of her parents, on Broadway and Stein street, by Justice Giovanni.

The members of the Carondelet Gun Club will give a shoot to-morrow at Jackson's place on the Stringtown road. A fine repast will be served the boys at the end of the match.

The employes of the Provident Chemical Works were presented with a turkey by their employers last evening. The boys will be given a holiday to-morrow.

The blue coats at Jefferson Barracks will have a grand time to-day. A general holiday is extended to every one, and games of all sorts will constitute the day's programme. A good turkey dinner will test the appetite.

The little children of the Germania Turnverein will give an entertainment to-morrow evening at Turner Hall. A Christmas tree, loaded with presents for the little ones, will constitute the chief event of the evening. The affair will conclude with a hop.

About 6 o'clock last night a serious accident happened on the "incline road" that will cause a loss to the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company of some $5,000. While switching cars from the transfer boat Missouri, two heavily-loaded freight cars, filled with various articles of merchandise, broke a draw-head and rushed down the incline with lightning rapidity, dashing into the bow of the boat, crushing that portion of the vessel into splinters and then finally seeking repose in the river, where they are at present lost to view. Luckily no one was hurt, although several deckhands narrowly escaped.

ABOUT 11 o'clock yesterday morning Fred W. Peltzer, employed at the Merchants' Planing-mill, had two of his fingers cut off by a machine. He is 30 years of age, married, and resides at No. 1013 Angierode street. Dr. Borck attended him.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, causing distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet efficiently. It tones the stomach, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, banishes headache, and refreshes the mind.

Distress After Eating

Sick Headache

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. After eating I would have a faint or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble was aggravated by my business, painting. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Heart-burn

Sour Stomach

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

DIED.

BRIEN—On December 24, at 11:30 o'clock a. m., MICHEL J., beloved son of Christopher and Mary Brien, in his 24th year.

Funeral will take place from the family residence, 1023 Selby place, Monday at 2 o'clock, December 26. Friends and relatives are invited to attend.

Chicago (Ill.) St. Mary's (Kan.) and Moberly (Mo.) papers please copy.

GODFREY—On Friday, December 23, 1887, at 5 o'clock a. m., JOHANNA ISABELLA, daughter of Dennis Godfrey, aged 23 years.

The funeral will take place Monday, 26th inst., at 9 o'clock a. m., from family residence, Humboldt avenue, opposite Bellefontaine Cemetery, to Mt. Carmel Church, thence to Calvary Cemetery. Friends of the family are invited to attend. Carriages will leave Cullen & Kelly's at 8 a. m.

MILLER—On Saturday morning, December 24, at 12 a. m., AUGUSTUS, beloved father of F. J., C. F. and A. H. Miller, aged 68 years 11 months and 16 days.

Funeral will take place from residence, Wedge House, 2745 Market street, at 1 p. m., Monday, December 26.

Memphis (Tenn.) and Racine (Wis.) papers please copy.

STACKHOUSE—WILLIE, the only son of Samuel S. and Catharine Stackhouse, at 11 a. m., December 17, at the age of 2 years 11 months and 17 days.

Tipton (Mo.) and Johnstown [illegible] papers please copy.

TEMPLEMAN—WILLIE J., beloved son of W. J. and Elizabeth Templeman, nee Menaugh, aged 2 years and ten months.

Funeral 10:30 Monday from residence, southeast corner Helen and Madison streets, thence to Calvary Cemetery. Friends invited.

For Ladies' and Gentlemen's
PRESENTS,
2,500 SILK Umbrellas.

Prices $3 to $20.
Grandest stock ever shown and at the lowest prices.
MERMOD & JACCARD
JEWELRY CO.,
COR. 4TH and LOCUST.

Special Inducements
To Parties Going to Housekeeping,

Or, if in need of anything in the line of PARLOR, BEDROOM or KITCHEN FURNITURE, COOKING AND HEATING STOVES, OIL CLOTH, BRUSSELS and INGRAIN CARPETS, RUGS, WINDOW SHADES, PICTURES, HANGING LAMPS. Everything sold on Easy WEEKLY or MONTHLY PAYMENTS CHEAPER than any up-town house for CASH. Call and be convinced. Open at Night.

DONT FORGET THE PLACE,

Geo. J. Fritsch
Furniture, Stove & Carpet Co.,
Nos. 1509 to 1515 S. Broadway.

REGULAR TICKET.
WESTERN
Commercial Travelers' Association.
ELECTION: Tuesday, December 27, 1887.

President:
M. C. WETMORE, Liggett & Meyers Tobacco Co.
First Vice-President:
JOSEPH BOYCE, Boyce Bros., Tobacco Supplies.
Second Vice-President:
T. A. CORBETT, Rice, Stix & Co.
Third Vice-President:
JOHN A. LADD, Lorillard Tobacco Co.
Fourth Vice-President:
JOHN B. BODDIE, Wear, Boogher & Co.
Fifth Vice-President:
CHAUNCEY LADD, Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co.
Sixth Vice-President:
C. M. BREEDEN, Deere, Mansur & Co.
Secretary and Treasurer:
THOS. RYAN.
DIRECTORS:
A. F. SHAPLEIGH, Jr., Shapleigh & Cantwell Hardware Co.
W. E. SCHWEPPE, Schweppe Grocer Co.
MARC TAYLOR, B. F. W. Meier & Co.
S. C. BUNN, Hargadine, McKittrick & Co.
D. G. COOK, American Wine Co.
C. H. PILLEY, Excelsior Manufacturing Co.
Medical Director:
DR. J. H. LESLIE.

AMUSEMENTS.

OLYMPIC--CHRISTMAS WEEK, COMMENCING SUNDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 25
3........MATINEES........3
Monday, Wednesday and Saturday,
ENGAGEMENT OF THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN,
SOL SMITH RUSSELL,
In his New and Very Successful Comedy by E. E. Kidder,
★ BEWITCHED! ★
In addition to which Mr. Russell will give his Famous Songs and Specialties,
Dora's Pennyroyal, with Song, Dad's Dinner Pail,
Goose with Sage and Inyons, A Jolly Good Laugh,
There You Are, "There You Ain't."
☞SUNDAY, January 1—IMRE KIRALFY.

STANDARD THEATER--Nightly at 8—Matinees, Monday (Christmas), Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.
THE LONGEST AND LOUDEST LAUGH OF THE SEASON.
GRAND HOLIDAY WEEK, COMMENCING THIS (SUNDAY) NIGHT, DECEMBER 25.
Fowler and Warmington,
SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON
Introducing NEW FEATURES, NEW SPECIALTIES, NEW and SPARKLING MUSIC, AND A COTERIE OF COMEDIANS.
MUCH FUNNIER THAN EVER BEFORE
N. B.—EVERY LADY and CHILD attending our Christmas Matinee, Monday, December 26th, will be presented with a Beautiful Present.
Next Week—The Night Owls.

ST. LOUIS CHORAL SOCIETY,
CHRISTMAS ORATORIO,
THE MESSIAH,
AT MUSIC HALL, Thursday, Dec. 29.
SOLOISTS:
Mrs. H. S. PRAETORIUS, Soprano.
Mrs. ALICE LANSDEN McCANDLESS, Alto.
Mr. CHARLES A. KNORR, Tenor.
Mr. WM. M. PORTEOUS, Bass.
Chorus and Orchestra, JOSEPH OTTEN, Director.
Tickets, including reserved seats, 25c to $1.50 At Balmer & Weber's, 209 N. 4th st., and at Exposition Building concert night.

CASINO, FOURTH AND WALNUT.
MATINEE TO-DAY.
Monday December 26.
EXTRA CHRISTMAS MATINEE, 2:30.
Maud Morrissey's British Blondes
Entire New Company. Burlesque on the "Mikado."
MICKEY DOUGH, THE IRISH NIHILIST.
Admission, 50c and 25c. Matinees Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays, admission 25c.

EXPOSITION MUSIC HALL.
ST. LOUIS MUSICAL UNION.
First Concert, Thursday, Jan. 5.
MISS JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS, Prima Donna, Contralto. MISS NEALEY STEVENS, Pianist.

ENTERTAINMENT HALL,
(EXPOSITION BUILDING)
DECEMBER 31, 1887,
YALE GLEE and BANJO CLUB
SEATS ON SALE AT
BALMER & WEBER'S,
209 North Fourth Street.

Fairley, the Grocer,
820 and 822 FRANKLIN AV.,
Will offer the following great drives this week. Some of them will not last the week:
SUGARS.
Granulated, best......14 lbs for $1 00
Standard A......15 lbs for 1 00
Fancy Yellow......18 lbs for 1 00
PARCHED COFFEES.
Fancy Golden......4 lbs for $1 00
Extra Choice Java......3½ lbs for $1 00
GREEN COFFEES.
Choice Rio, light and dark......5 lbs for $1 00
Choice Java......4 lbs for $1 00
FLOUR.
We have reduced the price of HIGH PATENT FLOUR, for this month only, to the low price of $2 per sack and $1 per half-sack.
CANNED GOODS.
3-lbs Tomatoes, per can......10c
3-lbs Tomatoes, per dozen......$1 10
2-lbs Peas, Standard, per dozen...$1.10; 10c per can
2-lbs Corn, Standard, per dozen $1.10; per can, 10c
☞We have 200 dozen cans of New California Fruit to sell very low.
Apricots, Gages, Plums, Grapes, Pears and Peaches......20c per can
2,000 dozen fresh Eggs this week at 20c per doz.
500 gallons of
PURE KENTUCKY SOUR MASH WHISKY,
four years old. We have never sold this fine whisky for less than $3 per gallon, but for balance of this month will sell at the low price of $2.50 per gallon. It is just as we represent it, and just what you want for the holidays. On receipt of price we will ship by freight or express to any point, but can not send C. O. D., as it is against the revenue laws. No charge for jugs or kegs.
Somerset Club Old Maryland Rye Whisky, six years old, reduced this week from $4 to $3.50 per gallon.
Pure California Port, Sherry, Angelic and Muscatel Wine at $1.25 per gallon this week.
200 pint bottles of the Gold Seal Champagne, reduced from 75 cents to 40 cents per bottle.
Last week we shipped liquors into thirty-eight prohibition towns; this week we expect to hear from over one hundred towns. We box it up so no one is the wiser of it.
From the bankrupt stock of Chas. Moss & Co. we secured 20,000 cigars at 50 cents on the dollar; they are a good 5-cent cigar, put up 50 in a box; price 75 cents per box. Just think, a cent-and-a-half each. A nice present for husband, brother or a lover.
We will have five barrels of choice N. O. plantation molasses on tap this week; price 40 cents per gallon; worth 60c.
Florida oranges—We make a specialty of fine Floridas and sell them from 20 cents to 40 cents per dozen.
NUTS AND CANDIES.
No other house in the city can show you the display we can, and prices very low.
☞Toilet soap free all week.
We have a Great Drive in
MINCE MEAT,
JELLIES AND PRESERVES
This week. ELEGANT GOODS! We bought them from a Manufacturer in the East not in the combination, and therefore we can sell them to you just as low as we could buy them here. The prices tell.
Mince Meat......Per lb, 7½c
Apple Butter......Per lb, 5c
2-lb tin pails Jellies......Each, 15c
5-lb tin pails Jellies......Each, 35c
2-lb tin pails Preserves......Each, 20c
5-lb tin pails Preserves......Each, 50c
30-lb wood pails Jelly (currant)......Each, $1.75
We have but 40 cases to sell just now. All varieties in Jellies and Preserves. Just what you want when butter is so high.

PROF. MATTHEWS'
OLD ESTABLISHED
DYE WORKS,
No. 312 OLIVE ST.
Gentlemen's Clothing Cleaned, Altered and Repaired in best style. Orders by express promptly attended to.

PEOPLE'S THEATER.
Matinee To-Day at 2.
Closing Performance of
Madame and her son Agustin
25c 50c NEUVILLE in The Boy Tramp 25c 50c

PEOPLE'S THEATER
TO-NIGHT.
Matinees Monday (Christmas), Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday.
EZRA F. KENDALL,
The Eccentric Comedian, in
"A Pair of Kids,"
SUPPORTED BY
Arthur and Jennie Dunn,
And an Excellent Company of Actors specially engaged for the proper presentation of this Satirical and Musical Comedy.
Grand Extra Christmas Matinee Monday, December 26, when Hundreds of Presents will be given to the Ladies.
Sunday Night, Jan. 1, 1888—Hearne's "HEARTS OF OAK."

OLYMPIC THEATER—EXTRA
One week and usual matinees, Commencing SUNDAY, JANUARY 1,
Grand New Year's Matinee Monday at 2 P. M.,
IMRE KIRALFY'S
Gorgeous Spectacular Production,
LAGARDERE!
THE HUNCHBACK OF PARIS.
As originally produced at Niblo's Garden Theater, New York, for over One Hundred Nights. Interpreted by the great New York cast.
2 STAR PREMIERES, 2
2 MLLE. CORNALBA. 2
2 MLLE. FRANCIONI. 2
Supported by IMRE KIRALFY'S
Grand Double Ballet
THE GYPSY REVELS. THE SEVEN AGES.
Gorgeous Scenery! Superb Costumes!

POPE'S---HAVLIN & ROSS, Lessees and Managers
ONE WEEK, COMMENCING
SUNDAY MATINEE, DEC. 25,
Grand Christmas Matinee (MONDAY.)
SALSBURY'S
Troubadours!
In their Musical Success, THE
Humming Bird
IN THREE HUMS.
FUN! WIT! BRIGHT MUSIC!
The Best Performance the Famous Troubadours have ever given.
Every Lady and Child attending Monday Matinee will be presented with a suitable present.
Next Sunday Matinee—LOST IN NEW YORK.

—NEW—
Museum and Bijou Theater
Sixth Street, Near Franklin Av, St. Louis.
JAS. McGINLEY & JAS. T. JUKES, Proprietors.
J. B. McGINLEY, Treasurer.
WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, December 26.
New Curiosities and Wonders in the
CURIO AND SCIENCE HALLS.
THEATORIUM:
LILLIE—THE BARRONS—ROBERT
AND THE
TWILIGHT COMPANY of SPECIALISTS
10 ACTS 10
THEATORIUM ANNEX REPLETE AS USUAL!
Madam LUCILLE
The PALMIST, will introduce her new feature, Photos from the Spirit Land; Departed Friends; Future Husbands and Wives; Letters from Sweethearts; Tell Forecoming Events. Her Predictions Never Fail. IN THE
BIJOU THEATER,
The Fairy Spectacle of
CINDERALLA
AND THE GLASS SLIPPER.
All the little visitors on MONDAY, DEC. 26, will receive a Present. As Christmas Day comes on Sunday Santa Claus will hold High Carnival at the NEW MUSEUM and BIJOU THEATER, on MONDAY, DEC. 26.
ONE DIME The price of admission still the same. Open from 1 till 10 p. m. Daily. ONE DIME

FAIR GROUNDS
—AND—
ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.
THE MOST CHARMING RESORT
IN THE CITY.
One Hundred and Forty Acres of the most [illegible] cultivated grounds in the United States. [illegible] House and Grand-stand unsurpassed [illegible] in the world.
Admission, [illegible]

PECULIAR, ISN'T IT?

THAT TWO HEAVY-WEIGHTS LIKE JEM SMITH AND JAKE KILRAIN

Could Not Finish a Fight After Hammering Away at Each Other for 106 Rounds?—More of the Hippodrome Theory in the Big Mill—McAuliffe Will Follow Carney to England—The Browns Wallop the Chicagos—McKenna's Big Billiards—The Gun Club Shoot Yesterday—Hanlan Will Challenge "Our Jake"—Sporting Matters in General.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Well, the Kilrain—Smith battle is over; neither man is the worse for it, physically, and their backers are not materially injured in a financial way. Candidly, I was surprised at the result of the affair. Every man goes wrong on matters of this kind once in awhile, and I may as well acknowledge that I was out of the way when I predicted a victory for Smith. I had counted on his experience in the ring to overcome Jake's physical advantages, and I made a mistake, not a greater one, however, than that made by thousands who were confident that Jake would win easily, and I find consolation in the thought that if I was wrong there were thousands with me, and none who were right, for who is there that predicted a draw? But as to the battle; what did it amount to after all? To be sure it showed that both men had trained faithfully and were in good condition; that in a half-bred wrestling contest they could stand numerous falls, that both understood how to do the least fighting and get the greatest amount of rest, and more than all, it proved that neither had a right to their claim to be called the champion of the world. I am unnecessarily severe, say you, but I am nothing of the kind. Let us see how much time was spent in fighting and then compare that with the amount of damage done. We were informed by cable that the fight consisted of 106 rounds and that 2 hours and 30 minutes was the time. Well, in two hours and a half there are 150 minutes, and as 106 is to 150 so is the average time per round. This brings it down to 1 minute 24 seconds for each round, from which must be deducted thirty seconds. rest and says four seconds for the toeing of the scratch, and thus we find the actual fighting time for each round is fifty seconds. Allowing "for sparring for an opening" and "sparring for wind," the actual time is further reduced and it gets very low indeed if any time at all is allowed for wrestling and throwing. I do not desire to appear unduly harsh in this matter, so I will give the opinions of a couple of experts, who usually judge fairly in ring matters.

EXPERT OPINIONS.

Capt. Cook of the Illustrated Police News says: "Did Smith best Kilrain? It looks doubtful. Did Kilrain have the best of Smith? Possibly. Did either of them mean fight, or was the whole scheme a blooming 'blarney' to catch moneyed suckers, sell newspapers, win out expenses and decide nothing? I submit it is a conundrum. As to the American end of the fight there is no form of 'fake' that is not to be expected. The Jem Smith end I have regarded as genuine and meaning business only. Smith is less of a fighter than he has been esteemed, and Kilrain is more of one than he has been given credit for, if there is any reliance to be placed upon the unequivocal facts that seem to be cabled us. 'The men to fight again in a room,' is the announcement accompanying the intelligence of the 106-round draw. I may be wrong. The fight in France may have been up and up. Smith may not have lent himself to a 'blarney,' and Kilrain may have developed wonderfully as a prize-ring-fighter, wrestler and bare-knuckle artist. I look the whole thing over carefully, however—the daily newspaper accounts and all—and then I size it up on the strength of what I know, and then summarize my present feeling about the affair very concisely, in the single word 'rats!' I may be all wrong; time will tell."

John McCormack, better known as "Macon," says: "If the men who are managing the Smith—Kilrain business in England don't look out they will soon make it superbly ridiculous. The idea of photographing Smith, Kilrain's seconds, and Tom, Dick and Harry was a counting-room idea, and induced by the thought, 'we must get all the advertising possible out of this thing.' Pony Moore's suggestions that it would never do to let the men fight again, as one or the other would be killed in that event, is pure guff. Two big ones who could not bring a fight to a conclusion in 106 rounds might safely be trusted to bang away at each other by the week without fear of serious damage. If either of them wants to experience a red hot time let him tackle the great and only Sullivan. Then he will know what it is to have warm ears."

THE JERE DUNN STORY.

I see that some one has started the oldyarn about Jere Dunn's life being in danger at the recent "mill" between the two Jacks—Dempsey and Reagan. I don't take much stock in the talk, and I do not believe that Jere does, either. He may have "made an arsenal" of himself, as the report says, but I guess Jere or any other man who goes to a ring side as an interested party never forgets to have his gun with him. It is not absolutely necessary, of course, but it's a handy thing at all times, and if when at the ring side you want a gun at all you want it like the man in Texas did—"darn bad." Jere Dunn was not the man meant by that report, however, I am credibly informed, and still I hesitate to believe that I was to be singled out. Yet when I was told that "They say that you'll never see the fight if you go there," I am forced to think that the "Jerry" who was to "be done" was not Dunn, but Donohue. At all events, I am satisfied that the men indicated by "they say" have no love for me. I have said before this that I care not for fighters' likes or dislikes, and I give them all fair warning that they will ask favors of me before I ask any of them. There has been no stage of the game when, by request, I have not "puffed" benefits and shows for them, but hereafter they can walk to the advertising counter and settle at $1 per line for the "good notices" they want inserted. Newspapers make reputations and money for fighters, and there is very little that fighters do for newspapers in return.

BILLY MADDEN,

pugilist, manager of pugilists and playwright, is again to the front. Next Monday he will appear as the lover and hero in a play written by himself. According to Billy's report the play "deals with base ball, politics, boxing, and city life generally. I play the lover, and finally win the girl. Jack Dempsey also takes part when he boxes with me at a picnic at 'Oak Point.' Bill has a seat "around the clock" play I should say, and I look forward to it with interest. It will be produced at Poole's Theater, and I have no doubt the "gods in the gallery," will be made happy and noisy.

P. JAY.

BOSTON BUDGET.

Jack McAuliffe Will Follow Carney to England—Sports at the Hub.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

BOSTON, Mass., December 24.—With the departure of Jem Carney to England a great weight has been lifted from the minds of his backers, who have been sorely troubled in keeping the Britisher to the front. The showing-up Mike Daly gave Carney at the latter's benefit completely settled the matter about his pretensions of being a champion. Daly never let the Britisher out of his corner, and hit him when and where he liked. After the show it was decided to send Carney home by the first steamer, and he jumped at the chance. There was a great deal of trouble in settling Carney's affairs, which occured in the office of the Illustrated Weekly Sporting Paper. About ten persons were present, and a grand fight nearly ensued, by reason of Carney's refusal to pay his trainer's and other expenses. Carney's name will never be mentioned in connection with decency or liberality by any person who has known him here. Jack McAuliffe is disgusted with Carney's sudden departure after accepting his challenge to fight in three weeks before the New York Racquet Club. Mac has temporarily retired from the ring and has signed a five weeks' contract to spar with Kelly and Murphy on alternate evenings with a variety combination. In a letter to me he says: "Let Mike Daly have the world's championship. He is the best man I have seen in my class. When I get well and fit I will fight him, but it will be some months off. I am going to spar Billy Dacey fifteen rounds in a few weeks, after which I will go to England. On my honor I will go after Carney and fight him. My mind is made up, and I will put up the best part of my own stake."

Speaking of Mike Daly, who must now be recognized as the light-weight chamion of the world, by reason of forfeit from McAuliffe and Carney, I know of no better man able to uphold the title. He is certainly a very clever and formidable customer. The people are just wild over him since he showed how easy he could dispose of Carney a few days ago. His challenge to fight any light-weight in the world is no new thing. It has been a standing offer for months, and has been backed by a $500 forfeit posted with Mr. E. B. Rankin of the Boston Herald.

His backer is William Daly, Jr., of the "Vacation" Company.

Mike Daly will be pitted against different light-weights almost right away.

Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, will leave here for Minneapolis Monday, taking his wife with him. He speaks highly of his treatment by Western sporting men, who have been very liberal to him in different ways. His next fight will be with Tommy Miller of Omaha, and the "Insect" says he will present him with a broken nose before the fifth round. Ike generally makes good his word in that respect and furnishes evidence in the distorted proboscis of Jack Farrell, Willie Clark and Johnny Aaron.

Before John Teemer left for Florida on Thursday he told me he would be prepared to leave the peninsula at a moment's notice if he received word he could get a match in England. In fact, he said, if he thought there was a chance of his getting a match abroad, he would not go south at all. The champion took but one racing boat with him. He requested me to tender Jake Gaudaur his sympathy through the POST-DISPATCH. He is really sorry to learn that the St. Louis sculler may never be able to race again in his old style.

It is the general opinion here that the Philadelphia Base Ball Club has secured a good man in signing James A. Tyng, the Harvard College player. The news was a great surprise to Harvard, but Tyng carries the best wishes of his college friends with him to the Quaker City.

The Boston Triumvirs are jubilant over securing Billy Sowders of the St. Paul Club. They make no secret of their belief that they have secured a crack pitcher in their first deal for next year. The release was secured by Frank Selee, but what it cost is not as yet exactly known, but it is believed to be $4,200. Sowders is much gratified with the change, as he will now be given an opportunity to show his ability with a League Club. His record is too well known in the West to need any recapitulation here.

I have just learned that John L. Sullivan is to prepare his autobiography within a few months. A cable dispatch brings the news. The gentleman who has been engaged to assist the great champion in writing his life is Mr. Virgil G. Eaton of the Boston Globe. Many of the best newspaper men in the East have sought the chance, but Mr. Eaton has been selected from among the many applicants. He is a most capable writer and cannot fail to give the greatest satisfaction in the undertaking.

Don't forget that I have said it is a sure thing that Clarkson pitches for Boston next year.

Dempsey to Fight Kilrain.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Jim Adams, the book-maker, who is a great admirer of Jack Dempsey and thinks he can whip any man in the business except Sullivan, yesterday authorized Killey O'Brien, who refereed the La Blanche—Fallon set-to, to issue a challenge to Jake Kilrain to fight Dempsey $3,000 to $5,000 a side. In speaking of the matter Mr. Adams said: "I believe that Dempsey can whip Kilrain in a fight to a finish under the London prize-ring rules. Yes, I know that thirty pounds difference in weight is a good deal, but Dempsey is equal to it. He is a first-class wrestler, better than Kilrain is, although Jake showed that he was better than Jem Smith at that kind of work. I mean business, and am willing to put up the money just as soon as there is a prospect for fight." Billy O'Brien, who was seen later, said he had no doubt that Adams was in earnest. As to the proposed ten-round glove contest between McCaffrey and Dempsey, Mr. O'Brien said that from conversation he had with Dempsey he did not think that the match would be made. "Dempsey is too light for Dominick in such a contest, but I believe he would get the best of McCaffrey in a fight to a finish, London prize ring rules to govern. Dempsey told me the other day that he would meet McCaffrey in a fight to the finish, but he is not at all anxious to let the big German go at him for ten rounds only."

Chicken-Fighting in Jersey.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Around the most famous cock-pit in this vicinity, over on Union Hill, last night, there assembled 300 persons to see a big money main between Orange and Newark. The birds representing the first named place had been carefully bred by a few Orange gentlemen well-known in fashionable circles. A party of them were on hand to back their birds, and with them a lot of Princeton College undergraduates. The rest of the crowd was made up of New Jersey politicians, New Yorkers and Long Islanders. The conditions governing the main were each side to show 13 birds, from 3 pounds 14 ounces to 5 pounds 14 ounces in weight. The battle money was $100 and $600 on the odd fight. Seven couples weighed in. A Plainfield citizen acted as judge. The main was the inaugural one of the season in the New Jersey district. About 11 o'clock the battles were begun and were maintained until 4 a. m. yesterday. The fowls from Orange proved to be in the best condition, and this more than anything else gave them the victory by a score of five fights to two. It was 5 o'clock this morning before the New York contingent reached this city. The fighting was the best seen about here in many a day.

Carolina's Cocking Main.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

COLUMBIA, S. C., December 24.—Humane people are somewhat excited over the announcement that there will be a cocking main held here for three days, beginning December 27, between the States of North and South Carolina. The Legislature passed a law ten days ago prohibiting cock-fighting within three miles of a chartered institution of learning, but the proprietor of the large pit in this city, the only one in the State, is licensed by the city, and his license will not expire for some time and his lawyers say he cannot be touched while his license lasts. This contest will be the largest ever held here. Sporting men from all parts of the country will be present. Each State will fight twenty-one cocks for $50 a battle and $500 on the odd. Many thousand dollars will change hands.

PISTOL AND GUN.

St. Louis Gun Club's Shoot—The Pistol Club's Scores—Turkey Shoots.

The St. Louis Gun Club yesterday gave a sweepstakes shoot at the Compton Avenue Park. The conditions were thirty yards rise. The following are the scores:

FIRST SWEEP.

Wilson	1	1	2	1	1—5
McClure	1	0	1	1	0—3

SECOND SWEEP.

Wilson	2	0	1	1	1—4
McClure	0	0	1	2	1—3
Bohn	0	0	1	2	1—3
Robe	1	0	0	1	1—3

THIRD SWEEP.

Wilson	1	1	1	1	2—5
McClure	0	2	1	2	1—4
Bohn	1	0	0	0	2—2
Addington	0	1	1	2	2—4

FOURTH SWEEP.

Bohn	1	0	2	1	1—4
Bronson	0	1	1	0	0—2
Addington	0	0	0	2	1—3
McClure	0	2	0	0	2—2
Gates	1	2	1	1	1—5
Wilson	2	1	2	1	1—5
Robe	0	0	1	1	1—3
Scudder	0	0	1	2	1—3

FIFTH SWEEP.

Bohn	1	0	2	0	0—2
Addington	1	0	1	0	1—4
Wilson	1	2	1	1	1—5
McClure	2	0	1	2	1—4
Gates	1	1	1	0	2—4
Scudder	2	1	1	1	0—4

FIFTH SWEEP.

Gates	0	1	1	1	2—4
McClure	1	0	0	1	1—3
Wilson	1	1	1	1	1—3
Bohn	1	0	1	2	2—5
Addington	1	0	1	1	2—5
Scudder	1	2	0	1	1—4

DOUBLE BIRDS.

Wilson	11	10	11
McClure	11	10	11
Gates	11	11	10

The prizes were awarded to Wilson, Addington and Gates, Wilson winning six of the prizes. The club will give a wild pigeon shoot at the Compton Avenue Park to-morrow at noon.

The Pistol Club.

The shooting of the Pistol Club last week was very fine, the top five men averaging within a fraction of 116. The following are the scores out of a possible 120:

G. W. Alexander	118	W. E. Field	110
W. Bauer	117	A. E. Bengel	101
E. C. Mohrstadt	116	M. C. Billmeyer	100
O. Neuhaus	116	W. Clark	100
W. H. Hettel	115	W. C. Mackwitz	97
L. V. D. Perret	114	J. Sieminskie	91
W. J. Lard	114	J. G. Schaaf	87
M. Summerfield	110		

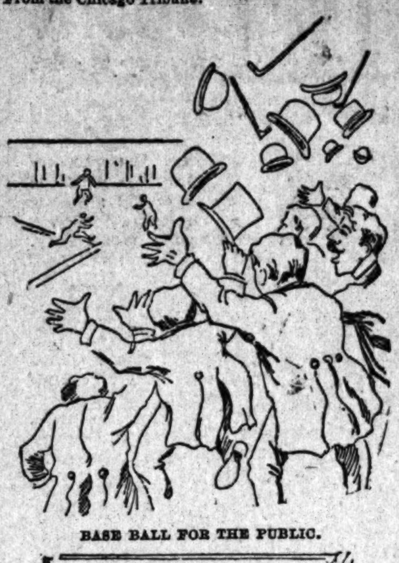
Turkey Shoots.

A turkey shoot will be given to-day and to-morrow by the Compton Hill Gun Club at Christophel's place, on King's Highway and Old Manchester Road. Rifle and gun shooting will be the order of the day. The turkeys are fat and a good time generally is promised. Mr. John Mosher will officiate.

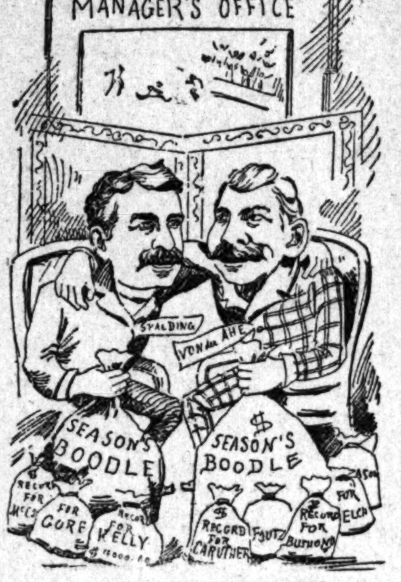
The Indian Lake Gun Club announce a turkey shoot to be given to-morrow under the auspices of the club. The shoot will be at clay pigeons, three turkeys to the shoot. The entrance money will be only sufficient to pay for the birds and the turkeys. The shoot will take place in East St. Louis, and the Stock Yard 'bus travels to the scene of carnage.

The Difference.

From the Chicago Tribune.



BASE BALL FOR THE PUBLIC.



BASE BALL FOR THE MANAGERS.

BEACH AND HANLAN.

Detailed Account of the Race for the World's Title, November 26.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 24.—The details in the boat race on November 26 for the championship of the world between Hanlan and Beach have reached here. From these accounts it would appear that the race was witnessed by 7,000 people. The event was brought off in the midst of a drenching rain. Both of the contestants were in the best possible condition, though Beach was a very strong favorite. There were, however, some very heavy bets laid on the result. The choice of the position was won by Hanlan and the pair of them went away to the lively tune of forty strokes to the minute. Although the water was rough and there was some lightning in the sky, the rapidity with which the first 200 yards were traversed was good. Beach, however, began to tell from the first, owing to his superiority over Hanlan in point of muscular strength, and at the half-mile he began to forge ahead of the Canadian. At the mile, which was passed in 5 min. and 55 sec., Beach had gone over a length of his boat to the best side of Hanlan's, and at the two-mile mark the Australian had increased his advantage to three open boat lengths. When the pair flew by the final buoy daylight was between them for two good lengths, with Beach a winner in 19 minutes, 55¾ seconds, official time. Both men were completely fagged out.

Hanlan, Trickett and Gaudaur.

Special Cablegram to the Post-Dispatch.

SYDNEY, New South Wales, December 24.—Hanlan will row the match with Trickett next May. He will challenge Gaudaur to two matches in England, for $2,500 a side.

The Browns Won.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 24.—The Chicagos and the St. Louis Browns played a one-sided game to-day, in which the St. Louis team defeated the White Stockings shamefully. The score was: St. Louis, 18; Chicago, 5.

Struggling With Sowders.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., December 24.—F. G. Selee, manager of the Omaha Base Ball Club, is in the city, the agent of the Boston club, trying to get Pitcher Sowders of the St. Paul club, whose home is here. He has been "wrestling" with him all day. Boston is probably making a deal with the St. Paul people as the manager of the latter club, in a recent interview said that Sowders had signed with them for next year at $2,500 and that they had several big offers for him, notably one from Boston for $7,000.

Schaefer and McKenna.

"The extraordinarily large runs made by Harvey McKenna, the Detroit billiard player," remarked one of the best amateur players in the country to a reporter for the POST-DISPATCH last night, "are something to be wondered at. I say they are something to be wondered at because they show that McKenna has a nerve and a will power that is unsurpassed by anything in the same line of business in the world. To make a run of 2,497 points at three-ball billiards requires more physical endurance and muscular strength than you would imagine for a moment. Why, do you know that if I ran 300 points only, I would be so physically exhausted that you could knock me down with a feather after I had finished the work. You understand that a feat of that kind does not alone involve a certain amount of dexterity and skill with the cue; it also involves muscular energy as strong in its peculiar way as the muscular energy required to see a wrestler or a pugilist through a long drawn out match. Schaefer could do it as easily as he could wink if skill alone were the sine qua non. But as a certain amount of patience and physical force is required, it makes the task a much more complicated one. Now Schaefer is acknowledged among other things, to be the best straight-rail billiard player in the world. Why not make a match between Schaefer and McKenna? In view of the latter's recent illustrious performance, a match of this kind would mark an epoch in the history of billiards."

The suggestion of the amateur is most certainly a good one.

The Cribb Club.

The Cribb Club held an informal meeting Friday night and after a few interesting set-tos, adjourned over until Tuesday night when a rousing meeting will be held at the Missouri Gymnasium. The club will shortly extend its membership, several well-known local athletes having expressed their intention of entering the fold.

Hares and Hounds To-Morrow.

The Missouri Amateur Athletic Club will give the third paper-chase in its winter series to-morrow at Forest Park. The hares and hounds will assemble at the cottage at 10 o'clock, and the throw-off will be made at 10:30. George Rhodes will see that the pack is off in time. The Y. M. C. A. will also give a paper-chase at the same place.

THE TURF.

Plenty of Grit at Guttenberg—Postponed Events—A Turfman Dead.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—The managers of the half-mile tracks at Clifton and Guttenburg have had a fairly good week in the matter of racing. The snow which fell on Saturday night was all scraped off and the tracks on Monday were fairly good. The "kicking" at Clifton over certain alleged crooked races, and the ruling off of several persons, had some effect, and the complaints this week are limited. The betting quarters at both tracks have been inclosed in glass, and, although there is some pressure to have the racing stopped until March, there is not likely to be any let up until there is a real old-fashioned snowstorm, followed with a heavy frost that will prevent the snow being carted off the tracks.

The racing to-day at Guttenberg began with a dash of five furlongs for horses that had run and not won over the North Hudson Driving Park during the meeting. It had in all twenty-three entries and was divided into two races, of which eleven ran in the first race. Battledore was made the favorite, and she won by a head from Comas, who was four lengths in front of Guttenberg. The other starters were Nimrod, Talleyrand, Weaver, Standiford, Kellar, Warder, Billy Orth, Voucher and Harry Brown. Time, 1:11. Miller rode the Battledore, who started at 2 to 1 against to win, 5 to 4 on for a place, and 5 to 2 against Comas for a place.

The second race was run at the same distance as the first. It was won by The Miller, ridden out by Ossier, beating the favorite, El Trinidad, by a neck, with John Finn third, a length away. The others were Bonnie Bouche, Gilt and String Ban. Time, 1:10. The betting was 4 to 1 against The Miller to win; even money for a place and 5 to 2 on El Trinidad for a place.

The third race was for all ages with selling allowances at five furlongs. John Alexander and Nailor were equal favorites. To the surprize of all present Hickory Jim, who was certainly foaled during the war, if not before, and who was brought out looking like a 2-year old, made a dead heat with Nailor in 1:09. In the run-off Hickory won by two lengths in 1:10½. George Angus was third. The other starters were Lea, Bradburn, John Alexander, Warder, Lizzie M., Sweety and Koko. Goodall rode Hickory Jim. The betting was 6 to 1 against Hickory Jim before the race, and 2 to 1 for a place, with 6 to 5 against Nailor for a place. For the run off Hickory Jim was so stoutly backed that he started at 5 to 3 on.

The fourth race was for all ages, light welter weights, with selling allowances, at seven furlongs. Harwood, ridden by M. J. Lynch, won by a length. Henry B was second and the favorite, Tunis, third. Time, 1:41. The other starters were Warren Lewis, Gracie, Joe Pierson, King George and Endover. The betting was 5 to 1 against Harwood to win, 8 to 5 for a place and 8 to 5 Henry B- for the place.

The fifth and last race on the programme was a mile dash, with selling allowances. Bright Eyes, ridden by Ossier, was the favorite at and won by three lengths from Ben Thompson, who was a length in front of Banero, third. Time, 1:55. George Angus, Treasurer and Ivanhoe were the other starters. The betting was 6 to 5 against Bright Eyes to win, 3 to 1 for a place, and 5 to 2 on Ben Thompson for the place.

New Orleans Races Postponed.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW ORLEANS, La., December 24.—Owing to the sloppy condition of the track and the disagreeably cold weather the Jockey Club has postponed the races that were to take place to-day. They will be run on Tuesday.

A Turfman Dead.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW ORLEANS, La., December 24.—Joe McMahon, a well-known turfman, died here yesterday of consumption. He came to New Orleans a short time ago, en route to California. His remains were shipped to Baltimore to-day for interment.

THE HILL-CLIMBERS.

Wells Charges Some Disgraceful Tumbles—Greenwood's Reply.

The recent challenge of John A. Wells of Philadelphia to Hal Greenwood of this city, to contest for the hill-climbing championship of the world, and Greenwood's prompt acceptance, has called out this second letter from Mr. Wells:

To the Cycling Editor of the Post-Dispatch:

I was very glad to see that Hal Greenwood has answered my challenge so promptly, and as we both mean business we ought to have little difficulty in settling our present points of difference. In regard to the machines to be used, Mr. Greenwood seems to evade my point. He has in his cycling career done more riding on a crank machine than I ever have, and if he is now out of practice I will give him all time he wants to train in. I wish this to be a contest of men, not machines. I claim to be able to make a better average record on both crank and Star machines than any other hill-climber in the country. If Hal is willing to concede this claim we will consider that point settled, and I will race him for the championship, each man to ride any machine he chooses.

Now in regard to Eagle Rock. I named this hill because I considered it neutral ground. It is not a hill on which I "have been practicing steadily." It is eighty miles from here, and I have only been over to it three times in the last three years. My informant as to Mr. Greenwood's attempts on Eagle Rock in 1886 was a prominent wheelman and League representative of Newark, N. J., who accompanied him on the occasion, but he may have made a mistake as to the date. It is not very surprising that Mr. Greenwood says this hill is not as bad as Corey, as he has always tumbled off of his machine before reaching the bad part. He may have more respect for it after he has succeeded in climbing it.

If Mr. Greenwood is not willing to have this contest decided on either Eagle Rock or Corey Hill, I will yield to his desires and consent to a series, to include one of his Missouri hills. Further, if he will agree to have the first of the series take place on Eagle Rock I will, in case he wins, consider the result decisive, and concede him the medal and the championship. If, on the contrary, I should by any chance defeat him, I will call it only the first of a series.

I fail to see the advantage in Greenwood's paying my fare to the West and my paying his to the East, as it would amount to the same thing and be much more satisfactory to me for each man to pay his own expenses.

JOHN A. WELLS.

Philadelphia, December 20.

GREENWOOD CLAIMS A BACKDOWN.

In regard to this latest effusion, Greenwood said yesterday: "It is only a scheme for Wells to back out. He has been thinking all this time of some way to get away from his challenge. His claim to the best average on both crank and Star cuts no figure. I claim to be champion hill climber of the world on a bicycle, and I don't care about a man's average on several wheels. A person might bob up and declare that on the crank, Safety, Star, tricycle and Springfield roadster he could make a better average than I. Do you suppose I would be fool enough to practice on all those different [illegible]? Not by a long shot. I concede Mr. Wells nothing in the way of superior averages; they have nothing to do with the case. I will meet him wheel and wheel. The reason why I stick about the payment of fare is just this: If I should pay my own fare East and beat Mr. Wells he might declare the defeat decisive and refuse to come West, but if he had paid my fare he would have something at stake and would come West."

CHOICE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

This Set, with Steel, $3.

We have a very fine assortment of Carving Sets, with or without Steel, all prices, from $1.25 to $13.

Two Spencer Repeating Guns, 12-bore, 30-inch, 6 shot......List, $40.00; net, $25.00
One Ithaca Double Gun, 10-bore, 30-inch, 10 lbs......List, $35.00; net, $28.00
One Pieper Hammerless, Top Snap, 12-bore, 30-inch, 8 lbs......$62.50
Two Diamond C. Daly Hammerless, with patent indicator, 10, 30, 9 and 12, 30, 7 1-2......$200.00
One J. P. Clabrough & Bro. Damascus, Top Snap, 10-bore, 30-inch, 10 lbs......$40.00
One International, Top Snap, Laminated, Extended Rib, 10-bore, 32-inch, 10 lbs......$18.00
U. S. Cadet (Standard System) Springfield Rifles, 45-70 caliber, 29 1-2 in. blued barrel, with bayonet, weight 8 lbs......$7.00
U. S. Springfield Rifles, 45-70, two band, with knife-blade extractor, length of blued barrel 32 inches, weight 9 lbs., with bayonet......$6.00
Otto Bicycles, 36-inch, Rubber Tire, $15.00...... 50-inch, $33.00; 52-inch, list, $60.00; net, $36.00
Winchester Repeating Shot-Gun, six shot, pistol grip, 12 gauge......$18.75
Boys' American Ideal, finished in black with artistic real gold stripes, Cow-Horn Bars......$25.00
W. & C. Scott & Sons' No. 2 "Special," Fine Damascus, bore 10, 32-inch, 9 3-4 lbs..$125.00; Net, $50.00
Harrington & Richardson, Hammerless, bore 10, 32-inch, 8 1-2 lbs......$110.00; net, $60.00
Colt, Damascus, Pistol Grip, engraved, etc., 10 bore, 32-inch, 10 lbs......$85.00; net, $40.00
Colt, Hammerless, 12-bore, 30-inch, 7 3-4 lbs......List, $100.00; net, $75.00
Bonehill, Damascus, Pistol Grip, Top Snap, 10 bore, 30-inch, 11 lbs......$40.00; net, $20.00
Baker, Double Barrel, Damascus, Pistol Grip, engraved, bore 10, 32-inch, 8 3-4 lbs, $60.00; net, $30.00
Baker Three-Barrel Gun, 30-inch, 10 bore, shot 44-caliber, C. F. rifle barrel, 10 1-2 lbs., $80.00; net, $60.00
W. & C. Scott & Son's Premier, Hammerless, 10 bore, 32-inch, 11 lbs......List, $350.00; net, $200.00
Parker Bros.' Top Snap, Straight Grip, bore 10 and 12, 32-inch, 8 to 10 1-4 lbs., $50.00 and $55.00 list; net, $35.00
Rival Bicycle, Roller Bearings, 48-inch......List $65.00; net, $45.50; 52-inch, list $70.00; net, $49.00
Springfield Roadster, 50 inches, adapted to all sizes of riders......$75.00
Lefever, Hammerless, 12 bore, 30-inch, 8 lbs......$100.00; net, $90.00
W. W. Greener, Treble Wedge—Fast, Hammerless, 10 bore, 30-inch, 9 lbs......Net, $101.25
W. W. Greener, Hammerless, shell-ejecting, new style, 10-bore, 10 lbs., 32-in..List, $250; net, $200.00
Parker Bros.' Top Snap, Pistol Grip, 10 bore, 32-in., 10 lb. 14 oz......List, $100.00; net $65.00
E. Remington & Sons, Top Snap, 10 bore, 30-8 1-4......List, $40.00; net, $25.00
L. C. Smith, Hammer Gun, 10-bore, 32-inch, 10 lb. 10 oz......List, $55; net, $37.50
W. W. Greener, "Trap Gun," 10 bore, 10 lbs., 32-inch......List, $90.00; net, $50.00

Roller Skates......Rink, 50c; Club, $1.00
Boys' Sparrow Rifles...... 2.00
Girls' Tricycles...... 6.65
Fencing Foils, per pair...... 2.00
Boys' XL Breech-Loading Shotguns...... 6.50
Boxing Gloves, per set of 4...... 3.00
Dynamite, 100 lbs......No. 2, $20.40; No. 1, 30.60
Loaded Shells, per 100, 10 and 12-gauge......$2.00
Bean's Hand-Cuffs...... 4.00
Poker Chips, 1⅛ inch, per 100...... 1.00
Star Safety Razor...... 1.50
Acme Club Ice Skates...... .75
Self-Cocking Revolvers, 44-cal...... 1.50
DuPont's Powder......Rifle, $5; blasting, 2.00

SEND FOR Catalogue.

E. C. MEACHAM ARMS CO., 515 517 Washington Av.

"BUSTING A JACKER."

AN EXCITING GAME AT THE THOMPSON-STREET POKER CLUB.

Mr. Tooter Williams Drops In on a Quiet Party—He is Allowed to Take a Hand and "Razzle Wif His Luck"—The Rev. Thankful Smith Deals for a Jack-Pot—Terrible Excitement in the Club and a Big Surprise for Tooter.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—"What am de limmick?" inquired Mr. Tooter Williams as he entered the Thompson Street Poker Club rooms last evening and languidly leaned upon his cane. The Rev. Thankful Smith, who was chairman, made no immediate reply, being busily engaged in watching the pack, as Mr. Cyanide Whiffles was about to deal. Mr. Williams bore no trace of his recent financial disaster. He was arrayed in a frock coat of great price, striped trousers, a new ulster, patent leather gaiters and a silk hat. He had removed one yellow glove to show the splendor of an amethyst ring; a watch chain of superior effulgence drooped its golden fold across his breast, and a Parisian diamond pin was scintillant in his scarf. He filliped the ashes lightly from the end of his cigar and blew its wreathing vapors towards the table to the end that others might know its quality and envy him.

"'Pears ter me dat Hunter's Pint's done got on fire agin," remarked the Rev. Thankful Smith, appearing not to notice the cigar.

"Dat's a twenty center," scornfully returned Mr. Williams.

"Den I spose dat sence de cammils in de sukkus got bu'nt up punk's riz agin," rejoined the Rev. Chairman.

To this delicate touch of Oriental repartee Mr. Williams returned only a scornful sniff, and watched the game in silence. Mr. Gus Johnson passed, Elder Jubilee Anderson refused to enter, Prof. Brick threw up his hand with a sigh, and Mr. Cyanide Whiffles, with the air of one who has done his best but failed to connect with Providence, ran his cards over twice forward and once backward, and then, with a heavy sigh, laid them upon the table.

MR. WILLIAMS TAKES A HAND.

"If you lemme in I'll straggle de bline every time," suggested Mr. Williams.

"Dis am a jacker," replied the Rev. Mr. Smith, "De fust nateral jacker," here he inserted a blue chip as required by paragraph 201 of the by-laws, "'N if you quit bunlin dat Chineser Josh stick 'n set in twixt de perfesser 'n Cy Whiffles 'n blow yo breff tords de do ter keep out de perlice we'll let yo razzle wif yo luck."

Mr. Williams was inclined to be haughty and decline this cordial invitation, but consented in the interests of sport to quench his cigar, take his seat, buy $3 worth of chips, ante, smile and look happy. "De genellemen'll now fill in de jackern. I'll pass aroun' de aces," said the reverend Chairman, and after ascertaining by careful count that the finances of the pot were straight, he proceeded to deal. It might have been noticed that his shuffle was somewhat peculiar, and that the cards came sometimes from the antipodes of the pack in a manner not explained by Hoyle, but Mr. Williams was busily employed in searching for a cigarette and overlooked these phenomena. Carefully conning over his hand, Mr. Williams discovers three aces and one king and promptly opened the pot with a burst of ferocity and chips which threw Mr. Gus Johnson into a cold chill.

Prof. Brick fled, Elder Jubilee Anderson had a pair of fours and a long head and declined to come in.

Mr. Cyanide Whiffles, with a bob-tailed straight and very little horse sense, entered and Mr. Johnson dropped out of the hand and into a catalepsy.

BUSTING A JACKER.

"Didger bus the jacker, Toot?" inquired the Rev. Thankful Smith, sweetly.

"De rhino talks," answered Mr. Williams.

"De limmick," pursued the Rev. Mr. Smith, shutting his left eye and carefully reviewing his hand with his right.

"Dar aint no limmick, 'n I buss the jacker fer $10," retorted Mr. Williams.

The Rev. Thankful Smith closed his right eye and reviewed his hand with his left. "Well," he said, slowly, "ef dere aint no limmich," [here he went down after his wallet] "'n yove busted the jacker," [here he shoved up a stack of blue chips—"I—I'll see dat ten 'n—'n"—here he hesitated—"I'll jes, jess—jess saw you;" here he put out chips to the equivalent of $10.

The club saw there was trouble ahead and Mr. Johnson breathed through the silence like a freight train. Mr. Williams wanted only one card and secured another ace. The Rev. Thankful Smith drew three cards. Mr. Williams ran over his hand, saw none of the four aces had got away and producing a roll of crisp bills from an inside pocket, inserted a tremendous bet in the pot, then leaned back and glared defiance. The Rev. Thankful Smith appeared to be troubled.

AN EXCITING CRISIS.

"Whuffer yo come inter dis little charty hospittle game wif dat Vanderbilk bet, fer?" he inquired.

"Pud up er shet up," said Mr. Williams.

"Kin I call fer a sight, Toot?" asked the reverend gentleman.

"Call fer rat sassenger," sarcastically replied that gentleman.

"Divide de pot," pursued the Rev. Mr. Smith winsomely.

"Divide yo granmother," retorted Mr. Williams; "dis am pokah; dars steen dollahs 'n yo pay er drap."

"Den I'm foced," said the Rev. Thankfu Smith with a deep but questionable sigh. "N wen a dude niggah foces me to razzle," he continued, raising his voice, "I'm gwinter be foced big. Bring on yer Chemickle Bank," he yelled, drawing out the wallet and shucking bills; "I sees dat steen case 'en I rises it sixty-tree."

Mr. Gus Johnson swooned and Elder Jubilee Anderson was cross-eyed with excitement. Mr. Williams rapidly reviewed the four aces and opened the wad of bills. "Ten, twonny, 'n twonny's fifty, 'n twonny's sebenty, 'n ten 'n—I rise dat one hundred 'n foteen dollahs," he replied with malignant calm, shoving the bills towards the center of the table and leaning back with folded arms and a chuckle of devilish glee.

The Rev. Mr. Smith slowly and almost sadly ran his eye over the pile. "Pears like fo' 'leven forty-fo's bruk loose 'round hyar," he said sweetly. "Is—is you sho' dat money's all up?" he inquired.

"Kyount it," said Mr. Williams, haughtily. "Jess kyount it, dat's all."

A SURPRISE FOR TOOTER.

The Rev. Mr. Smith counted it. He gathered up the bills, neatly piled them, counted them, folded them lengthwise, and to the surprise of all present, and to Mr. Williams' horror, placed them in his pocket.

"Whudjer doin' wif dat jacker?" inquired that gentleman wildly. "Leggo dat pot," he commanded; "I'se got fo' bullets," he shouted; "Gimme dat boodle," he exclaimed.

The Rev. Thankful Smith smiled. "Dat's all right, Toot, cer'nly. I'll give yo de pot. Yars fohty-fo dollahs." Here he threw out a greasy card bearing the inscription: "I O U $44, T. W." "'N'yar am eighty-seben." Here he shoved out another 'I O U.' "'N'yar am fo mo, 'n dats two hundred 'n forty-two, 'n'yars one for 'leben dollahs wat yo guv ter de perfesser in Hoboken lass Crissmusser," he added. "Dars yo pot, Tooter, 'n I calls yo."

Mr. Williams glared in speechless amazement and pain. Mr. Cyanide Whiffles added up the I O U's and announced that the sum total was the amount of the bills taken.

"Dat ain't squar'," yelled Mr. Williams. "I'll go ter de gran-joory," he added, dancing wildly. The Rev. Thankful Smith arose, put on his overcoat and said sweetly: "Toot, yo winned de jacker, 'n dars de pot. Yose got fo aces 'n I haint got nuffin but a skelter wif a moke squeen 'n one juce."

"Gimmy de cash."

"Toot," continued the reverend gentleman, not noticing the interruption, "yo has yo own paper an' yo tole us it was good fer de cash, any time. Wif de Jay Goolses 'n de Hennery Iveses mukkin de markit, money am closern a freckle, 'n Congress haint paid out de suppin yet. Dars yo pot, Toot—nine little checks aginst yo honah, of wich no membah of this club 'spresses no doubt, 'ceptin that de Clarin' House 'peared ter be rusty. Yose paid sebenty-two cents on de dollah, 'n yo credit's good, 'n we wishes yo a happy New Yar! 'n now if de club'll 'journ 'n come down to de beanery I'll set up de coffee 'n stew."

Mr. Williams fainted from excess of emotion and the club adjourned.

Dennis Corbett's Funeral.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Dennis Corbett, the Clan-na-Gael leader, who died Friday of cancer of the tongue, will be buried to-day in Calvary Cemetery. Brief services will be held at the house, No. 439 West Forth-ninth street, beginning at 1:30 p. m. Corbett was color bearer of the Eighth Regiment, and a detail from that command will act as a guard of honor. Delegations from the Clan-na-Gael and other societies to which the dead man belonged will also attend the funeral.

A Lard Trust.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—About a dozen of the largest wholesale dealers in lard in this vicinity representing an aggregate capital of $3,000,000, are about to organize a Central Lard Company, the ostensible purpose of which is to reduce the cost of lard to consumers and at the same time improve the quality. The general opinion among produce men is that fluctuations in lard will prove interesting reading from this date.

A Fatal Wound.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHICAGO, December 24.—Ward Phillips and Wm. June, employes of Libby, McNeal & Libby, packing-house, quarrelled Thursday. Phillips threw a long butcher knife at June which penetrated his abdomen. June died this afternoon.

Sand-Bagged.

CINCINNATI, O., December 24.—An investigation to-day shows plainly that Private Officer Ager's death was the result of sand-bagging. His skull was crushed in two places.

THEY DON'T WANT IT.

A Fight Against the Proposed Colored University at Montgomery, Ala.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., December 24.—The singular spectacle was presented this week in the City Court of ex-Gov. Watts, Jeff Davis' old Attorney-General, arguing for an injunction to prevent the establishment of the Alabama Colored University in this city. The institution is under the patronage of the State, a sum of money being appropriated for its erection and maintainence. Several places in the State fought for its location, the prize being finally awarded to this city. There was an element here, however, bitterly opposed to it, and when the negro, Editor Dukes, raised such a sensation several months ago the occasion was seized upon by those people to organize a fight against the Colored University. Messrs. Troy, Ellsbery and others filed in Judge Arrington's Court a bill for an injunction restraining Governor Seay, the State Treasurer and other State officers from advancing the money necessary for the university. The bill went on to declare that the higher education of young colored men imbued them with a desire for social equality. Ex-Governor Watts was retained to represent the complainant. Attorney General McClellan filed a demurrer to the bill which the Court sustained. The case will now be appealed to the Supreme Court of the State.

A NEW CHICAGO THEATER.

Tragedian Keene Opens the Haymarket—An Enthusiastic Audience.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHICAGO, December 24.—The fine new Haymarket Theater, of which Will J. Davis, husband of Jesse Bartlett Davis, is manager, was opened to-night by Thomas Keene, the tragedian, in "Richard III." The theater, which is the largest in Chicago, was packed to the doors with the friends of Mr. Davis, who gave him the heartiest kind of a welcome in his new part of resident manager. He made a brief speech in answer to the loud calls of the audience after the play. The theater was greatly admired. It is different from anything of the kind in Chicago. The decorations are very subdued, but handsome, and there are a number of innovations in the seating arrangements, heating and lighting and exits. The experiment of running a first-class theater on the West side has never been tried before, but Mr. Davis' backers have canvassed the situation and are satisfied that it will pay. It is said that the new house starts out with a more complete and costly scenic outfit and stage machinery than any theater in the West.

Movements of the United States Navy.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NORFOLK, Va., December 24.—Commodore George Brown, United States Navy Commandant of the Norfolk Navy Yard, received to-day the official sailing orders for the United States steamers Ossipee, Galena and Yantic from Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce, Commander-in-Chief of the North Atlantic station. The corvette Yantic will be the first of the three vessels to leave the navy yard. The Yantic, Commander F. Heyerman, will visit a number of the Windward Islands, call at different ports along the Spanish Main and then sail for Aspinwall. Here the Yantic is expected to remain until the arrival of the corvette Ossipee, Commander Wm. Bainbridge Hoff, which will sail thence soon after the departure of the Yantic. The Galena, Commander C. M. Chester, has been put out of commission and her crew have been transferred to the receiving ship Franklin, where they will remain until the vessel has been thoroughly overhauled. The corvette Galena will be at the yard for about three months. Admiral Luce has ordered that all the vessels of the North Atlantic squadron shall rendezvous at Hampton Roads not later than the 1st of May, after completing a winter's cruise in the West Indies.

Another Idol Smashed.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

HARRISBURG, Pa., December 24.—David Drawbaugh, the supposed inventor of the telephone, came in from the country to-day, and while reading a newspaper came to an advertisement of Barnum, the showman. One of Mr. Barnum's greatest attractions is an imported giant who shatters ponderous stones with a blow of the fist. After the old inventor had read of the great feat he quietly said to a friend who sat by his side: "No doubt thousands of people will be amazed when they see the man's exhibition of supposed strength, but any person can do the same thing. When I was a boy of 12, forty-eight years ago, my father took me to a circus where there was a stone-breaking giant. I noticed that the giant rested one end of the stone on an anvil and slightly elevated the other end with his left hand. Simultaneously he struck the stone with his right hand and allowed the elevated portion to drop, and the result was a broken stone. When my father and I returned from the circus I [illegible] difficulty whatever I [illegible]

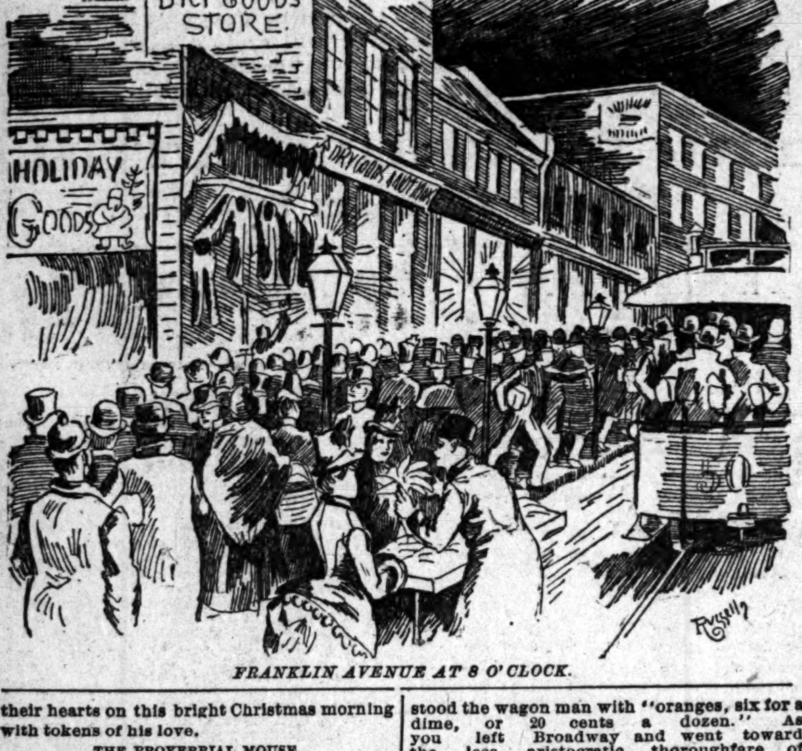
CHRISTMAS EVE.

A BUSY SEASON IN THE SHOPS AND ON THE STREETS.

Thousands Throng the Sidewalks of the Thoroughfares Down-Town—Shops Do a Rushing Business—The Cheerful Fakir and His Wares—Busy Franklin Avenue—Union Market a Scene of Holiday Activity—Santa Claus and the Little Ones.

'Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse.

Christmas came in with a hurrah. It was ushered in by a quickstep played upon a thousand horns of every tone known to the musical scale. It was welcomed with a chorus of cheers from voices husky from exposure to the night air. It came into being as has every Christmas from the time that Christmas became a feast day, in a world filled with joyous hearts and charitable minds. To those who were troubled it brought peace; to the hard of heart, good will, and to the sick and fatherless hope and comfort. The Christmas season is the season of charity and good will. It would be a stony-hearted man that could pass the happy faces that have thronged the streets for a week past without feeling some little touch of sympathy. At Christmas time all the world is at peace, and the blowing of the horns, discordant as it may have seemed, was only the prelude to a grand harmonic symphony in which every heart and every soul in this great city joins this morning. And above the richer, stronger volume of sound will echo the shrill treble of the children piping the praises of their patron saint, the Santa Claus that Dr. Hall wanted to destroy; the Santa Claus that the POST-DISPATCH saved for the little ones that he might gladden their hearts on this bright Christmas morning with tokens of his love.



FRANKLIN AVENUE AT 8 O'CLOCK.

THE PROVERBIAL MOUSE

failed to disturb the stillness of a great many households last night, but his unaccustomed silence was doubtless due to a nervous chill brought on by the excitement out-of-doors; or perhaps a foretaste of the good things of Christmas had disarranged his system to such an extent that his energy had departed. Certainly if he lived on one of the more frequented thoroughfares he would have had no excuse for being asleep and thus neglectful of his duty to himself. The streets down-town and up-town were crowded all through the evening with a jolly, hurrying crowd of men, women and children on their way to make Christmas purchases or to have a last look at the holiday decorations of the stores. Every thoroughfare down-town was alive with sight-seers until the last car left the terminii of the street railroads and carried their loads of humanity into the southern and northern and western parts of the city. The mob that had filled the stores and covered the sidewalks through the afternoon was not diminished as the supper hour drew near. Every loss had its compensation in a fresh arrival. Gradually the character of the crowd changed. Ladies in sealskin and silk disappeared; children began to grow scarce, and their places were filled by accessions from the stores. Clerks, saleswomen and laborers stopped on their way from work to get a look at the toys. It was then that

The Tree in the Window.

Going Home.

THE STREET FAKIR

found himself in his element. Armed with a hastily improvised stand, a gasoline lamp and a stock of cheap showy articles, he took his place at the side of the pavement, and did a thriving business. Those who had bought presents stopped and invested another 25 cents in some trinket that caught their fancy. Those who had in the interest of economy determined to ignore the Christmas season found themselves drawn unexpectedly into the vortex of Christmas gaiety and went home later with bulging pockets and lighter purses. Toys were popular articles of sidewalk commerce. The wooden wrestlers that owed their energy to a young man at the other end of the string, were extremely popular at 10 cents a pair. "Two dolls for 10 cents" was another drawing card, for quantity has more influence with the average Christmas shopper than quality. Iridescent shell purses, pocket-books of flimsy make and crude design, knives with flaws in their construction, "your choice for 25 cents," found a ready sale. Toilet articles, such as collar and sleeve buttons, and combs, were in good demand. Outside the line of flaring lights that hung above the sidewalk stand stood the wagon man with "oranges, six for a dime, or 20 cents a dozen." As you left Broadway and went toward the less aristocratic thoroughfare of Franklin avenue the oranges deteriorated in quality and fell off in price until 15 cents a dozen became the ruling figure. Heaps of "fina banan'," black and unhealthy-looking, were offering at the extremely low rate of 5 cents a dozen, and many of them were added to the contents of market baskets already heavy with turkey and nuts and candies.

The Modern Santa Claus.

FOR BOBBIE
FOR NELLIE

AT UNION MARKET

the crowd was thick in the early evening, but it fell off toward 9 o'clock. The stand-keepers did well in turkeys, though quite an array of thin consumptive birds was left to decorate the hooks when the market closed. Oysters in bulk were popular as oysters always are at Christmas time. Chickens and other fowl were neglected, for the only Christmas bird is the turkey, and Christmas without turkey would be looked upon in most households as no Christmas at all. In the line of fruit cranberries were very popular, for the next thing to Christmas without turkey is a turkey Christmas without cranberry jelly. All around the market square was a fringe of smaller dealers whose specialty was nuts of various kinds. They did the usual brisk Christmas trade. Christmas trees and evergreen and holly wreaths were scarce. The demand for decorations had been good and stocks were low. In the body of the market old women with huge market baskets argued with butchers the merits of rib roasts and other substantial articles of diet. The market closed at 10 o'clock but the crowd had almost deserted the square before that hour.

Where the throng was thickest was on Franklin avenue, between Broadway and Twelfth street. The narrow sidewalk was packed all through the early evening. Street cars were filled to overflowing. Every one had a bundle or a basket, with a turkey's neck usually hanging out suspiciously at one end. The proportion of old women with baskets was very large and the proportion of young women without baskets, but with an eye open to the beauties of the free window shows was almost as great. Children were few, but those that turned up trundled little carts in the paths of their elders and contrived in various ways to disconcert them and hinder their progress. Sidewalk merchants were importunate as the evening grew older and the crowd thinned out for Christmas with a stock of perishable goods left on hand would not be a very merry Christmas for them. Grocers did a thriving business in nuts and raisins, sugar and other sweets.

THE SALOONS,

with an eye to business, kept up the celebration of Christmas Eve until Christmas morning had dawned. Almost every saloon had a raffle in progress, and there was a raffle going on in almost every drug store. Forty-dollar music boxes were put up at $100 and the enthusiastic young men that won them spent twice their value in wine and liquor to celebrate the event. The prizes ran from jewelry to crazy quilts and included every cheap, showy article that could be palmed off on unsuspecting strangers for twice and three times its cost.

Out in the residence portion of the city there were innumerable Christmas tree celebrations. Christmas Day being Sunday, Christmas Eve was celebrated by the children instead. The old familiar Santa Claus came in the back door after an imaginary descent of the kitchen chimneys and distributed presents to the little ones in many households. In others the children were tucked into bed with a promise that old Santa Claus would be along before the morning broke.

At the city jail and the other city institutions there was no recognition of Christmas Eve. There were some presentations to the city officials, but this was no source of enjoyment to the inmates. They passed a very quiet evening and probably many of them did not know how near the yearly feast was.

The Rochester Explosion.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., December 24.—Thousands still continue to visit the scene of Wednesday's fire. Early this evening the body of John Lee, who has been missing, was found in the ruins of the Clinton Mills, terribly burned. The city authorities to-day tested part of the conduit line from which the naptha escaped, but have not found the leak. The Vacuum Oil Company, which owns the line, have retained the best legal talent in the city, and are preparing, evidently, for bitter litigation with the city. The company, it is thought, will be forced to move its plant outside of the city limits. One of the factories near the fire was that of C. J. Hayden & Co. Their employes left the factory for an hour for fear of the explosion. The employes state that this time was deducted from their pay.

A BITTER STRUGGLE.

THE BIG STRIKE OF THE READING RAILROAD EMPLOYES.

Efforts Toward a Compromise Fail—Miners Refuse to Return to Work at September Wages—Sensible Strikers—The Steel-Workers' Scale—Anti-Administration Knights in a Row—Labor News.

PHILADELPHIA, December 24.—A dispatch from Reading this afternoon says: Up to noon to-day passenger traffic on the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad has not been affected by the strike at Port Richmond, all passenger trains moving on time. In consequence of the strike at that place, however, all coal and freight trains between Reading and Philadelphia have been side-tracked. Not a coal train has passed through Reading for Port Richmond since midnight, shipments of coal being made to local points only. At Port Richmond no disturbance whatever has occurred. Officers are stationed at the roundhouse, where if there is any trouble at all, it is likely to occur, but not a single incident has happened to call the officers into service. Councilman John Kelly of the Eighteenth Ward, a prominent Knight of Labor, and also foreman of Pier 19, in the company's employ, in speaking of the strike said: "There are in the neighborhood of thirteen hundred men now idle. Word has been sent all along the main line as far as Palo Alto and a general strike is likely to ensue if this difficulty is not fixed at an early hour. This trouble can be amicably adjusted, and no one better than I would like to see it ended. No cars have been moved to-day and I don't think any attempt will be made to shift them."

This afternoon at 3 o'clock a convention was called to meet in the Mutual Hall, Port Richmond. Precisely at 3 o'clock John B. Kelly, Master Workman of the main line which extends to Pottsville, put in appearance. He confirms the report of the "tie-up" as far as Pottsville. He says that there will be no "tie-up" of passenger trains as they do not propose to interfere with the traveling public, and for that reason they will not demand the crews of the passenger trains to stop work. Besides that, he added, "We have no intention of interfering with the traffic of perishable freight. This is a strike for honor alone, and even if we lose, we shall resort to no dishonorable means to gain a point."

Mr. Kelly predicted the sucess of the strikers, adding "every idle employe will be urged to act upright and honest, and in that manner we will be able to win. Nothing like destruction of property will be tolerated, and the first man who attempts a rash act will be ignored by the leaders of this movement." Since the general strike ordered all along the route it is now established that fully 2,500 men have quit work. This evening Police Capts. Squirk and Brown, not anticipating any trouble, allowed the officers to go to their homes for a few hours' rest.

THE STRIKE AT PORT RICHMOND.

Miners Take a Firm Stand Against Returning to September Wages.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., December 24.—The strike of the Philadelphia & Reading employes at Port Richmond has resulted in a firm stand being taken by the miners against the proposed return to the September basis of wages. The miners insist upon a continuance of the present scale after the 1st of January next, but it is understood that the railroad authorities are not willing to concede this. A conference was held at this place to-day by a committee of the miners with General Manager Whiting, but nothing was accomplished. Everything now depends upon the stand to be taken by President Corbin. It is known that Manager Whiting is favorable to the maintenance of the present peaceable situation in the anthracite district, and it is believed that his influence will be sufficient to determine the action of the company. President Corbin has expressed a desire to keep peace with his employes in a manly, business-like way without too much dictation from the men. He also wants to preserve the good-will of all the coal companies so as to maintain the coal combination and prevent disastrous cuts in prices. The miners say that they have nothing to do with the local trouble at Port Richmond and Elizabethport, but contend that unless an adjustment is effected within twenty-four hours the strike will extend to the coal regions. If the coal cars can not be unloaded at Richmond and Elizabethport so as to be sent back to the mines the collieries will be compelled to suspend operations for want of cars. Only passenger trains were run out of Philadelphia to-day and the tie-up appears to be complete. No coal is being shipped from the mines and the situation is becoming more serious every hour. Philadelphia & Reading Railroad officials are very reticent and are apparently awaiting developments.

Sensible Strikers.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, Pa., December 24.—The Flint-Glass Workers' Union, whose members are on a strike, has purchased for $20,000 a factory near East Liverpool, O. At the outset sixty men will be employed and additions made as the business increases. The factory will be under the direct supervision of the union, and into its treasury will be turned the profits. The union is also negotiating for the purchase of another factory and in addition to these the establishment of one at Canton, O., is not unlikely. A resident of that town called at union headquarters to-day and said he had $15,000 to invest. The strikers have given up all hope of a compromise and are preparing for a long strike.

Anti-Administration Knights.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—The Anti-administration party of District Assembly No. 49, Knights of Labor, held a caucus to-night and decided to postpone nominations for Master Workman for a week. When the vote for Recording Secretary was taken, Edward E. Kunze h had a majority of four over D. J. Haughton. The adherents of Haughton demanded another vote, and, failing to get it, left the meeting in a body. Haughton's friends claim that the caucus was not composed of representative members.

Will Be Settled.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., December 24.—It is reported that the Knights of Labor have recently passed a resolution permitting the crews of the shoe-shops that have been on a strike here for nearly two months to negotiate directly with the proprietors of the shops where they were employed. As the manufacturers refused to deal with committees representing the Knights, and as they have signified their willingness to take them back as individuals, the strike will doubtless end shortly.

Imported Laborers Detained.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., December 24.—Forty immigrants who arrived by the Belgian Steamer Nederland of the Red Star Line have been detained by customs officials acting under the law which forbids the importation of laborers brought to this country under contract to work here. They were imported to take the places of the striking miners in the Lehigh district.

The Steelworkers' Scale.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, Pa., December 24.—The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers presented to the manufacturers the annual scale for the steelworkers to-day. No advance is demanded and it will probably be accepted without discussion.

Knocked Down and Robbed.

R. L. Garrish, living at Benton Station, on the Missouri Pacific Road, and employed by the J. A. Monks & Sons Distilling Company, Fourth and Elm streets, while on his way to the Union Depot last night was knocked down and robbed of a red valise and a pocketbook by two men at Eighth and Poplar streets. The pocketbook contained some money and a lot of railroad tickets. In the valise were a revolver, a box of cartridges and a lot of clothing. He reported the matter to the police.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.
STORE OPEN TILL 1 O'CLOCK TO-MORROW.
ST. LOUIS CLOTHING COMPANY, 213-215 N. Broadway.

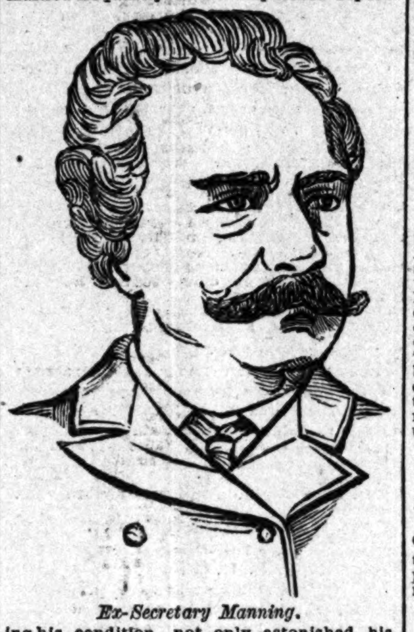
MANNING NO MORE.

DEATH OF THE EX-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY AT ALBANY.

Mr. Manning Passes Away Peacefully, Surrounded by His Family—The Deathbed Scenes—How the News Was Received at Washington—Secretary Fairchild's Order—Flags at Half-Mast—Sketch of the Deceased Journalist, Politician and Financier.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

ALBANY, N. Y., December 24.—Daniel Manning, the ex-Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, died at 1:40 p. m. to-day, at the residence of his son, Mr. James H. Manning, where for a week he has been lying in a condition which it was known could end only in death. There is but one element of surprise to those who have watched patiently, but hopelessly, with the sick man, and this is that he survived as long as he did. His vitality, which has been remarked frequently in the dispatches reporting his condition, not only astonished his family, but was a source of genuine wonder to his physicians. Sad as the end is, therefore, it has still brought a sense of relief, because it is appreciated that the longer the final crisis was deferred that much longer the sick man must have suffered. This morning Mr. James H. Manning, the ex-Secretary's son, was so thoroughly fagged and worn out that he sank upon a sofa, and caught practically the first sleep he has had since his father was stricken down. Young Mr. Manning has taken charge of the arrangements for giving out information to the newspaper men, as well as superintending the care of the sick man. As young Mr. Manning slept this morning, no one about the house would give very definite news about the ex-Secretary's condition beyond declaring that it was unchanged and that he had passed a comfortable night, all things considered. Then the family physician called, and, after waiting on his patient, came down with his usual calm face, but a more serious modification of his spoken expressions. He said Mr. Manning was extremely weak. He was resting quietly, having



Ex-Secretary Manning.

DROPPED INTO A DROWSE

just before the doctor left him. After the doctor departed Mr. James H. Manning awoke from his nap and gave some particulars of the night in the sick chamber. His father, he said, had passed most of the time in a comatose state, arousing only at long intervals. At such times, however, he seemed remarkably bright, under the circumstances. He was so weak that he could move with difficulty, and speech was altogether impossible, yet the expression of his eyes and his evident appreciation of the fact that the end was very near were touching in the extreme.

Frequent inquiries regarding Mr. Manning's condition have been received from the White House. The Executive office has been placed in direct telegraphic communication with Albany. President and Mrs. Cleveland, and Colonel and Mrs. Lamont cancelled engagements they had made for last evening, and Secretary and Mrs. Fairchild recalled dinner invitations they had sent out for that time. It is understood that President Cleveland and Cabinet will attend the funeral, which will probably take place at St. Paul's Church on Tuesday.

Sketch of Mr. Manning.

Daniel Manning was born in Albany in August, 1831. At the early age of 11 he went to work on the Albany Argus, and with this paper he was connected during the rest of his active life. Steadily he rose in his work until he became a reporter. In this capacity he gained an insight into practical politics, and secured an acquaintance that later on was of invaluable service to him. In 1865 he was raised to the position of associate editor of the Argus and in 1873 Mr. Manning took the helm of the paper as manager and editor-in-chief. When Gov. Tilden's star rose Mr. Manning's went up too, and much of Tilden's success was due to the shrewd handling of the Democratic forces by the editor. He was a member of the Democratic State Committee in 1876, was its Secretary in 1879 and 1880, and its chairman in 1881, 1882, 1883 and 1884. He controlled the New York delegation to St. Louis in 1876, to Cincinnati in 1880, and the policy of the Democratic party in New York

HAS BEEN SHAPED

largely by Mr. Manning. In recognition of his political services he was given the office of Secretary of the Treasury by President Cleveland on his inauguration. The illness that finally carried him off began to affect him shortly after his going to Washington, and about a year ago he gave up the duties of his position. He was for many years the Albany Director of the Albany & Susquehanna Railroad, and in 1882 was elected President of the National Commercial Bank of Albany. As Secretary of the Treasury he favored the repeal of the silver coinage act. He was twice married and leaves four children.

Gov. Hill's Tribute.

BUFFALO, December 24.—An Albany special to the News says: Gov. Hill, upon being informed of the death of Mr. Manning, said: "Mr. Manning's death is a loss to his State, the country, and the Democratic party. Though he held but one political office during the many years of his active life, he was nevertheless always ready and content to take his place among those who bore the planning and carrying out of policies which he believed were for the benefit of his fellow-citizens. He naturally became a leader in political contests. Mr. Tilden especially recognized and trusted his character and capacity. Mr. Manning's administration as Secretary of the Treasury exceeded the highest expectations of his friends. Then failing in health compelled him to lay down the honorable office for which he had been selected by Mr. Cleveland, this man, who was an active politician and perhaps even a partisan, was honored by the appreciative praise of the bitterest of his opponents. It is an agreeable reflection that after the heat of political contests is over the American people are quick to feel that upright party service is good political service."

Mayor Thatcher's Proclamation.

ALBANY, N. Y., December 24.—The Mayor of this city issued the following this evening in regard to ex-Secretary Manning's death:

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
ALBANY, N. Y., December 24, 1887.

To the Citizens of Albany:

Our foremost townsman is no more. Daniel Manning is dead. The great heart which loved Albany is done with its throbbing. The mighty brain which devised wise plans for a nation's money is at rest. Content with a private condition, he rose to national eminence. Free from ambition he was intrusted with power. Modest and unassuming he stood before kings. His career has reflected luster on our city. His ascent unto honor has marked a way for our youths moved by honorable desire. In the literature of mourning we can find no expression to tell our sorrow. The most we can do is to adopt the customary symbols and wear the common emblems which speak of grief and affliction. Therefore you are requested to display the ordinary signs of mourning and to cease from your usual employments during the hours of the funeral exercises. JOHN BOYD THATCHER, Mayor.

The funeral of Daniel Manning will take place on Tuesday, December 27, at 2 p. m., from St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

Secretary Fairchild's Order.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 24.—The following order has been sent out by Secretary Fairchild:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., December 24.

The Hon. Daniel Manning, late Secretary of the Treasery, died to-day at Albany, N. Y. Mr. Manning was a true patriot and firm friend, and he rendered his country great service by a wise management of the department. He was honored by all of our people, and especially endeared to all who were associated with him, either in his public or private life. As a mark of respect to his memory it is ordered that the Treasury Department building at this capital be draped in mourning for ten days; that it be closed on the day of the funeral, and that on that day the national flag be displayed at half-mast on all public buildings under the Treasury Department. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, Secretary of the Treasury.

Sympathy From Abroad.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CINCINNATI, December 24.—The Duckworth Club, a Democratic political club of this city, telegraphed late to-night a resolution of sympathy and condolence to the widow of Secretary Manning.

Burned to Death.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., December 24.—A sad death is reported from Ward's Seminary in this city. While partially undressed in her room Miss Cave from Dallas, Tex., got on a chair to arrange some pictures over the mantel; her clothing caught fire and she rushed into another room where her burning clothing was torn from her. Her injuries were dressed, and at 5 o'clock this afternoon she was laughing and talking, but at 6 o'clock she was dead. The shock to her nervous system and a large burn over the carotid artery which coagulated the blood caused her death. She was 16 years old.

A MONSTER THEATER PARTY

Given by the World to 3,000 Public School Children.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—The largest theater party ever given in New York came off to-day at the People's Theater. The WORLD gave the party, and 3,000 school boys and "little maids from school" were the guests. Three thousand elegant souvenirs were distributed. To give the poorer school children an opportunity to see a play on the eve of Christmas, that festival above all others dear to children was an idea with which Santa Claus inspired the WORLD a fortnight ago. Last Sunday the invitation was sent out through a card to public school teachers. It announced that the WORLD would tender a Christmas matinee to 3,000 school children, boys and girls, and that the spectacle would be "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." The teachers were asked to select the WORLD'S guests from the more deserving candidates for this novel "reward of merit." The only stipulation was that the children should be under 15, and that those whose theater-going experience had been the least should have the call. The matinee was a great success in every respect, and one of the most pleasing features of the metropolitan Christmas tide.

A POLITICAL NECESSITY.

Senator Beck Gives Up His Lexington Residence and Removes to Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., December 24.—It is stated here to-day that Senator Beck, whose present residence is at Lexington, will shortly move to Louisville, and this change of residence is due to a political necessity. Senator Blackburn, whose home is at Versailles, twelve miles from Lexington, fearing that Beck's re-election would reduce his own chances of succeeding himself, as the legislators would object to two Senators from the same section of the State, was active in setting up legislative candidates from the Blue Grass Counties pledged to support the late Dr. Standiford to succeed Mr. Beck. The death of Dr. Standiford released these anti-Beck delegates from their pledges. Since then an arrangement has been made between Senators Blackburne and Beck whereby Mr. Beck agrees to abandon his old Blue Grass home and reside at Louisville hereafter.

Boarding-House Burned.

FRAMINGHAM, Miss., December 24.—The Normal School boarding-house is now burning, and it is thought will be a total loss. It was built last summer at a cost of $15,000. The gas tank exploded and caused the fire. One hundred girls roomed in this building, but most of them left this noon for the Christmas vacation.

A Destructive Fire.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

RAVENNA, O., December 24.—This morning a fire destroyed four business houses and two dwellings, besides damaging several other structures, entailing a loss of $25,000, on which there was partial insurance.

Wants Damages.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., December 24.—Mrs. Catharine B. Williams of this city instituted a libel suit against the Syracuse Times to-day demanding $10,000 damages, on account of an article that appeared December 18, connecting her name with that of a man named Lewis.

Obituary.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., December 24.—Mrs. G. H. Worrall, daughter of Abram Schropp, Secretary of the Bethlehem (Pa.) Iron-Works, died in this city to-day, aged 63 years.

The gathering of the friends of Mr. Fred Spraul, proprietor of the Garfield House, Thirteenth and Market streets, at a Christmas-tree celebration last evening was made more enjoyable by an unexpected event. His guests, led by Mr. A. C. Hickman, called on the gentleman unexpectedly and presented him with a fine gold-headed cane.

CAPT. KIDD'S TREASURE.

A Party of Yachtmen Leave New York to Go in Search of It.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—A dispatch from Jacksonville, Fla., this morning stated that the schooner yacht Maria, of New York, sailed from Key West, Thursday evening for Belize, in search of hidden treasure, of which information had been obtained from a sailor at Washington. The telegram affirms that many prominent Congressmen are interested in the venture, and the expedition was in command of Special Treasury Agent Peck. Inquiry by a reporter developed the facts that the schooner-yacht Maria sailed from her pier on the North River, with a crew of five, commanded by Capt. C. J. Ward, and carrying several prominent gentlemen of this city and Baltimore and a judge of Louisiana, who told the yachting men from whom they leased the Maria they were going to the Carribean sea to fish, hunt and be happy. The Maria was hired by Treasury Agent Peck, and belongs to C. J. Bliven, of whom it was leased a few weeks prior to his commitment to Sing Sing prison, to serve a term of three years and a half for procuring malpractice upon Miss Frankie Bell. Bliven was a broker. The Maria was leased for one month, with the privilege of an indefinite extension. The yacht broker who chartered it told a reporter that he supposed the Maria's voyagers sailed in quest of pleasure, but they might be after treasure for all he knew and he was positive that should they find wealth he was entitled to a share. There was mystery about the trip.

At the Custom-house the report caused much comment. Peck left his office about two and a half months ago to take charge of the expedition on the Maria. This much was quite generally known among the officials, although they were uninformed of the exact destination or purpose. A reporter met Inspector Van Bremer in the Custom House this morning. He said that the expedition had started out in search of Capt. Kidd's treasure and that numerous communications had been received since the departure of the expedition. He believed they had already been at Kingston, Jamaica, but the last heard from them was from Key West. From the reports received the people interested in the enterprise would return wealthy.

NOVEL, BUT DEADLY.

The Weapon Used by a Burglar on an Indianapolis Policeman.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., December 24.—Chris Cook, a policeman, discovered at an early hour this morning two burglars in Stevens' grocery store, and approached to with in a few feet before they were aware of his presence. He then called upon them to surrender, holding a cocked revolver upon the largest, whom he describes as a tall man, dressed in a snuff-colored overcoat, and with his coat partly disarranged as if he had laid it aside while forcing an entrance to the store. Seeing the weapon, the fellow threw up his hands and advanced toward the policeman, saying: "Don't shoot, I'll go with you," and when he came within possibly six feet, he was observed to toss one hand forward. At the same instant something struck Cook on the top of his hat and exploded with a sound that he claims to have been several times louder than the crack of a revolver and he was hurled backward some distance against the side of the building, causing unconsciousness. When he recovered himself the burglars had disappeared. Cook then realized that he himself was severely injured, and an examination developed that the missile had torn away a portion of his hat and had split the crown across the head and nearly to the band in the rear, while his scalp had been laid open for several inches. A splinter of the skull bone had been torn off and his skull fractured. Cook claims, and the doctors think, that the thing was a bomb or some other devilish contrivance. The flesh is bruised and torn very much, as if caused by the force of an explosion at close range. The affair has excited the liveliest alarm among the police.

SHOT AT BY ASSASSINS.

Light-House-Keeper Odell Describes an Attempt to Kill Him.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NORFOLK, Va., December 24.—Keeper M. T. Odell of the Cape Henry Light-house, against whom charges of offensive partisanship have been preferred and disproved before the Light-house Board recently, reports that he was the object of a cowardly attempt at assassination last evening. The keeper says that while returning alone from Norfolk, where he had been on sick leave and when between Virginia beach and that portion of the coast known as the Hollies, he was fired upon from ambush by three unknown men, who were evidently awaiting his coming. Owing to the partisan feeling which Odell thought existed between him and the parties who preferred the charges, he says he had provided himself with a pair of revolvers to be ready for any emergency. As soon as he recovered from his surprise at the attack he returned the fire, and thinks that he must have hit one of his assailants, as he heard a cry of pain, and two of the men ran to the assistance of the third and carried him away. Odell says he would have braved and probably have captured the three would-be assassins had not his horse become unmanageable. He exhibits a bullet-hole in his uniform coat between his left shoulder and the neighborhood of the heart, and two other bullet holes in his gum coat as a proof of the attack.

Killed By a Maniac.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Two patients in the Insane Asylum, on Ward's Island, got to fighting to-day and one of them killed the other. Richard Townsend, who is 36 years old and who is a sufferer from chronic mania, has been a quarrelsome patient for a number of months. He has been hysterical at times, and his keepers have been careful of him. About 6 o'clock Friday evening he quarrelled with a patient named L. Heilbrunner. He got hold of the latter's leg and dragged him around the pavilion. At length Heilbrunner became enraged and struck Townsend on the chest. The men grappled and after wrestling a while fell to the floor. When Attendant Brown ran to separate them he found that Townsend could not arise. His head had struck a heavy spittoon and the concussion had killed him. The man was dead when he was picked up. Coroner Levy is to make an investigation.

Jake Sharp at Home.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

ROME, N. Y., December 24.—Jacob Sharp is quietly domiciled at his elegant country home, three miles west of this city. He left New York with his wife and son George and arrived here yesterday. He stood the fatigue of the journey very well, and was feeling cheerful when he reached here. His sleigh was waiting for him, and he was immediately driven to his home, where it is said he will remain until after the 1st of January, when he will return to New York.

An Equity Case Settled.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

RALEIGH, N. C., December 24.—Yesterday, at Charlotte, the equity case of McCormick and others against the North Carolina Mill-Stone Company was heard upon a motion for the appointment of a Receiver. The motion was granted, and Ernest Haywood and John W. Hinsdale of Raleigh were appointed Receivers. This was a creditor's bill, involving the validity of two deeds of trust made by the Mill-Stone Company. The main point of dispute is the validity of $27,500 of bonds of the company held by a man named Schalle of Pennsylvania, who is charged in the bill with abetting the frauds of officers of the company. The property involved in litigation is valuable, amounting to $70,000 or more. The debts of the company amount to over $150,000.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Congressman Butterworth Improving—Dickinson's New Residence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 24.—Congressman Butterworth of Ohio is so much better to-night that his friends regard him as out of danger.

Mr. Corcoran's Birthday.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 24.—W. W. Corcoran, Washington's philanthropist, will be 89 years old next Tuesday. There will be no special celebration of the event, as it is feared any excitement might prove prejudicial to his health.

Dickinson's Washington Residence.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 24.—Mr. Don M. Dickinson has taken Paymaster Bacon's splendid house on I street, near Sixteenth, and evidently takes it for granted that the new deal will be consummated and Mr. Lamar provided for.

Will Attend Manning's Funeral.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 24.—The President, Col. Lamont, Secretaries Bayard, Whitney, Fairchild, Endicott, Attorney-General Garland, and Postmaster General Vilas will leave here Monday night to be present at the funeral of ex-Secretary Manning.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

Mayor Hewitt's Presents to Orphan Babes—The Day Abroad.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—"Thanks, and a merry Christmas for Mayor Hewitt," will be crowed and gurgled by over two hundred of the babies in the Infants' Asylum on Randall's Island to-morrow, for the Mayor has sent them a bushel basket full of rattles, as the following letter to Commissioner Porter will show:

H. H. Porter, Esq., Department of Charities and Correction:

MY DEAR SIR—I will thank you to provide a sufficient number of babies' rattles for the Infants' Asylum at Randall's Island. If you can send them there on Christmas Day it will be better, although it is not absolutely indispensable, as any time during the week will answer. Please buy them for my account, and tell the vendor to send me the bill. Very sincerely yours, ABRAM S. HEWITT.

Very Enjoyable.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

MACON, Mo., December 24.—Nine of the Sabbath schools of Macon held exercises this evening to commemorate Christmas. There were Christmas trees, musical programmes, festivals, and at the M. E. Church a cantata, all lending to a proper observance of festivities incident to the holiday season. Other schools will celebrate on Monday night.

An Interesting Celebration.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

JACKSON, Mo., December 24.—Christmas Eve was celebrated at the Presbyterian Church to-night by a cantata given by the united churches and Sunday-schools of this city. The programme was complete and the entertainment interesting.

"NOT GUILTY."

The Hardwick Boys Have Not Yet Found Their Brother's Murderer.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CENTER, Ala., December 24.—The trial of Carroll McBee, charged with the murder of young Hardwick, committed here about twenty-three years ago, began Tuesday morning, and was given to the jury yesterday. The jury was out all night and this morning returned a verdict of "not guilty." This case has been one of exceeding interest to every one in this section of the country for years, and the dramatic story of the sleuth-like trailing of their brother's murderer by the Hardwick boys, who, for twenty-two years, never once relaxed their vigilance, energy or perseverence in the pursuit, would fill a large volume. The brothers of the murdered man believed McBee to be the slayer and for all those long years they did not relax for an instant their search for him. Time, money, hardship or expense were considered as the smallest obstacles to these determined young men and as the years flew by they almost gave up all hope of ever tracing and bringing to punishment the man who had thrown gloom and mourning over a happy and contented family. At last they found Carroll McBee away in Arkansas, and he was arrested and brought to Alabama to be tried for his life under the charge of murder. The suspected man has been found "not guilty," by a jury of his peers, and the Hardwick boys must begin anew their search for a brother's murderer.

Delayed Christmas Presents.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., December 24.—The rush of regular express business to and from this city has been so great for some time past that the express companies have had hard work keeping up in consequence. When in the early part of the week the enormous bulk of holiday goods began coming in to the express offices for shipment to various points; the manager gave up the task of attempting to handle their business, and it is reported on excellent authority, have not sent out any Christmas packages since the early part of this week, having labelled all such "hold-over packages," and laid them aside to be handled when the regular December rush shall have ceased. They now hope to begin the shipment of these presents by Monday, but will not probably get them all off for a week to come.

Driven to Suicide by Taxes.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

DAYTON, O., December 24.—A peculiar suicide occurred to-day at Philipsburg, this county, where an old woman, named Kolling, ended her existence because she was afraid that she would not be able to pay her taxes. She owns lots of real estate and is quite wealthy. She accomplished the deed by taking paris green.

Settled With His Creditors.

BOSTON, December 24.—The creditors of W. D. Robinson, boot and shoe dealer of Detroit, had a meeting here to-day. A new proposition from Mr. Robinson was received as follows: Twenty-five cents cash on a dollar to be paid by Mrs. Robinson and 40 cents in Mr. Robinson's unindorsed notes, a stock company to be formed for continuing the business, that Mr. Robinson is to be employed by the company on a salary, and to turn his assets over to the company as security for the payment of the 40 cents. The proposition was accepted by the meeting and stock to the amount of about [illegible] was subscribed to by those present. The meeting adjourned to meet again at the call of the investigation committee.

EASY Feet and Merry Christmas to you from W. Kenison & Sons, Chiropodists and Manicures, [illegible] Olive street. Open to-day from 8 to 1 p. m.

Merry Christmas to All.
"THE DELICATESSEN,"
[illegible] N. Fourth Street, 712 Olive Street,
716 N. Broadway.

CITY NEWS.

Will Sell Off Balance

Of holiday goods at badly cut prices this week, at Crawford's.

Dr. E. C. Chase,

Corner of 9th and Olive streets. Set of teeth, $8.

PRIVATE matters skilfully treated and medicines furnished. Dr. Dinsbeer, 814 Pine st.

DR. WHITTIER, 617 St. Charles, cures diseases of indiscretion, indulgence. Call or write.

THE CRAWFORD PRIZE WINNERS.

A Memorable Scene—Mr. Crawford's Speech—The Christmas Chapters.

There was a perfect jam last night at Crawford's. Every floor of the immense establishment was crowded with Christmas purchasers, for it had been announced that the doors would remain open until 10 o'clock to give everybody a chance. For the young people, the little folks, the occasion possessed an extraordinary interest. Every girl and boy in St. Louis and the surrounding towns had watched with a keen interest the prize story competition, and it was known that on Christmas Eve the result would be announced and the prizes distributed. Mr. Crawford on the 24th of November made the public announcement through the columns of the POST-DISPATCH that he would award a handsome prize to the girl or boy under sixteen years of age who would write the best concluding chapter to a Christmas serial story published in the POST-DISPATCH in twenty-seven chapters, entitled: "Lame Nannie's Christmas Tree."

The prize chapter was to be the one most like the original concluding chapter, and the decision was left in the hands of a committee of three. Thousands of manuscripts came in the Crawford mail, the competition closing on the 21st, and for three days past the committee have had little time to eat or sleep, for each manuscript was carefully perused with the view of arriving at a just conclusion, and it was a laborious undertaking. Toward 8 o'clock last evening the second floor of Crawford's great dry goods store was so crowded with boys and girls awaiting the result that it was almost impossible to reach the prize platform. The interest was intense on all sides, and the climax was attained when Mr. Crawford himself was seen at the head of the stairs with a paper in his hand trying to work his way through the crowd to the platform. He was greeted with a round of cheers and as soon as silence was obtained Mr. Crawford made a very neat little speech. He said that he had taken a warm interest in this competition and he felt proud of the girls and should swear by the girls hereafter, for they were way ahead in the prize contest. He asked: "How many of you have read 'Lame Lame Nannie's Xmas Tree?'" "Me." "I have," "All of us!" shouted the children in every direction.

He then announced that two prizes would be awarded, the first, an elegant French doll, to Miss Jessie McFadden of 1519 Franklin avenue, a pretty little girl of 11 years, and the second, a costly plush album, to Miss Gertrude Jackson of 3128 Pine street, a girl of 13 years. There were hearty rounds of applause following Mr. Crawford's announcement, and little Jessie McFadden was held on the shoulders of a stalwart salesman as she received her prize. Three cheers were given for the bright little winner, and three more for Mr. Crawford. Some one in the throng shouted: "Which is the greatest store in the world?" and the responsive chorus was: "Crawford's!" The best of the stories in the prize contest are given on the front pages of the POST-DISPATCH to-day. They are all well worth reading and deserve the prominence given them. Mr. Crawford stated last evening that he intended to keep up this healthy competition each holiday season.

MAKE YOUR BOY A PRESENT OF ONE OF OUR MADE-TO-ORDER SUITS.

For $10, $12, $15 or $18 we will make to order for your boy the best suit of clothes you ever bought for him. Fabrics and style considered, our prices are the lowest in the city.

MILLS & AVERILL,
S. E. cor. Broadway and Pine.

THE NEW OPTION LAW.

Chas. P. Johnson as the Standard-Bearer—An Addition to the Gubernatorial Candidates.

"Whoa! Take off his blanket."

And another horse trotted out of the political stables yesterday, and he began to train for the Governorship race.

The removal of the blanket disclosed the form of Chas. P. Johnson. His re-entrance into the political field is due to the present agitation along the local option line.

It is now considered certain that the Democratic State Convention will take some position on the temperance issue. If it put Judge Norton or any other man on an anti-sumptuary or non-committal platform the Democratic temperance vote in the State will spit on its hands to get a good grip in that ticket's wool and if it adopt an anti-temperance platform, there will be music in the air. The temperance people expect very little from the Republican party, which is not likely to give away the German vote in the Presidential year. The Wood law is not the great success it was hoped, and the proposition to make license in any county or city depend upon a majority vote, thus changing the local option law, is gaining ground in the State, especially in the west counties. This proposition would amend the Downing law so as to require that no license shall issue by county or city authorities until the majority of the voters shall vote for license. If the majority is against, there can be no license; if for, then the licenses must be obtained as at present under the Downing law.

In case the Democratic Convention is controlled against temperance ideas, the local optionists may throw their influence for Gov. Johnson. He declined to say that he will run, but his friends are taking note of the political horizon. As to be elected as an Independent would only require a plurality vote over four candidates his friends say his chances would be good.

Entertainments Last Evening.

The Socialistic Labor Party gave a Christmas Eve entertainment last night at Central Turner Hall. The hall was well filled with Socialists, their wives and children, and the evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner. The following were some of the principal features of the programme: Singing by the Eisenchranz Society; solos by Messrs. Jager and Conrad Schwier; zither duet by Messrs. Koller and Loephe, and an address by Max Stoehr on "The Heathen Origin of the Christmas Festival." At the conclusion of the entertainment the children present were called up on the platform and gifts from a Christmas tree distributed among them.

The annual ball of Iron Moulders' Union, No. 59, occurred last night at Druid's Hall, on Ninth and Market streets. There were a great many present and dancing was kept up until a late hour. The ball reflected credit on the committee which had the arrangements in charge, consisting of Messrs. Peter Jorgenson, Charles Streetinger and George Dierberger.

A number of social clubs gave entertainments of a social nature in various parts of the city last evening, which were well attended.

Have You Seen Him.

Information is wanted of Ludwig Gottlieb, aged 35 years, 5 feet 6 inches, heavy set, black hair and mustache and a German by birth. He formerly kept a notion stand at Sixth street and Franklin avenue. He left his home, No. [illegible] North Sixth street, Thursday and has not been seen.

A MOB'S VENGEANCE.

TOM DOSS TAKEN FROM JAIL AND LYNCHED AT FRANKLIN, KY.

Editor Littleton Shot Down at Nashville, Tenn., by a Political Opponent—A Convict's Revenge—Old Jerry Collins' Christmas Gift—A Prize-Fighter Laid Out—Murdered in Court—Counterfeiter Captured—The Chicago Boodlers—Crimes.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

FRANKLIN, Ky., December 24.—Last night at 12 o'clock a mob visited the county jail and took from his cell Tom Doss, the negro who, a few weeks ago, shot in cold blood W. F. Holmes, an aged white man of this county. The jail was surrounded by the mob and twelve of the number went to the front door of the room where Jailor Hunt was sleeping and knocked on the door, telling him that William Pearl, a constable in the county, was there with a prisoner, whereupon the door was opened and a heavily-masked squad of men rushed into the room. The jailor ran to the bed and succeeded in getting out his pistol and would have downed the leader of the gang, with whom he had a hard tussle, but his arm was seized and having so many against him he was overpowered and his pistol wrenched from him. They covered him with revolvers and demanded the prisoner. He resisted for some time, but the cold steel argument prevailed and finally, to save himself, he led the way to the cell of the doomed man, unlocked the door, and the negro was dragged out in his night clothes and quietly hastened off. The prisoner did not manifest much alarm. The only words he spoke was when he asked time to put on his clothes, which was denied him. He was spirited away toward the Tennessee line, and is doubtless swinging between heaven and earth, though his body has not yet been fonnd. The jail had been kept guarded for some time till all fears of a mob had subsided, and last night's visitation was a complete surprise.

A SENSATIONAL TRAGEDY.

Editor Littleton of Nashville Shot Down by a Political Opponent.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., December 24.—Intense excitement has prevailed here to-day over the fatal shooting of John J. Littleton by Joseph R. Banks, both leading Republicans of this State. Trouble has been looked for for some months, as the National Review, Littleton's paper, of December 17 contained a most offensive allusion to Banks. There was consequently little surprise but great excitement when about 10 o'clock the report came that Littleton had been shot. Soon hundreds of people were making their way to the scene. As gathered from eye witnesses, the facts appear to be about these: Mr. Littleton, was coming from his home on High street toward his office, and had got as far as the door of the Howard Library, in the Watkins Institute, when he was hallooed at from across the street, and at the same time the man who called fired from the steps of a little brick house across the street. Another shot followed quickly, Mr. Littleton falling and crying "Oh, Lord!" several times. Mr. Littleton was walking along with his hands in his overcoat pockets, and as he fell he drew his revolver, or it dropped from his pocket. Some witnesses declare that he fired once at Banks, but others affirm that he did not shoot at all. As Littleton fell Banks stepped inside the door, got another doubled-barreled shotgun and fired twice more. Littleton staggered to his feet, and calling out, "Oh, you coward!" started back to his home. Mr. Daniel Ryan came to his assistance, and helped him to the gate. Littleton's strength almost failed him when he came to the house, and he nearly sank. Physicians and Father Delaney of the Catholic Church were sent for. Mr. Littleton made his profession of the Catholic faith, and was baptized by Father Delaney. As soon as the shooting was over, Banks walked rapidly down to Cumberland ally, got into a buggy and drove to the jail, where he surrendered himself. On his way to the jail he called Allen Hall, who was passing, and Hall accompanied him to the jail. Officer Hanley happened to come up at the jail and Banks surrendered to him. In the meantime an immense crowd had gathered about Littleton's home and the scene of the shooting. The house from which the shooting was done is an old brick building. Banks had awaited Littleton's appearance since about 4 o'clock this morning. After consultation Drs. W. L. Nichol, W. T. Briggs and C. L. Ives decided that the wounds were fatal and that Littleton's statement should be taken. Justice MacKenzie was summoned. Then Littleton calmly made his statement, which was in accordance with the facts as above stated.

After making the statement Mr. Littleton sent for his wife and gave her directions for closing up his business matters, being very self-possessed throughout.

Banks was seen in jail, but declined to be interviewed. He, however, denied shooting without warning Littleton, and said there were five shots, four by himself and one from Littleton. Each of the four barrels he fired contained sixteen buck-shot; of these perhaps forty entered Littleton's body. The physicians pronounce Littleton's wounds fatal beyond a doubt. Both the men are prominent Republicans, but belong to different factions of the party. In the recent municipal election Littleton was the Republican nominee for Mayor, but was bitterly opposed by the faction to which Banks belongs, and although an independent Democrat drew largely from the Democratic nominee's vote, Littleton was defeated. In the following issue of his paper, that of December 17, he published a long article containing severe personal reflections upon some of the Republicans who took an active part in the anti-Littleton movement. In that article T. A. Kercheval, Frank T. Reid, J. R. Banks and E. L. Gregory were especially mentioned, but the severest animadversion and personal reflection were made upon Kercheval and Banks. Littleton was in New York at the conference of Republican clubs when the article appeared and only reached home Thursday night. The affair created intense excitement, and it is generally regarded as a very natural outcome of the bitter wrangling between the two wings of the Republican party in Tennessee. Littleton is the aggressive editor of the National Review, a Republican weekly, and Banks is a sort of leader among local Republicans.

HORRIBLE DEPRAVITY.

Three Women Assaulted and Maltreated by Young Roughs.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHICAGO, December 24.—A horrible case of cruelty and depravity was brought out in the Armory Police Court this morning, when John Pertle, John Lercoff and Ferdinand Ries were charged with assault and malicious mischief. Emma Kelly, Ida Hickey and Grace Johnson, inmates of a disorderly house on Pacific avenue, were the complainants. They said that at 8:30 last night there was a knock on the door and then it was kicked in and the three prisoners, dirty, ill-dressed and drunken young ruffians, about 18 years of age, dashed in. The three women, with the landlady, who was lying ill in bed, attempted to run out through the rear door, but Emma Kelly was caught before she made her escape. One of the fellows struck her in the face and asked what she was running away for. He dragged her into the bedroom and assaulted her, choking her and beating her until she was covered with blood. As soon as she could get away the woman ran from the room with the blood streaming from her face, but was caught by Lercoff and Ries, who threw her on the floor and assaulted her, one holding her arms and another covering her mouth to stifle her screams for aid. Then they began to torture her for their amusement, walking upon her, kicking her, and finally seizing a broom-stick they maltreated her fearfully until she fainted from pain and loss of blood. The Johnson woman returning just then in the hope that the men had gone, was seized and subjected to similar treatment. The other woman came back with policemen, and the three men were arrested. They were held to-day in $4,500 bail to the Criminal Court.

A Fiendish Plot.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Dr. Edson to-day examined the infernal machine sent to Lieut. Percy May of the Eleventh Regiment last night. It proved to be evidently intended for mischief. The doctor found that out to his hurt, for in opening the bottle that was in the box, he was not careful enough and spilled some of the contents over his hands. It was nitric acid and burned them badly. The bottle lay in powder, but there was not enough of it to kill had the machine exploded, as it was evidently intended it should. The idea seemed to be that the powder would burst the bottle, scattering the acid over the person opening it, perhaps blinding him. The machine was handed back to the police, who are trying to find out who sent it. Up to noon to-day no arrests had been made as far as is known at headquarters. Another infernal machine reached headquarters to-day, but that was a hoax. It was a piece of gas pipe about six inches long, plugged at both ends, bronzed and decorated with skull and cross-bones. Dr. Edson opened it and found it filled with a black powder that refused to explode.

A Convict's Revenge.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., December 24.—Ex-Superintendent of the West Virginia Penitentiary, Col. John E. Peck, was reported yesterday as having been killed by an ex-convict. News received to-day corroborates the story. Col. Peck was Superintendent of the penitentiary up to about March of this year, prior to which time Boyd, a newspaper correspondent, brought charges against his management, alleging brutality and inhumanity in his treatment of prisoners. The trial was a long, sensational one, and was published in the dailies at the time and the proof was so conclusive that the Senate refused to confirm Peck. After his dismissal he returned to his former home in Logan County. A few days ago a convict was released from the penitentiary, and it is alleged that in revenge for brutal treatment received at the hands of the ex-Superintendent went to Logan County and rehearsed to a brother of another convict a story of his brother's ill-treatment. This brother hunted up the ex-Superintendent and attacked him, mortally wounding him.

Murderous Sailors.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—On Monday afternoon the Norwegian steamship Odin, bound from Port-au-Paix to this city, took three sailors, named David B. Campbell, John W. Coleman and Frank Taylor, from a water-logged schooner, about fifty miles south of Five Fathom Bank. These three men are suspected of murdering the captain of the schooner. Capt. F. Walton of the Schooner C. C. Cranmer, which arrived at Philadelphia on Thursday, says that he boarded the abandoned Schooner D. and E. Kelly a few miles southeast of Cape Henlopen. He found the body of Capt. Taylor lying upon the deck, dead. His throat bore finger marks and all around were signs that a desperate struggle had taken place. A revolver with one empty chamber lay upon the deck. It is known that Capt. Taylor had $85 in his possession, which might have been the motive for the crime. The Philadelphia authorities intend to notify the authorities in this city to arrest the three sailors.

Murdered in Court.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

COLUMBIA, S. C., December 24.—An outrageous murder occurred to-day in the court-room at Chester, a flourishing town in this State. J. D. Ratteree, a prominent citizen of that section, had made threats against the life of the wife of a colored man named Jack Reed. The woman reported the matter to her husband, who proceeded to Justice Leckie and swore out a peace warrant against Ratteree who was required to appear before the Justice. Ratteree's attorney opposed the giving of a bond, arguing that the charge was not well founded and that the circumstances did not warrant it. Reed and his wife were then required to give evidence, after which Ratteree was required to give bond to keep the peace. Upon the opinion of the Justice being rendered, Ratteree, without a moment's warning, drew a pistol and shot Reed through the heart. Ratteree left the office and has not been arrested. The negroes are greatly excited.

Killed His Sister's Traducer.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., December 24.—A horrible tragedy occurred at Stevenson, Ala., this morning, in which Isaac Haynes was shot in the breast four times by John Thomas and instantly killed. Haynes was formerly a conductor on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and only a few months ago drew a prize of $15,000 from a lottery. This caused him to resign his position. He invested his money at Stevenson and has lived there ever since. A few weeks ago, it is alleged, he insulted a sister of Thomas, and, that fact having come to the ears of Thomas, he procured a pistol and deliberately killed Haynes. After the shooting Thomas telegraphed the Sheriff at Scottsboro, Ala., to come to Stevenson and arrest him, which was done this afternoon. There is great excitement over the affair. Haynes was killed on the street in front of his own house. Thomas is the yardmaster of the Memphis & Charleston Road at Stevenson.

A Counterfeiter Bagged.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

LOUISIANA, Mo., December 24.—An important arrest was made here to-day by City Marshal Caison in the person of James Norton Vodder, alias Norton, who is a slick counterfeiter and who has been carrying on his nefarious business for some time past in a rather small but effective manner. Counterfeit nickels, dimes, quarters and halves have frequently made their appearance in this city and Norton has been suspected. When the Marshal searched the prisoner to-day he found dies for making counterfeit fractional currency. The United States Marshal was notified of the arrest and replied to hold the prisoner till the arrival of a Deputy, when Norton will be taken to St. Louis. Vedder's family live at White Hall, Ill., and he has been engaged for some time on Government work near this city.

Old Jerry Collins to Be Free.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., December 24.—Christmas at the penitentiary will be observed on Monday in the usual holiday style. The two convicts who will be released on that day, according to the custom, are old Jerry Collins, who was sent up from St. Louis in September, 1872, upon commutation of death sentence to life imprisonment by Gov. B. Gratz Brown. Old Jerry, who is now over 70 years of age, is the oldest prisoner in point of continuous service now in the prison, he having been incarcerated for fifteen years, three months and nine days. The other fortunate convict is Wm. Cole, sent up from Webster County for murdering his wife. He has seen nearly fifteen years of continuous prison life, and next to Collins is the oldest termer in the penitentiary. Both will go forth free men on Monday, but penniless and well stricken in years, with no one to care for their wants or supply their necessities.

A Desperado Bites the Dust.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CAIRO, Ill., December 24.—A negro desperado named Henry Tate started out last night to run the neighboring village of Wickliffe after filling up with benzine. He had quite thoroughly terrorized the burg, having run everybody from the usual public resorts, the post-office, railroad office, etc., when the Village Marshal, Richard Bobo, appeared upon the scene to obtain a halt in Tate's wild career and arrest him. Tate was not frightened by the appearance of the minion of the law, but proceeded to attack him at once, and Bobo was compelled, in self-defense, to shoot the desperado, which he did and killed him. This culmination of the affair happened about 9 o'clock.

Swindlers in the Toils.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CIRCLEVILLE, O., December 24.—Detective Norris brought Daniel Scribner and Walter E. Haines of Logansport, Ind., to this place to-day, charged with having swindled Sidney B. Ward, a wealthy farmer, out of $5,000 a few weeks ago by the old trick of requiring him to put that amount in the hands of one of the parties as proof of "good faith," after which he was to get a $25,000 lottery ticket cashed. Ward identifies them, and Norris, the detective, claims that he has recovered $3,600 of the money. Scarcely a week passes in Ohio but some idiot gets taken in for from $1,000 to $5,000 on this trick.

A Bloody Battle.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHATTANOOGA, December 24.—Word reached here this evening of a bloody battle at Soddy, a Tennessee mining town on the Cincinnati & Southern Railroad, twenty miles north of Chattanooga. Last night the miners were all on a spree and indulged in a general fight. This morning the fight was renewed by a negro coke-drawer named Henry Marshall, who shot and instantly killed Wm. Mason, also dangerously wounding Isham Chambers and James Robinson. During the excitement Marshall escaped. Parties of infuriated men are scouring the country for him. He will be lynched if caught. The miners are all in a state of great excitement, and the negroes are in terror for their lives.

Merry Christmas to All!

Once a year the world goes merry-making, and the time is come. While anything as sordid as practicalities may be out of place, we wish to call your attention to the Very Handsomest Stock of Ball and Fine Dress Footwear in the city. All our new styles are in and you will be guaranteed satisfaction at

SWOPE'S
311 NORTH FOURTH STREET.
☛ Send for Our Illustrated Catalogue—Mailed Free.

A Daring Robbery.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHICAGO, Ill., December 24.—Frank R. Kipp, a clerk in the coal office of Miner T. Ames at the foot of Lake street, near the Illinois Central Railway, was the victim of three daring robbers last evening about 5:30 o'clock. Mr. Kipp was alone in the office and was preparing to go home, when the three men entered, knocked him down and while one of them held a revolver to his head the others ransacked the office, took all the money at hand, including Mr. Kipp's personal cash and also his watch and chain. They then made their escape and none of them have been captured. Mr. Ames has hired detectives and they are looking for the men.

A Bloody Fight.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

MOBERLY, Mo., December 24.—There was a bloody fight here between a farmer named Walter Field and W. L. Nichols, agent of a sewing machine company. They quarreled over the sale of a machine and Field received a gash four inches long near the jugular vein, inflicted with a pocket knife. It is not thought to be a fatal wound. Nichols is under bonds.

A Prize-Fighter Laid Out.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., December 24.—A fight, which will probably prove to be a murder, took place this afternoon between a negro named Cook, and a prize-fighter named Murphy, in a saloon. They quarreled, and Cook seized a hammer and pounded Murphy's head in a brutal manner. The latter was taken to a hospital, probably fatally injured.

Killed One and Wounded Two.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., December 24.—This morning a row occurred at Soddy, Tenn., twenty miles north of this city, in which Henry Marshall shot and instantly killed William Mason, with a shotgun, and wounded Isham Chambers in the breast and James Robinson in the arm. During the excitement which followed Marshall made his escape and has not been captured.

A Cutting Affray.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

SEDALIA, Mo., December 24.—John Harrison and George Smith, negroes, became involved in quarrel about 5 o'clock this afternoon, near the Union Depot, when Harrison cut Smith with a knife in the right leg near the knee, in the left leg above the knee and on the wrist and muscles of one arm. Both were jailed and Smith's wounds are not dangerous.

A Convict's Christmas Gift.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

COLUMBUS, O., December 24.—The Governor to-day gave Robert Dunlap, a life prisoner, a Christmas present in the shape of a full pardon. Dunlap shot his wife's betrayer, a prominent and wealthy young society man, fifteen years ago, and had served over thirteen years of his sentence.

McBee Acquitted.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., December 24.—Carroll McBee, who was charged with the murder of Joseph Hardwick at Center, Ala., twenty years ago, was acquitted late this evening.

Chicago's Convicted Boodlers.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHICAGO, December 24.—The Appellate Court has denied bail in the case of Ochs, Van Pelt and the other convicted boodlers. The case is set for January 20.

DINING THE PRESIDENT.

The Graduates of Dartmouth Entertain Rev. Samuel C. Bartlett.

One of the most enjoyable entertainments of the season was the dinner given last night at the Mercantile Club by the graduates of Dartmouth College to Rev. Samuel C. Bartlett, the President of that institution. The tables were laid in the large dining hall of the Mercantile Club, and were handsomely decorated with ferns, smilax, and palms. Major H. M. Pollard presided, and, after the discussion of the repast, delivered an address of welcome to President Bartlett on behalf of the students of the college of which he is the head. President Bartlett responded in an eloquent address, expressing the pleasure he experienced in meeting so many graduates of Darthmouth in a part of the country so remote from the institution that was so dear to them all. It afforded him still greater gratification, the speaker went on to say, to see that neither time nor distance had been able to weaken the attachment toward their Alma Mater of those who had in bygone years received their education at Dartmouth. Referring to the present condition of the college President Bartlett stated that it was satisfactory in every respect, the number of students was steadily increasing, the former high standard had been considerably raised, and the outlook was in every way encouraging. The speaker closed by expressing his pleasure at the cordial reception he had received, and thanking one and all both for himself and for his college.

Addresses were delivered by Clinton Rowell, Prof. Marshall S. Snow and Rev. J. C. Learned and the company dispersed after a most enjoyable evening.

Among the graduates present were H. M. Pollard, Clinton Rowell, Leon Wardwell, C. D. Moody, Rev. Thomas Marshall, A. R. Funkhouser, Rev. J. C. Learned, W. W. Stickney, Geo. S. Davis, Geo. F. Gill, G. H. Chapin, Fred Cochrane, J. J. Wertheimer, C. W. Fitch and Richard Hayes. Among the invited guests were Rev. H. A. Stimson, E. H. Long, Rev. Dr. Merrill, Prof. Marshall S. Snow, W. B. Homer and Josiah Fogg.

News From Hawaii.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 24.—The steamer Mariposa arrived this morning from Sydney and Honolulu. The German bark Livingston arrived at Sydney December 1, having on board the crew of the British ship Mora, lost at sea near Natal.

King Kalakua has issued a proclamation, announcing the continuance of the reciprocity treaty with the United States for seven years, and the cession of Pearl River Harbor to the latter.

CHILDREN IN COSTUME.

The Little Folks' Annual Christmas Party at the Pickwick.

The annual Christmas party for children, which took place at the Pickwick yesterday afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock, was a beautiful ball, the children all appearing in fancy costumes made of the richest materials and very artistic in design. The grand march was led by Master Alfred Aloe, a handsome little fellow, who was dressed as Adonis, in white satin with trimmings of silver, his powdered hair contrasting well with his dark eyes and ruddy complexion. He was followed by little Rosalind Mahler, not yet four years old, dressed a l'Amazone, in close fitting costume of linked steel, and little Gertrude Russock, another little golden-haired fairy dressed as Cupid in pink silk stockinet, with pink satin slip, open and looped up at the side and edged with silver fringe. These two little tots were followed by seventy-five children in costume. Among them, were the following:

Masters Brighton and Frank Humphrey in navy blue sailor suits.

Adele Humphrey, a gypsy, in red satin petticoat striped in black, with yellow blouse and Gitana jacket of black velvet edged with sequins; red hat bordered with sequins.

Master Harry Gays, a torredor, in black velvet and red satin with gold braid.

Stella Hochstadter, an angel in white spangled tulle, with satin waist and wings of gauze.

Mattie Block, a pansy, in dress of white tarletan garlanded with purple pansies, the bodice of pansy-colored satin bordered with the same pretty flowers.

Flora Zender, the Evening Star, in black tulle spangled with stars, the bodice of golden satin and a golden star upon her head.

Master Lester Bernd, Pooh Bah, in full Japanese costume.

Blanche Frank, in Folly, costume of black-spangled tulle, with bands of red, edged with bells; red caps and bells.

Minnie Guiteau, a fairy, in pale blue silk, finished with long silver fringe.

Essie Sexias, a fairy, in pure white tulle, with white bodice of satin.

Jessie Wolfort, Folly, in scarlet satin, with bells, red cap and bells.

Olga Straub, a flower girl, dressed in blue satin, veiled with lace, and garlanded with flowers.

Cora Gehner, tambourine-girl, in red satin bordered with sequins; yellow silk blouse and red velvet Gitana jacket fringed with sequins.

Leon Meyer, Adonis, in white satin and gold, white silk tights.

Harry Carroll, prince, in red satin and gold.

Arthur Mosher, a dude, in full dress suit of white broad cloth.

Daisy Wolfort, fairy dress of blue and white tulle, garlanded with flowers.

Blanche Wolfort, fairy dress of blue satin slip, draped with blue dotted tulle.

Fannie Baum, flower-girl in pink satin, covered with pink tulle, draped with flowers.

Bennie Wolfort, a Prince ecru suit of lavender satin and gold lace.

Lilie Lohmeyer, Little Bo-Peep, in striped blue and white satin trimmed in silver; Bo-Peep hat and silver crook.

Artie Siegel, Spanish cavalier, in red satin trimmed with heavy gold lace jeweled; full blouse waist of white silk tied about the waist with a red sash; short jacket trimmed with the jeweled lace.

Viola Wolfort, a blue bell, dressed in blue satin draped with dotted tulle and garlanded with blue bells.

Bella Frankenthal, a Zouave in red satin skirt with blue jacket trimmed in gold lace; Zouave cap.

Emilie McDermott, French peasant girl, with red satin skirt, black bodice and white muslin apron and cap.

Bertie Hull, a very artistic costume, representing an artist, the skirt of soft gray, the draperies fringed with small paint-brushes, the loose blouse with a picturesque golden-brown jacket. The sash ends were finished with tubes of paint, gilded, and she had a necklace of small gilded tubes about her neck. On her head she wore a palette, ornamented with a bunch of paint-brushes.

Mark Steinberg, Spanish Cavalier, in red satin, with yellow blouse and gold lace; yellow scarf.

John Siegel, Santa Claus.

Mildred Belt, a Scottish lassie, in full plaid, with black velvet jacket.

Oliver Clark, a gendarme, in dark blue cloth, with steel armor.

Edith Thiel, a very handsome dress of the directoire period of white satin, trimmed with white ermine, and a large white bonnet.

Edith Jeanette Behr, an old-fashioned girl, in calico gown and 'kerchief.

Miss Beckie Scott, a Spanish girl, in pink satin and black lace, red plush waist and black mantilla.

John Overall, sailor suit of white flannel.

Louis Steinberg, Prince in red velvet and gold lace.

Miriam Meyer, a Spanish girl in red satin, with spangles and lace.

Jennie Lohmeyer, a cute little Yum-Yum in red satin, the long sleeves faced with blue.

Miss Louise Sells, a directoire dress of pink cashmere.

Minnie Shuelman, the sea, in dress of sea foam tulle, fringed with gold fishes.

Miss Pearl Fisher, a tambourine girl, in blue, with embroidered panels, short velvet jacket, bordered with sequins, tambourine trimmed with ribbons of all colors.

Sydney Shuelman, Humpty Dumpty in red and white.

Nellie Moffitt, a harvest girl in maize tinted faille, garlanded with scarlet poppies and wheat ears.

Lily Gehner, a hat in black tarleton with wings of the same and horns upon her head.

Clara Marx, evening star, yellow tarleton spangled, with draperies of gold cloth; a star on her head.

Helen Klein, Bohemian Princess, in yellow satin, with red jacket and gold braid.

Evelyn Eiseman, Spanish maiden, in blue satin, with yellow and gold, trimmed with sequins and chains.

Frankie Elliott, a huntress, in green velvet, braided with silver, and hat of green with silver; a horn at her side.

Dempster Wishart Godlove, a cavalier, in black and red satin, trimmed with gold.

Philly Henriques, a Louis XIV. costume of white satin and silver.

Delphine Love, a jak tambourine girl, dressed in pink satin trimmed with gold sequins and spangled.

Lizzie Bent, sailor costume of blue skirt, with white blouse waist.

Marie McMcEnnery, a snowflake, in full satin skirts flecked with snow and frosted with silver.

Jessie Zeinder in a Folly costume of pale blue satin cut in points with silver bells; hat of blue and white satin with bells.

Miss Helen Sells, a Dutch maiden, in yellow quilted satin petticoat, with Gretchen waist of red velvet; Dutch cap of white muslin.

Death Ended His Fun.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—John W. Leggett, of 71 West One Hundred Twenty-sixth street, died suddenly this morning at Fleetwood Park. The new toboggan slide was opened to-day at the park and Mr. Leggett, who was an old man, was enjoying the sport, and, it is said died from over-exertion.

JUDGE NOONAN yesterday afternoon commuted the sentence of Al Hollands, whom he sentenced to six months in the Work-house. Hollands is only 17 years of age, and he was released on the recommendations of people who knew him and stated that previous to this offense, which was his first, he has borne an admirable character. The boy has already served a month in the Work-house.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

A right merry Christmas to one and all, and as many of them in future years as may be in long and prosperous lives.

F. W. HUMPHREY & CO.,
N. E. Cor. Broadway & Pine.

A BUSINESS CHANCE.

Upon the completion of the new Post-Dispatch Building, 513 Olive street, the premises at

515-517 MARKET ST.,

Now occupied by the Post-Dispatch, will be vacated. This is one of the best business locations in St. Louis, occupying an area of 54 feet front by 109 feet deep, with a wide alley in the rear.

The Post-Dispatch will either lease the ground with existing improvements, or will erect a new building to suit any business requirement.

Further particulars may be obtained on application at the counting-room.

THE POST-DISPATCH,
515 and 517 Market Street.

RING IN THE NEW.

A CHANCE FOR AMERICAN TALENT ON THE METROPOLITAN STAGE.

Henry Irving's Perversion of the Public Taste—Edwin Booth as an Example of the Triumph of Histrionism Over Illumination—Steele Mackaye's Anarchy Follows a Dramatic Importation—The Tank of English Ditch Water Gives Place to a Noble Play—Americans with Ideas Coming to the Front—Nym Crinkle Writes About the Promise of the New Year.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—I have never been a protectionist in the matter of dramatic art. Somehow I have always leaned to the idea that the best thing was the thing to be protected, no matter where it came from.

There are, however, times when it appears to me that the American thing is the best thing. This is one of those times.

Mr. Irving and "The Dark Secret" have gone away together. Mr. Steele Mackaye and Edwin Booth take their places.

On the spot where a tank full of ditch water was nightly agitated for the delight of a mob, the noble play of "Julius Cæsar" will to-morrow night be presented, with two representative American actors and every attempt to make the drama worthy in histrionism and in stage art.

Where yesterday a bevy of girls were disporting their emptiness, Mr. Steele Mackaye has secured a foothold with a drama which, with whatever else may be said of it, is a noble and serious attempt to get back to histrionism, and which does not for one moment depend for its interest or its success upon adventitious aids or merely sensual allurements.

I have never hesitated to criticise Mr. Edwin Booth. I have often disagreed with his most ardent admirers. I have often wondered at his nomadic endeavors. But when it comes to a question of acting as against mere illustrating, I have nev°r failed to acknowledge that his career has been one of singularly honest endeavor to embody the roles of the masters unaided by clap-trap and unadorned by trickery.

It must be confessed before I go any further, that it is Mr. Irving who has forced this issue of histrionism and mere illumination upon me. That able artist has succeeded in perverting our taste up to the point of protest. In everything he has done he has leaned so helplessly on his framework that the intrinsic weakness of his histrionism is obvious.

He succeeded in making a great many Americans think that the stage is everything and the actors nothing. He has garnished his dishes so well that we have forgotten the taste of the food. What he did ably and conscientiously a horde of imitators began to do gaudily and flimsily, until acting in any sense has come to mean the amount of ingenuity with which it can be disguised or condoned.

"Julius Cæsar," as Messrs. Booth and Barrett will present it, will rest squarely on the shoulders of the actors. It succeeds because it is well played, not because it is brilliantly illuminated.

This, it appears to me, is a worthy American triumph not to be overlooked.

The successful production of Mr. Mackaye's drama last night points attention anew to the superiority of native to most of the imported work. There is no necessity for any star-spangled nonsense here. The Plymouth-Rock, American-Eagle, Long-may-she-wave exultation is uncalled for, but it is quite within the range of common sense to call attention to the systematized importation of rubbish, and to point out that in the way of comedy Mr. J. M. Hill has discovered that the American article is not only much the best, but by all odds the most successful.

Barring a certain shallow contempt for religion that runs through "Henrietta," and which sounds more like Stuart Robson than Bronson Howard, the comedy is unexceptionally new, bright and witty and freshly satirical.

This reminds me that Mr. Hill has all along been a staunch believer in native talent. He never went to Paris for a play, and until he engaged Miss Barry he never went to London for an actor. I suppose he has some good reason for his present departure. Miss Barry is by all odds the most conspicuous woman to-day on the English stage, and I should not be surprised to hear that Mr. Hill had engaged her for an American play.

I've strong admiration for a manager who doesn't rest his judgment on a foreign verdict and doesn't pay tribute to the everlasting international play broker who is responsible for more rubbish than any other man. Mr. Hill reads a play, and he knows when he gets through with it what Mr. Hill thinks. That's all he wants to know. He then backs his own opinion. Somehow people by and by come round to his opinion.

I suppose the most successful actor in America at this moment is Denman Thompson, but you can all remember the time when Mr. J. M. Hill was about the only man in America that believed in him and made his calculations accordingly.

Consider the Mather, how she grew. She toiled not, neither did she spin, and to-day Solomon in all his et cetera is not so and so.

Look at Jim Roach. No, don't look at him yet, wait a year and then he will fill so much of the political horizon that you will not be able to escape him. I went over to Jersey City a few nights ago in a northwest blizzard to see Mr. Roach's Dan Darcy. I was struck by the new treatment of Irish character. A cleaner, truer, fresher presentation of the emotional Irishman I never saw. The part fairly bubbled over with that unique quality of wit that you never get anywhere out of Ireland.

Dan Darcy is as strong a type as is Josh Whitcomb. You smell the peat fire the moment you see him. The everlasting verdure of his green hills is in his heart and the wet skies show in his gray eyes.

How many men believed in Roach? Let the word of the managerial world answer. How many will swear by him this time next year? Let the undaunted record of the manager who knows what he is about answer.

I am writing this on Christmas Eve. I cannot help thinking that Santa Claus is especially good to the theater-goers this year. You will find, I hope, in your stockings tomorrow, among other good things, a good American play, and a group of good American actors. Not that American actors are any better than the others, but that they have been somewhat suffocated of late with the stage manager's impertinence and elegance. If the new year will only bring to the front some of the fellows who have someting to say, and have been struggling so long to say it, we shall be better off. The great trouble on the stage has been that the workers haven't had anything to say, and thought it was a recommendation.

Steele Mackaye has been bursting with ideas for years, and even Sydney Rosenfield is round with unuttered thoughts. Give way then to the new fellows. Stand back, Mr. French, a few moments, we want to ring out the old and ring in the new. NYM CRINKLE.

A CHANCE TO GIVE.

Police Reports of the Unfortunate Poor—Donations Made.

The police report the following cases of destitution:

Frank Bener, wife and three children, ranging in age from 6 to 13 years, residing at No. 1552 South Second street. Mr. Bener has been sick for three months past.

Peter Hoffmeier, wife and child, living at No. 204 Anna street. They are strangers in the city and without food, fuel, money, friends or work.

Donations received by the police for the poor are as follows:

From John M. Sellers, 1,000 bushels of coal.

Donk Bros., 200 bushels of coal, to be divided among ten families.

Mrs. L. H. Thompson, 204 South Fourteenth street, $10 cash.

Eugene Dean of 125 North Main street, $5 in cash.

J. C. Geitz, living at No. 1316 North Market street, $5 cash for the benefit of of the poor of the Fourth Police District.

Mrs. Thom of Sixth street and Franklin avenue, a basket of poultry.

An unknown young lady, $5 worth of bread through Mr. Mullen, No. 517 O'Fallon street.

A gentleman who refused to give his name, $39 for a list of twenty-two families, which he left with the police. He gave from $1 to $3 to a family, according to the number of children.

MRS. KIMBALL GETS LEFT.

The Verdict in the Celebrated Codman Will Case at Boston.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

BOSTON, Mass., December 24.—The jury in the Codman will case returned a verdict against the will to-day. John Amory Codman died in November, 1886, leaving as great a part of his $4,000,000 estate to his mistress, Mrs. Violet Kimball, as he did to his wife. The wife contested the admission of the will to probate and wins, and thus the law has set its seal of disapproval upon the influence exercised by a mistress and designing friends upon a feeble-minded man. The will of 1878 is still in existence, but it is thought that it will never be brought forth for probate. The verdict is that the will was legally executed, but that Mr. Codman was of unsound mind; that the will was procured by undue influence or fraud on the part of Mrs. Kimball and undue influences on the part of Mr. Dexter, executor; that the first codicil was legally executed, but that Mr. Codman was of unsound mind at the time; that it was procured by undue influence and fraud on the part of Mrs. Kimball; that the second codicil was legally executed; that Mr. Codman was of unsound mind at the time; that there was no fraud on the part of Mrs. Kimball, but that undue influence was exercised by Mr. Hodgsden, an executor.

Practical Education.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—City Superintendent Jasper of the Board of Education has made public the plan of education to be carried out after February 1 with the dozen schools which have applied for and been permitted to introduce the manual course of training. A workshop is to be added to the schools for the use of the boys. There will be a kitchen for the girls. Sewing will be also taught.

A Christmas Lyric.

A Merry Christmas to you all!
And while with joy you're blest,
Just let me this one fact recall:
Strauss' photos are the best!

He Did Well.

E. R. Norris, Esq., has returned from his visit to Texas, which was made for the purpose of raising funds for a Christmas tree for the little colored orphan children. It is said he was very successful in raising money, and the little colored children should be very grateful to him for his efforts in their behalf.

THE POST-DISPATCH--PAGES 9 TO 16.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1887.

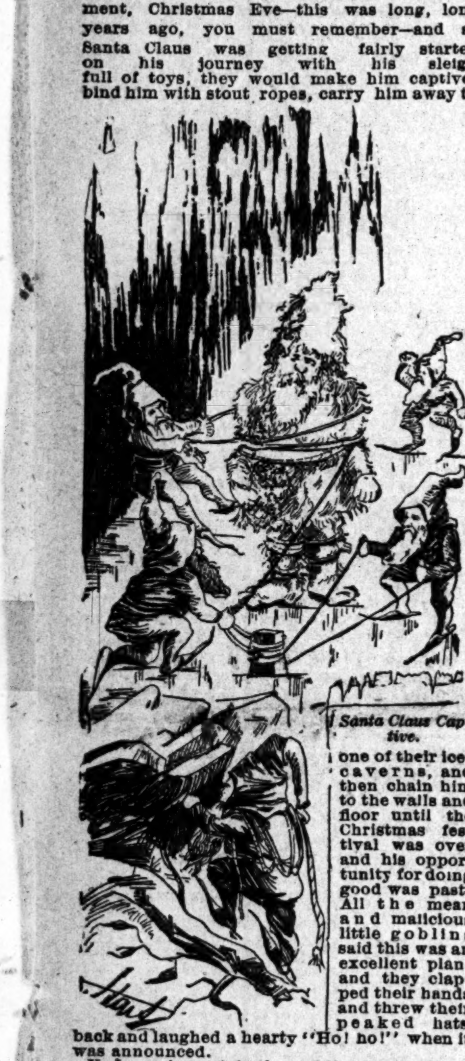
FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.

WHY SANTA CLAUS ALWAYS COMES DOWN THE CHIMNEY.

The Capture, Once Upon a Time, by the Gnomes, of the Children's Christmas Saint—How Santa Claus, With the Aid of the Fairy Sparkle, Made His Escape and Got Around in Time to Fill All the Stockings.

SOME mean little goblins once made up their minds that Santa Claus was too good to the children at Chrismas time, and they determined to do all in their power to spoil the little folks' enjoyment and to make their day of rejoicing a day of dismalness and grief. They knew they couldn't kill Santa Claus—nobody can kill him—but they thought that they were numerous enough and strong enough to take him captive and prevent his regular Christmas Eve visit to the youngsters who look up to him as their saint and longingly look forward to his coming each year.

The goblins' mission is to do evil. They are always making trouble for people, and when they met in council on the occasion of which the POST-DISPATCH story-teller writes they determined on a plan which they were sure would result in darkening one Christmas at least, in the lives of the little ones of the world. They would wait until the last moment, Christmas Eve—this was long, long years ago, you must remember—and as Santa Claus was getting fairly started on his journey with his sleigh full of toys, they would make him captive, bind him with stout ropes, carry him away to one of their ice-caverns, and then chain him to the walls and floor until the Christmas festival was over and his opportunity for doing good was past. All the mean and malicious little goblins said this was an excellent plan, and they clapped their hands and threw their peaked hats back and laughed a hearty "Ho! ho!" when it was announced.



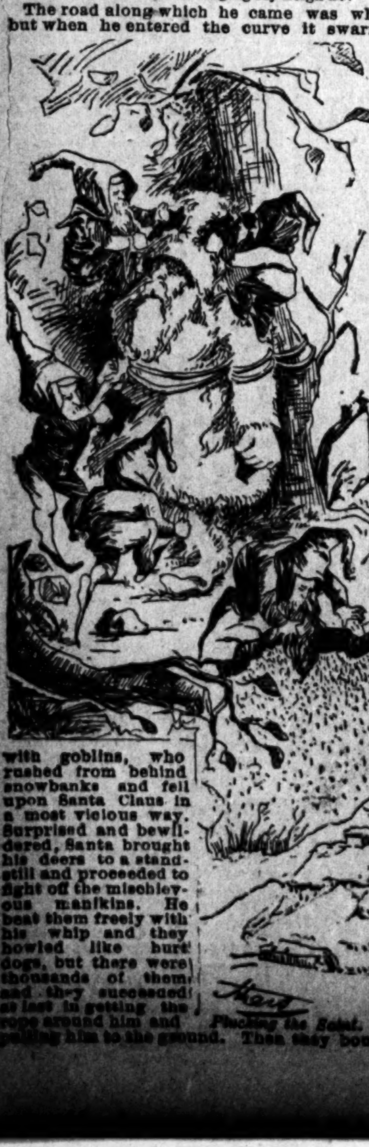
Santa Claus Captive.

You may be certain the goblins were all on hand, in their blue pants and red shirts, on Christmas Eve. They met at a curve in the road along which Santa Claus drove his eight-deer team. They had a coil of rope with them long enough to tie the biggest giant that ever lived and strong enough to hold a locomotive. It took 600 goblins to carry the coil.

Santa Claus, with his reindeer running at full speed, came skimming down the road as the stars were shining their brightest. He was in a merry mood. His sleigh was brimming over with toys and candies. The goblins grinned hideously as they saw his white figure in the starlight. They grinned in anticipation of the sorrow and disappointment they would cause among Santa Claus' Christmas pets. Santa, unconscious of the danger into which he was gliding, sang:

Heigh ho!
Over the snow
Into the homes of my pets I go,
All in a row
Are the stockings, I know,
And that's why I'm singing my heigh ho!

The road along which he came was white, but when he entered the curve it swarmed with goblins, who rushed from behind snowbanks and fell upon Santa Claus in a most vicious way. Surprised and bewildered, Santa brought his deers to a standstill and proceeded to fight off the mischievous manikins. He beat them freely with his whip and they howled like hurt dogs, but there were thousands of them and they succeeded at last in getting the rope around him and pulling him to the ground. Then they bound him and carried him off to their ice mountains. He was too tall to get him into their cavern, so they had to leave him outside. His hands were bound to his side and his feet were tied together. He could do nothing.

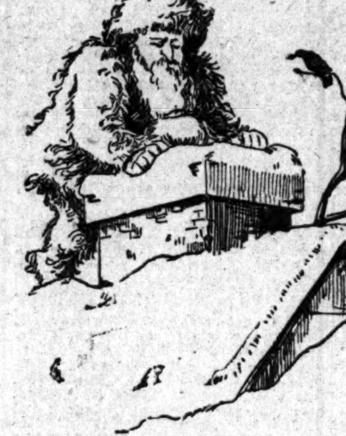


Plucking the Saint.

Santa Claus felt very bad. He didn't care for himself, but he was thinking of his sleigh full of presents left standing in the road and of the millions of little children who were axiously awaiting his coming.

"If I could only get at the wart on my nose," he said sadly to himself, "I could call Sparke and she would assist me."

But he couldn't get at the wart on his nose, because his hands were not free. The Goblins climbed all over him and did everything they could to annoy him. They picked at his great fur coat and cap and scattered the soft fleece to the wind and the wind carried the fleece, which fell in flakes of snow, all over the world. They picked at the fleece for hours and had poor Santa Claus' coat and cap almost bare.



Down the Chimney.

"O, if they would only rub against the wart on my nose!" said Santa soulfully.

But they didn't.

"I dare any of you to pull my nose," shouted the Saint in a challenging tone.

The challenge had the desired effect. A hundred of the goblins ran up his breast to pull his organ. One goblin got the wart in his fingers and pulled that—the nose was too big for his little fingers. As the goblin pulled Santa muttered the magic words:

Spickle, speckle, sparkle—um,
Rumty, tumty, cumty come!

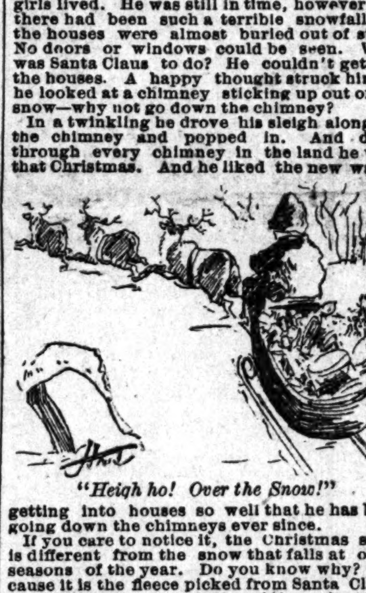
As Santa said this the third time, the Fairy Sparkle, as was her duty whenever the wart on Santa's nose was rubbbed three times, made her appearance. She stood on the old Saint's shoulder and asked him his wish. He said:

"You see my predicament, Sparkle, I want you to free me from my captors."

The little fairy waved her wand, and lo, the ropes broke as if they were butter. Santa Claus shook off the goblins who clung to his figure, and running as hard as he could, in a few minutes reached his sleigh, which, with its deer team, stood in the place where he had been captured. Whipping up his steeds he rode away from the shrieking goblins.

It was a little late when Santa Claus came to the first houses in which good little boys and girls lived. He was still in time, however, but there had been such a terrible snowfall that the houses were almost buried out of sight. No doors or windows could be seen. What was Santa Claus to do? He couldn't get into the houses. A happy thought struck him as he looked at a chimney sticking up out of the snow—why not go down the chimney?

In a twinkling he drove his sleigh alongside the chimney and popped in. And down through every chimney in the land he went that Christmas. And he liked the new way of getting into houses so well that he has been going down the chimneys ever since.



"Heigh ho! Over the Snow!"

If you care to notice it, the Christmas snow is different from the snow that falls at other seasons of the year. Do you know why? Because it is the fleece picked from Santa Claus' fur coat by the mean little goblins who try to prevent him from coming to his children at Christmas. Every Christmas Eve the goblins pursue Santa Claus, and when there isn't any snow Christmas Eve you may all know that Santa Claus' deers were too swift for the goblins and they couldn't catch up with the Saint.

THE people want new ideas. They get them in the SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH.

STILL-SEARCHING.

How the Early Revenue Birds Gathered In the Illicit Worm.

The capture of the illicit whisky still in Washington County, an account of which appeared in yesterday's POST-DISPATCH, was not a very thrilling affair. The still was located in a strong temperance community and outraged the feelings of the people to such an extent that letters were written to Collector Barnum, asking him to send some men down to see about it. Last Monday a small army left St. Louis for the locality where the still was wasting its sweetness on the rural throats. The Government representatives were Col. Somerville, Deputy-Collectors Jeffries and Bartholow, and Revenue Agent Burdett, and they are all famous for having good noses for whisky—that is, for illegal whisky. They found that the still was somewhere near Belgrade and had been established by two brothers, Alex and Robert Holt, and Ed Walton, from East Tennessee. On reaching the scene they at once pounced on James Jennings, colored, and James H. Hayes, white, who were accused of selling the illicit product. Hayes owns a farm and on it the still was supposed to be. The next day's search was interrupted by a blinding snowstorm, and the party returned to St. Louis with the two prisoners. The next day, Wednesday, Jeffries and O. K. Wheeler, who is now in the revenue work, went down to the scene. Thursday's search was unsuccessful, but there was just enough whisky in the air to show them that the still was somewhere around and Friday morning they found the still reposing in a fence corner on Hayes' farm and 140 yards from his house. The evidences showed that the still had been removed from its regular place. The "find" was destroyed, but the Holt brothers and Walton had disappeared, and it is thought they took the train at Bismarck, Mo., and got out of the country. The still had been in operation about six weeks, but it was so badly run that its existence was short. Hayes and Jennings were locked up in the Four Courts. An amusing thing about the search was that it turned out that Burdett had at one time been within fourteen feet of the still. His friends say that this dullness of his olfactories is a reflection on his Democracy.

Frank G. Warner, Come Forward.

Last evening the Adams Express Company delivered a box addressed to Frank G. Warner, and containing a variety of good things, at the office of O. G. Warner of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company. Later in the evening it was returned to the Express Company as delivered by mistake. No trace of Frank G. Warner, to whom it was consigned, could be found. Unless he puts in an early claim for the box a great deal of pie, cakes and Christmas good things will go to waste.

The latest society game, progressive angling. L. Mohr, confectioner, Chouteau av. & 15th st.

MERRY
PEACE & GOODWILL
CHRISTMAS

CHILDREN'S SCRAP-BOOKS

IN WHICH THEY NEATLY ARRANGE BEAUTIFUL PICTURE CARDS.

Some of the Finest Collections in St. Louis—The Scrap-Books of Scholars at the Stoddard School—A Pleasant Pastime for Artistically-Inclined Youngsters.

OF ALL the amusements of childhood, none takes on a livelier interest at Christmas-tide than the arrangement of picture scrap-books. Then selections of beautiful cards are made, and the fall term of school, just closed, by its exchange of views has quickened the desire in each child to make the paper treasure-house prettier than it ever has been. A scrap-book of this kind, in the arrangement of which the parent has no hand, is a fairly good index of the child's bent, and a father or mother need not call in a phrenologist to tell them what it is, as long as he or she has a juvenile scrap-book to refer to. If the little one's mind runs to history, pictures illustrating great events will have a prominent place; if the humorous or grotesque side is largely developed, the little collection will disclose many a caricature; if the devotional nature is strong pictures of the saints and representations of sacred things will be the leading characteristic of the book; the martial spirit, the yearning for military glory, will find expression in the gathering up of war scenes, and often as fine an indication as that the child prefers naval to army life is revealed to the discrimination of a parental eye. All these inclinations, these little intellectual buds, are uncovered in many of the books which the children of St. Louis are now engaged in beautifying.

This amusement is generally confined to the years under 10. It lingers some time after Santa Claus has faded into the tear-dimmed regions of the myths, and is only relinquished when the engrossing pleasures of boyhood and of girlhood break in upon the sweet monotony of childhood. That desire to "make a collection," which is present in every human breast, makes its first appearance in connection with these picture scrap-books. Before that each toy was broken and carelessly thrown aside and the work of yesterday had no part in the morrow. But in the saving of pretty pictures dawns the impulse that later on impels a girl to spend half a month in pressing autumn leaves, or as a young lady to spend half a year in collecting cloth scraps in the shape of a crazy quilt. As the years roll on the boy will give up the pictures possibly for an assortment of marbles or tops, then probably of geological specimens, and then, ah then, of scented letters tied in pretty ribbons.

THE TRADE IN PICTURES.

The beginning of such a widely-distributed inclination must necessarily have its wants supplied, and to meet this demand for pictures a regular business has been developed of late years. The trade used to be quite extensive, and rival houses showed much activity in endeavoring to place the finest decalcomanies on the market. But the free distribution of advertising cards which has increased so largely the last few years has done much to divert youthful attention, and now dealers in the "regular" pictures lament the decadence of the trade, and say it is rapidly falling away.

USES OF SCRAP-BOOKS.

A suggestion to these dealers and to those parents who wish to see the scrap-books made instructive as well as amusing is contained in the book arranged by Francis Halle of the Stoddard School. The little chap likes history, there's no mistake about that. He has nearly all the leading events in English history shown in his book by colored decalcomanies. Beginning with Boadicea, the collection takes in Alfred, Canute, the battle of Hastings, King John and the Magna Charta, the arrest of Guy Fawkes, the Spanish armada, the London fire, death of Admiral Nelson, the battle of Waterloo, the charge at Balaklava, and other events. Then, beginning with William I., the book carries one down through the long line of rulers, giving the briefest summary of the incidents of each reign. By familiarizing himself with the facts clustering about each picture, the child has now a grip on English history that can never be shaken. That such a system of picture gathering, if applied to the leading nations that are living and have lived would acquaint a child before 10 years of age with the leading events of history, without the strain of study, there can be no doubt; but these historical pictures are not manufactured to any great extent, so that at present a child's taste in that direction stands a poor chance of being gratified.

The use of plain scrap-books has been found to be of great advantage in the Stoddard School. Years ago the scholars were asked to bring to the school clippings of whatever they read in the papers pertaining to the study they were then pursuing. The little folk gladly responded, and now there isn't a part of the habitable globe that is not fully described in these scrap-books, which have been thoroughly and carefully indexed. They are so interesting that often during the day, when a child gets weary of study, his hand will go up for a "Please, may I look at the scrap-book?"

SOME PRETTY COLLECTIONS.

Very few of the children have gone into the picture placing as methodically as the Halle boys, but they have made some very pretty collections. Agnes Delafield, daughter of Wallace Delafield, shows a decided penchant for the softer side of nature. Her pictures run to buds, flowers and fruits in pretty decalcomanie fancies.

Helen Steele, daughter of Dr. Steele, has her book filled almost exclusively with Christmas and New Year cards, with a profusion of poetic sentiments accompanying them.

Joanna Wolfe, daughter of D. R. Wolfe, has a poetic turn of mind and, with considerable taste, has surrounded each poetry clipping with a clever assortment of pictures, which makes a very pretty effect.

Thomas Cooper, son of Mr. A. D. Cooper, runs to attitudes and figures. The most striking piece of art in his big collection is a whole page soap chromo of the cat, the puppy and the bug. The amusing look on the dog's face no doubt caught the child.

Eddie Wear, son of Charles Wear, has a collection of advertising cards that suggests many a day spent in carefully sampling the cards at the Exposition.

Eloise Semple, daughter of Mr. E. H. Semple, has one of the most substantial and attractive books to be found. It is evidently home-made, the pages of linen, each leaf nicely bound. The cuttings pasted in are chiefly from the papers, showing that she keeps up with the times. No doubt her newspaper instinct has kept her thoroughly posted on the movement against Santa Claus and the victory of the little folks.

No one could look in the picture book of Florence Post and not see her mischievous nature reflected from each page. Her mirth-loving, sunny disposition has insensibly led her to reject the somber things and choose only the grotesque. Comical representations of plantation life that would make a minstrel's fortune if he could reproduce them, curious situations and caricatures of an innocent kind fill up her pages.

Harry Cochran says Christmas is good enough for some people, but he would like to ask what is the matter with Valentine's Day. The late winter saint seems to be his favorite, as each page of his broad-leaved book contains one or two valentines, not of the baser sort, but of the higher kind that seem to be real, white-winged messengers of love.

Joe Lambert has devoted a large portion of his richly ornamented book to the "Story of the Laughing Oak." The poetry is not quite as incomprehensible as the "Talking Oak," and with the richly colored pictures going with it makes it very entertaining for young or old. Another such story and Joey will have to get a new book.

Gracie Peterson, daughter of the former commander of Ransom Post, doesn't care much for figures or form in general. She will be satisfied with a pretty transfer that will let her decorate the page with a bunch of flowers of striking color.

Helen Sayle, daughter of the commission merchant, is one of a thousand in giving landscapes her preference. In her collection of little pictures she has shown several pretty moonlight scenes which show her taste for that broad treatment.

Leonora Weiner reveals an artistic taste in writing her name on the fly leaf of her book in decalcomanie letters, and carries that taste all through the book in selecting the large and handsome pictures that fill the pages.

Ruth Cummings, daughter of Dr. Cummings, has a page picture of the Lord's Supper, the most impressive thing about her large collection.

Jamie Comstock has been at work on his ever since Christmas, 1878, but there are quite a number of pages yet to be filled. His stock includes everything from sculpture to a picturesque alphabet. The development of the child's fancies with the passing years is shown by comparing the pictures placed last with those each year back. They are milestones on the flowery path the little feet are treading up to boyhood.

AN EMBRYO ADMIRAL.

Sammie Taylor proposes to decorate his book with his own drawings, which run so generally to fierce-looking men-of-war as to suggest a premature and extended reading of Marryatt's novels or the existence of as irrepressible a warlike spirit as ever burned in the breast of John Paul Jones.

Lillie Brady, daughter of Superintendent Brady of the Missouri Street Railway, shows a decidedly esthetic taste. The arrangement of the pictures, which include decalcomanies and Christmas cards of all kinds, is unusually artistic.

Bettie Hill is so enthusiastic a little worker that her motto ought to be "nor time nor place." She takes an old account book, and like the historic pioneers, makes it blossom like a rose with a sweet assortment of cards.

Maud Ridenour displays a mixed taste. In her well-selected collection she has a page picture of "Grandma," but two pages later she devotes a whole page to the "Mikado." From the stern, sweet face of the old lady to the simpering "Three Little Maids From School" is quite a step, but may represent the child's progress from that period in which there is nothing so imposing as the features of the aged to the one in which the joys of a comic opera are beginning to make an impression.

Others who have pretty and attractive picture scrap-books are: Carrie Spricht, Willmar Gaines, Theresa Hoppe, Margaret Whitelaw, Marie Chandler, Mamie Woods, Mabel Vaughn, Gussie Haas, Louis Atkinson, the Harris children, Leonora Scott, Jessie Henley, Elizabeth Insley, Elsie Stith, Genevieve Avis, Daisy Dietring, Alice Ellison, Claudie Livy, Frank Cochrane, Maude Currie, George Scott, Edna Brandon, Louis Scharff, Louise Bremer, Sophie Schwab, Wm. Frank, Lulu Daniels, Frank Thornton, Morris Collins, Annie Allen, Katie Herman, Edith Delafield, Laura Guthrie, Adeline Meak, May Benson, Willie Moody, Celine Lambert, John Vaughn, Harry Carroll, Eben Bradbury, Maggie Miller, James Grover, Wallace Delafield, Jr., Amelia Kemp, Alfred Sowers, Clara Peabody and Frank Fay.

GOTHAM GOSSIP.

THE DEATH-BED OF AN EXCEEDINGLY WITTY AND POPULAR ANGLER.

"Tilly" Forney, a Valued Contributor to Metropolitan Literature—Christmas Cablegrams—Lucky Terriers—A Popular Poetess—W. L. Scott, the Millionaire Congressman.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—"This is the first Christmas for years," said a Nassau street dealer in sporting goods, "that I haven't had a visit from poor Charley Murphy. He was the original inventor of the split bamboo fishing rod, you know, that everybody uses now, but which he had a hard time in introducing at first. I firmly believe that the story of Izaak Walton's death might as well be told of his, and that when he crossed over the river the other day he was tempted to pause and cast a fly."

Mr. Murphy was an exceedingly witty gentleman, and never neglected an opportunity to vent his flashes, whether on friend or foe, and this passion, like most others, became strong in death. One day during his last illness he was taken up and placed on a chair while his wife made up the bed. A feather alighted, from the shaking up of the feather tick, upon the shoulder of the sick man, whose attention was called to it. "What is that?" he asked, pointing to the feather.

"Why, that's only a feather, dear," replied his wife.

"Humph!" said the invalid, grimly; "they're beginning early to make an angel out of me."

TILLY FORNEY.

The latest reinforcement to the Philadelphia contingent who drives pens in New York for bread, cash and glory, is the brightest child of the late John W. Forney. His active mind, stores of information and tactful way of handling them, seem to have been handed down to his favorite daughter, known and admired as "Tilly" and already a valued writer for several metropolitan weeklies and monthlies. Miss Tilly Forney will find women holding enviable positions in New York journalism, and should she herself attain one, thousands of friends of her late father will be delighted to give her due credit.

CHRISTMAS CABLEGRAMS.

Christmas cablegrams are flying merrily over the Atlantic in ciphers that mean money over there. The commonest kind of thing now for small sums—$10 for example—are cabled from New York to London. "Walk Piccadilly and buy yourself a present" was the message that accompanied a $10 cablegram to-day from one of the handsome Cone girls to a sister in the old country, who went there recently to try her luck on the boards. Kate Claxton is the only one of the family who has achieved marked success on the stage, but her sisters have all her strikingly robust face, lovely complexion, rosy cheeks and big soft eyes. Their auburn hair is famous about Larchmont, where they are said to be rivals of the seven long haired sisters of the advertisements.

LUCKY TERRIERS.

Favorite fluffy terriers, which look very like muffs with eyes, are taken out for airings these cool afternoons on Fifth avenue, half buttoned into the overcoat or seal jacket of their owners. There is something decidedly novel in the spectacle of a rosy-cheeked girl of the period with big dog-head buttons on her jacket and a real live dog's head peeping out of the folds of her bosom. It is ever so much easier for the masculine dog-fancier to treat his pet to a promenade, which the beady-eyed little beast appreciates from a warm corner in his master's ulster.

A POPULAR POETESS.

Among the heaviest holiday orders for new books received here are those from Margaret J. Preston, the Virginia poetess. She was, after the war, the first southern author to gain recognition in Northern magazines, and she goes down the gray hillsides of age now with a still assured grasp on her place in the literary world. Occasionally she is seen, though seldom of late, peering through the Broadway book stores, a quaint figure in black silk and old lace, with the old fashioned curls over her ears and a thin intellectual face. She is the wife of Col. J. T. L. Preston, of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va., and was sister-in-law to Stonewall Jackson, who held a place before the war in the faculty of the same institution. Mrs. Preston is thought to have a surer hold on posterity than her contemporaries of a former generation in Southern literature. Virginia has pushed Amelie Rives and Tom Page, both of whom visit relatives here quite often, well to the front of the new generation which succeeds Mrs. Preston. In her almost total deprivation of the five senses most mortals depend on, this gifted woman still strikes true notes on the lyre.

CONGRESSMAN SCOTT.

People who know Col. William L. Scott as a permanent resident of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and as the owner of a magnificent residence in Washington, where he is pointed out to the new members as "the richest man in the lower House," know really a small part of his life. The quaint old city of Erie, Pa., is his home and the haven of his ambitions. There he built for Rayon D'Or, the costliest racehorse ever brought into the country, a palace in hard wood and marble, a covered race-track and outbuildings for the numerous stud of this great French stallion's equine dependents, which cover the area of an ordinary village, and are twice as well paved, watered and swept. That was one pet project of the coal king's domestic life. Another is the Scott block, the handsomest business structure in the little lake city, and in which Col. Scott has his extensive home offices and carries on his big coal and iron business. Still another is the Erie Herald, an afternoon newspaper, for which he sometimes writes double-leaded leaders, and in which he owns a majority of stock. A fourth, of which he used to be proud until fire swept it away, was "The Head," a splendid summer hotel at the head of Presq Isle Bay, the most picturesque strip of water along the Southern lake coast.

QUICKEST ON RECORD.

Mrs. Mary I. Tucker Granted a Divorce in Two Minutes and a Quarter.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHICAGO, Ill., December 24.—A pretty woman in a sealskin sacque and rich attire occupied the witness-chair in Judge Collins' Court to-day. She was Mary I. Tucker, and her's was the shortest examination on record. She simply gave her name, the name of her husband, Edward D. Tucker, to whom she was married in 1873, and stated that he was at present in Joliet for bigamy. Attorney W. F. Cooper handed the Court the record of conviction, and after a hasty glance Judge Collins said "Granted," and the case was ended. It required two minutes and a quarter.

From His Old Comrades.

Mr. George H. Poor is one of the happiest men in town to-day. During the G. A. R. Encampment Mr. Poor entertained a number of his old comrades of Bosworth Post, No. 2, of Portland, Me. The returned pilgrims showed their appreciation of Comrade Poor's hospitality by sending him a beautiful gold-headed ebony cane, the inscription of which recalls the pleasant reunion of the Encampment, and a fine morocco album in which each of his old comrades placed a recent photograph of himself. The handsome presents arrived yesterday.

Bills Signed.

The bills appropriating $1,595 for the establishment of a veterinary hospital for the Fire Department at Engine-House No. 5, $400 for the Harbor and Wharf Department and changing the opening date of our City Auditor's fiscal year from the third to the second Tuesday in April, were signed by the Mayor yesterday.

PENNY & GENTLES

This morning wish all a Merry Christmas, and say we will be CLOSED MONDAY, but that

ON TUESDAY MORNING

And for this week we will astound the community by offering

Toys, Toys, AND Fancy Goods

HALF PRICE!

At 25 Cents on the Dollar,
At 50 Cents on the Dollar, and
At 75 Cents on the Dollar.

That is, many Toys and Fancy Goods that were sold last week at $1 will be sold this week at 25c.

At 50 Cents on the Dollar---That is, many Toys and Fancy Goods that were sold last week at $1 this week will be sold at 50c.

Goods at 75c that were $1.50 last week.

There are Toys, Dolls, Sleighs, Wagons, Buggies,
Plush Boxes, Brass Goods,
Fancy Inkstands, Albums,
And Hundreds of the Fancy Goods.

GRAND REDUCTION

IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

BE EARLY ON TUESDAY

S.W. Corner Broadway and Franklin Av.

PENNY & GENTLES

IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

There is a state of things in the executive office of the St. Louis, Arkansas & Texas Railway. President S. W. Fordyce has been interviewed and says that President Cleveland will win and that his message hits the nail on the head exactly as to the tariff. Vice-President R. C. Kerens was interviewed in New York the other day and he said that Blaine is the only man for President and his views on the tariff are exactly right. Mr. Kerens is one of the most intimate friends Mr. Blaine has in the West, and with Steve Elkins did more than any other man to get the nomination for him. When Mr. Blaine was in the West he was entertained by Mr. Kerens, and he took his southwestern trip in Mr. Kerens' private car. Col. Fordyce on the other hand is not only a Cleveland man but he is the member from Arkansas of the National Democratic Committee. They share the same office and are the best of friends personally. Kerens' desk is at one end of the President's office in the Equitable Building and Fordyce's desk is at the other. They have drawn an imaginary line between them, and while sometimes there may be a Democratic conference on one side and a Republican conference on the other, politics never cross the line except in the form of harmless jokes. Plenty of them fly back and forth.

⁂

Mr. Fordyce is a big, burly Southerner with a shrewd, clear head on his shoulders and with lots of persistent energy stored up in his composition. He doesn't care whether he has a coat on him that fits or not, nor what the cut of his trousers is. He wears a slouch hat and his hair on end. He speaks slowly and with deliberation. Mr. Kerens, on the other hand, has a fresh young face with hair and moustache nearly white and he is careful and neat in his dress, but not dudish. He speaks rather rapidly and has quick alert movements. He is adroit and shrewd in business, and has a made a fortune in mines and Western properties. He has just completed one of the handsomest residences in Vandeventer place. The two men, while they differ personally, are alike in one respect—they get there. They have succeeded in changing their railroad from a small narrow gauge line to a big standard gauge road, which promises to enter St. Louis on its own tracks, and to spread over some of the best territory in the Southwest.

⁂

Probably nine-tenths of the men who awoke this morning with their eyes in condition to see at all saw a long, cross-boned startling thing hanging on the peg nearest their bed. It may look like a new design for an Indian blanket, but it is not. It is an English dressing gown. It is the newest thing out to sit around the house in and on and smoke your pipe, and the ladies who have ransacked the stores to find something to give to hubby, papa or dear Jack, have fallen on this garment as a last resort. While a man may feel something like a big "Injun" chief on the war path in one, he can rest satisfied that he is wearing the correct thing and on a cool night he can convert it into a night dress. It is made of flannel and is long enough and lurid enough to serve for anything.

⁂

There is another little trick which some people have nerve enough to give as a present and this is a cane with a realistic monkey's head on it. The head is so fixed that by pressing on a button the mouth opens and shuts as naturally as in life. It is one of those kind of ornaments which a real live dude might hesitate to carry about with him for fear of getting mixed up with it. George B. Thomson brought one over with him from Europe on his last trip, and since then several of them have appeared and the stores have had a few for sale.

⁂

Speaking of personal ornaments, the latest thing in full-dress vests is watered silk. The silk vest has been in for a season or two, but the watered silk garment is something novel and has an old-fashioned effect which gives it an antique charm with its fashionable correctness. The vests are in solid white and solid black, either color being strictly proper. Only a very few of them have as yet made their appearance in society.

⁂

One of the passengers who shipped from St. Louis for Ireland a few weeks ago was a dead man. He is dead as far as the public is concerned, and not only has his untimely demise been chronicled with a regretful obituary, but his burial has also been recorded. This is James Mahon, the "bachelor" of the Exposition. Some time ago all the newspapers had accounts of Mahon's death, and of the sending of his remains to New Orleans to be interred. The queer thing about it is that he is not only not dead, but he was the bridegroom of the "honeymoon" at the Exposition this year and no one caught on to the fact. There were several remarks to the effect that the bridegroom looked like the "bachelor," but they were dismissed at once with the reply that the "bachelor" was dead. Mahon is as far from dead as a lively Irishman can be, and is spending the winter with his sisters in the Old Country.

⁂

I dropped in to breakfast at a restaurant the other day and happened on an ex-president of the Merchants' Exchange who was there for the same purpose. His breakfast was rather unique. It consisted of three eggs and a glass of sherry stirred up together. "I take it for dyspepsia," said he, in response to my look of surprise, "and it is the best remedy I know of. I was in New York a few months ago and went to Delmonico's to breakfast. I remarked to a friend who was with me that I had dyspepsia, had no appetite and did not know what to eat. An old gentleman, who was sitting near us, chipped in and asked me to let him order my breakfast. He ordered three eggs and a glass of sherry. He said he never ate anything else for breakfast, and it worked like a charm. About 11 or 12 o'clock he had a fine appetite and ate something more substantial. I have tried it and I can endorse what he said. It has cured me of dyspepsia."

⁂

Few people realize the number of railroad tickets it requires to keep the ticket offices supplied. Every station and every different connection of each railroad must have a separate form of ticket. The Missouri Pacific probably has as many ticket-forms as any railroad in the country, owing to its numerous connections, and in the Equitable Building there is a large room given up to the ticket department. Around the wall are cases containing thousands of pigeon-holes, in which are samples of all the forms in use. Altogether there are over five thousand forms, stocks of which must be supplied to the various offices. The printing presses are always at work filling up the stocks, and the bill for printing tickets alone is never less than $2,000 a month. This, of course, is only a small part of the printing bill of a railroad, as rate sheets, maps, routes and general advertising add immensely to the total.

The SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH will publish on Sunday, January 1, its list of ladies receiving on New Year's Day. Ladies who intend to receive will confer a favor by sending notice to that effect to this office, addressed to the Society Editor of the POST-DISPATCH.

North St. Louis.

The Laclede Rolling Mills will not be put in operation until after New Year's.

Holy Trinity Branch, C. K. A., will give their annual festival and reception January 18.

Mrs. Minnie Dumm, 2023 Penrose avenue, is entertaining her brother, Geo. W. Wilson of Iowa.

Henry Luedinghaus is to erect a new three-story wagon factory on Eighth, near Mound street.

The Walsh Zouaves are fitting up an excellent club-room with the proceeds of their recent entertainment.

Local Assembly No. 4,700, K. of L., will have an important called meeting on Tuesday night at Broadway and Biddle street.

Wm. Carpenter, formerly manager of the Refinery cooper-shop, is now filling a similar position for the Springfield (Mo.) works.

A still alarm was given to Engine Company No. 19 yesterday, for a fire in the chimney of No. 2713 North Twelfth street, occupied by Geo. Simpson. No damage.

THE SHOP-LIFTER,

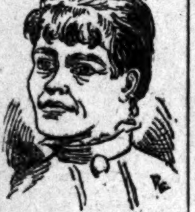
And the Manner in Which She Does Her Work.

The Holiday Season Is the Thieves' Harvest Time.

Women Who Are Retail Pilferers and Men Who Are Wholesale Robbers—The Pennyweighter and the Silk-Hoister Also Described—How Stores Suffer by the Plundering of Professional Thieves—Some of the Most Notable Crooks of This Class—Pen Sketches of the Male and Female Cracks Whose Pictures the Police Possess.

SHOPLIFTING is the one particular crime of the holiday season. During the week immediately preceding Christmas day the detective department has little else to do but look out for shoplifters. As the crowds at fairs and race meetings breed pickpockets, so do the holiday crushes in large retail stores develop shoplifters. Like the pickpockets, they work best in a crowd. The two arts are somewhat akin, and the professional shoplifter is ofttimes a pickpocket as well. To be sure, shoplifting is not confined entirely to the holiday season, for, like all other crimes, it exists all the year around; but Christmas is its harvest time. The explanation is easy. At no time of the year are the stores so generally crowded, and at no time the need of articles more felt by the people. At clearing sales when the stores are thronged the shoplifter always abounds. Then, however, only the particular store having the sale is annoyed with them, and all the other stores are almost entirely unmolested. At Christmas they all have their quota of this particular class of thieves. This is because many people steal from stores around Christmas time who never think of doing it at any other period of the year. They want to make Christmas presents to their relatives and friends, and, not having the money to secure what they desire, take to stealing. Many a person who has thus made one false step has kept it up in after-life until it has brought on disgrace and ruin.

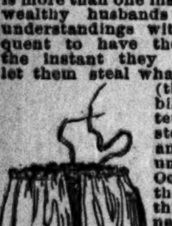
What is ordinarily termed shop-lifting is divided by police authorities into three different branches—shop-lifting, silk-hoisting and penny-weighting. Shop-lifting proper is peculiarly a woman's crime. It consists in nipping articles off the counters of retail dry goods and notion stores. Many women who would not stoop to any other crime, will shop-lift. The gentler sex have a natural hankering for knick-knacks and fineries, and when they see a good opportunity of stealing a coveted object unobserved, their cupidity too often gets the better of them. Men rarely ever engage in shop-lifting. Silk-hoisting, however, is a branch of the business carried on exclusively by the masculine sex. It might be called the wholesale department of shoprlifting. When the female shop-lifter pilfers small articles from a retail dry goods store her silk-hoisting male relative steals bolts of silk at a time from the wholesale house. Penny-weighting is a term applied to stealing from jewelry stores. Like silk-hoisting, it requires much more skill than ordinary shop-lifting, and is generally performed by men, though women frequently engage in it.



Annie Beck.

Shop-lifters proper might be divided into three classes, professionals, amateurs and kleptomaniacs. Of the first-named class there are comparatively few, but amateur shop-lifters are as plentiful as flies in June. They come from all classes of society, from the highest to the most lowly.

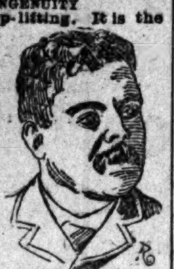
KLEPTOMANIACS are also quite plentiful and are frequently found in the highest walks of society. As the drunkard craves his whisky and the opium fiend insists on his drug, so must the kleptomaniac steal. She may make the strongest resolutions never to steal another article, but as soon as she enters a dry goods store and surveys the stock for awhile all her good resolutions are dispelled and she is overcome with an uncontrollable desire to steal. Women have frequently been caught in the act of doing it who have the means to provide themselves with every luxury they desire. What they take may be a mere trifle, worth probably a few cents, yet so strong is the desire in them to steal that that they risk their name, reputation and all to gratify that peculiar passion known as kleptomania. These women are generally known around in the stores, but seldom to the outside public, for whenever caught taking anything they willingly pay for it, and to save them and their relatives from disgrace the stores never prosecute them well recognizing that it is a disease over which the unfortunate women have no control. There is more than one instance known in which the wealthy husbands of kleptomaniacs have understandings with stores their wives frequent to have the women watched from the instant they open the door and to let them steal whatever they want, and they (the husbands) will pay the bills when sent them. Amateur shop-lifters usually steal articles of small value, and seldom take anything, unless they are in need of it. Occassionally, however, they ''nip'' some little thing, not because they need it particularly, but because they saw an excellent chance to take it unobserved



A shop-lifter's pocket.

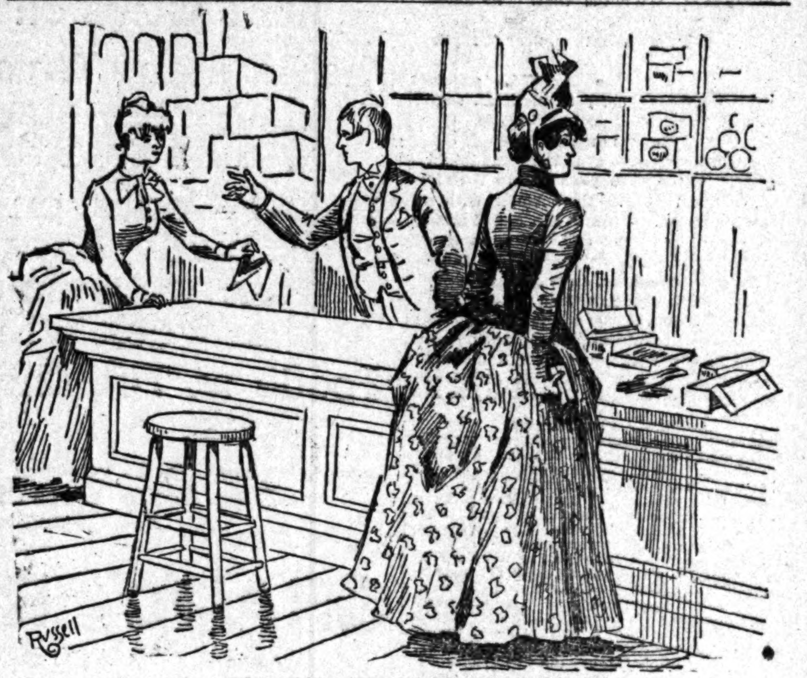
THE PROFESSIONALS, however, visit stores regularly for the express purpose of stealing whatever of value they can conveniently lay hands on. Like other crooks they dispose of their plunder to pawn shops and fence houses. Until recent years there was no such thing as a professional shop-lifter, but they have been rapidly multiplying, and now there is no large city without its quota of professional thieves of this class. Naturally enough New York City is far better supplied than any other place in the country, having nearly half the supply of the country there. Most of the professionals never travel, always confining their operations to their particular city. Unless the woman is connected with some well-known gang of crooks she usually has a long run before she is captured. The operations of the professional shop-lifter are always confined to the larger retail stores, and even amateurs rarely attempt to steal anything from a small store. The chances of detection are too great. Small shop-keepers know their stock so well that if one article is stolen they are sure to miss it, while the larger houses carry so great a quantity of goods that unless they capture the shop-lifter

IN THE ACT OF STEALING, they seldom know they have been robbed. While the articles stolen at one time seldom have sufficient value to make it more than a case of petty larceny, the thieving is so constant that it counts very heavily in the long run. There is no way of the large stores forming any idea of what their losses are from this source, but it is safe to say it reaches into the thousands every year. Whenever a lot of plunder is recovered with the capture of some gang of shop-lifters all the leading retail houses almost invariably find numerous articles there which had been stolen from their places, but never missed. If the thieves had not been captured and their booty seized the firms would never have known they had been robbed. This was illustrated when the Dayton and Forgy gangs were arrested. Both times several leading retail houses identified goods among the plunder, but in no instance had they known they had been robbed until they were shown the goods. If so much is thus discovered, how much greater must be the quantity stolen of which they never hear tell?



Billy Burke.

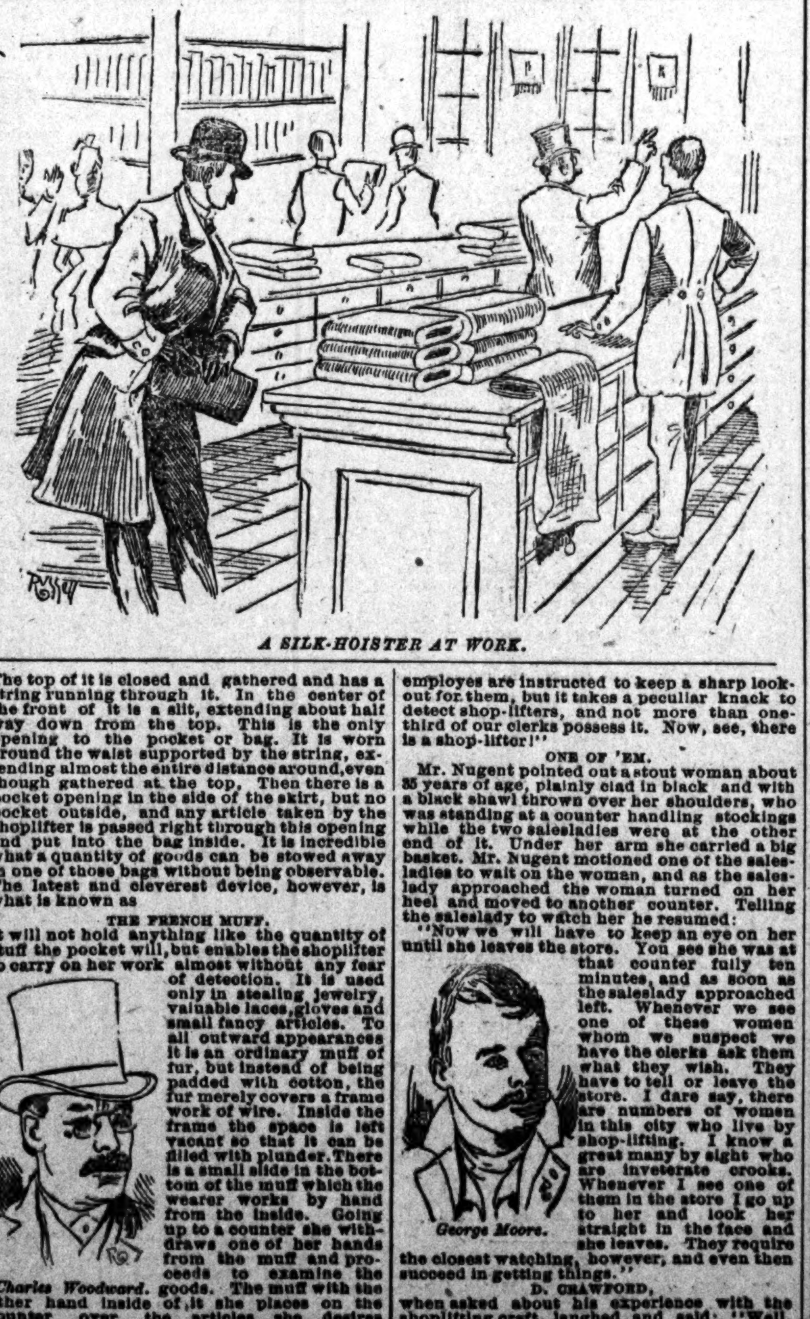
LITTLE SKILL OR INGENUITY is required in ordinary shop-lifting. It is the simplest kind of sneak-thieving. When a shoplifter enters a store she walks about as though looking for goods until she strikes a counter where the salesman, or saleslady, as the case may be, is busily employed waiting on customers. There she lingers, pretending to examine some articles at the far end of the counter. She looks all about her to see that no one is looking, and then hastily slips under her wrap whatever she may be handling. This is usually done with one hand while the other is engaged ostensibly in examing the goods. An ordinary wrap is all a majority of the amateur shoplifters ever wear. Some of them go provided with wrapping-paper, and when they succeed in stealing an article, retire to the wash-room or elsewhere, and come out with the stolen proptery wrapped into a bundle, which they carry in their hand or arm. Sometimes they use a market basket and slip their stealings in with a lot of purchases. This is done more by poor women in stealing small articles Saturday evening after they have been to market. In fact, the basket is principally used in stealing from stands in the market. A parasol or umbrella is also used sometimes by the amateur shop-lifter in stealing gloves, handkerchiefs, jewelry and small articles generally. Things taken from the counter are dropped into the parasol or umbrella, where they are completely hidden from view, the thief walking out of the store with the goods, while using the receptacle as a cane. It is not often that the amateur uses the parasol or umbrella, however, it being used most frequently by professionals in pennyweighting or stealing jewelry.



THE SHOP-LIFTES'S LITTLE GAME.

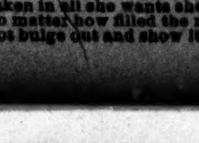
Quite different from her amateur sister the professional shoplifter invariably goes forth well-equipped for her work. The devices employed by her are numerous.

ONE OF THE FIRST INVENTIONS of the shoplifter was a cloak with as many and as large pockets to it as a magician's coat. In fact, it is all pocket, being a perfect warehouse for stolen property. Then followed the false pocket in the skirt. Instead of having a small pocket in the place where one should be, there is a pocket opening and the entire front of the skirt is made into one vast pocket, the lining and outside cloth forming it. Any amount of goods can be placed in there. The skirts are always ruffled and elaborately trimmed, so that objects bulging them out cannot be as easily noticed as if the skirts were made plain. An improvement has been made in the skirt idea which is generally used now by the cleverest of the shoplifting ladies. It is a huge bag or pocket of strong muslin about two feet square. The top of it is closed and gathered and has a string running through it. In the center of the front of it is a slit, extending about half way down from the top. This is the only opening to the pocket or bag. It is worn around the waist supported by the string, extending almost the entire distance around, even though gathered at the top. Then there is a pocket opening in the side of the skirt, but no pocket outside, and any article taken by the shoplifter is passed right through this opening and put into the bag inside. It is incredible what a quantity of goods can be stowed away in one of those bags without being observable. The latest and cleverest device, however, is what is known as



A SILK-HOISTER AT WORK.

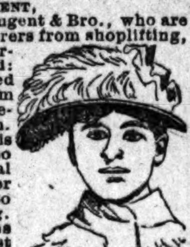
THE FRENCH MUFF. It will not hold anything like the quantity of stuff the pocket will, but enables the shoplifter to carry on her work almost without any fear of detection. It is used only in stealing jewelry, valuable laces, gloves and small fancy articles. To all outward appearances it is an ordinary muff of fur, but instead of being padded with cotton, the fur merely covers a frame work of wire. Inside the frame the space is left vacant so that it can be filled with plunder. There is a small slide in the bottom of the muff which the wearer works by hand from the inside. Going up to a counter she withdraws one of her hands from the muff and proceeds to examine the goods. The muff with the other hand inside of it she places on the counter over the articles she desires to steal. While apparently examining goods with the hand outside she opens the secret slide in the muff, pulls in the article shes wants and stuffs them in the space inside the wire frame. When she has taken in all she wants she closes the slide, and no matter how filled the muff may be it will not bulge out and show it like a dress or cloak- She may buy some little trinket or may not, and leaves with no one but herself aware of what the innocent-looking muff contains.



Charles Woodward.

THE HEAVY SUFFERERS.

Such stores as Barr's, Crawford's, Nugent's, Penny & Gentles, Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney, the Dollar Store and Famous are the heaviest sufferers from the depredations of the shop-lifters. Carrying such large stocks as they do, articles may easily be stolen from them without ever being missed. Besides, they are always jammed with people about the holiday season and on occasions when special sales are advertised. The small stores are never crowded. They may do a good, paying business, but there is never a jam experienced. There stocks are not nearly so large and varied as the more pretentious establishments, and they readily miss any stolen articles. During the Christmas holidays all the larger stores employ special detectives to protect them from shop-lifters, and also put on a number of extra floor walkers who have special instructions to be on the lookout for shoplifters. In addition to these, each of them is provided with a couple of detectives from the regular city department, so that they are all pretty well patrolled. But despite all this vigilance it is safe to say that there is hundreds of dollars worth of goods stolen the week preceding Christmas.



Emma Weir.

B. NUGENT, head of the firm of B. Nugent & Bro., who are one of the heaviest sufferers from shoplifting, speaking of his experiences with the craft, said: ''We have experienced less trouble with them this year than at any previous Christmas season. I suppose the reason is that we have our stores so well patroled by special officers that it is a rather risky thing for them to attempt to steal anything. I don't think there has been a solitary arrest made out of the store, though we have caught a number of the light-fingered ladies and put them out of the store. They not only infest the house at the holiday season, but annoy us the year around. Whenever we have a big sale there is always a jam at the store, and whenever there is a jam shoplifters are plentiful. They work in a crowd.''

''What do you estimate your annual losses from this source to be?''

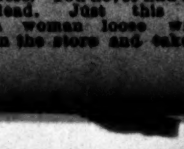
''It is impossible to form any estimate. We have no way of telling how much is stolen from us. Whenever goods are recovered we generally find some of ours in the lot, and this is invariably the first knowledge we have that they were stolen. My brother Charley is down stairs, where they operate most, and can tell you more about them than I can.''

CHARLES NUGENT was seen and stated: ''They keep us busy watching them the year round. At this time of year and when we have sales they flood the store. What our losses through them are we have no way of estimating. Whenever the police make an arrest and recover goods we are sent for to see if we can identify any of them, and invariably find something belonging to us in the lot. That Dayton crowd was the worst we had for a long time and we could never have convicted them, but that one of the women confessed and squealed. We knew the goods had been stolen and the various stores each identified a lot positively, but we did not know which of the women had stolen it until this woman told us. All our employes are instructed to keep a sharp lookout for them, but it takes a peculiar knack to detect shop-lifters, and not more than one-third of our clerks possess it. Now, see, there is a shop-lifter!''

ONE OF 'EM.

Mr. Nugent pointed out a stout woman about 35 years of age, plainly clad in black and with a black shawl thrown over her shoulders, who was standing at a counter handling stockings while the two salesladies were at the other end of it. Under her arm she carried a big basket. Mr. Nugent motioned one of the salesladies to wait on the woman, and as the saleslady approached the woman turned on her heel and moved to another counter. Telling the saleslady to watch her he resumed:

''Now we will have to keep an eye on her until she leaves the store. You see she was at that counter fully ten minutes, and as soon as the saleslady approached left. Whenever we see one of these women whom we suspect we have the clerks ask them what they wish. They have to tell or leave the store. I dare say, there are numbers of women in this city who live by shop-lifting. I know a great many by sight who are inveterate crooks. Whenever I see one of them in the store I go up to her and look her straight in the face and she leaves. They require the closest watching, however, and even then succeed in getting things.''



George Moore.

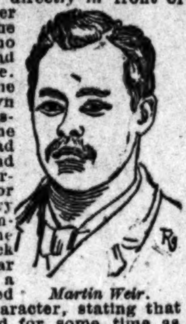
D. CRAWFORD, when asked about his experience with the shoplifting craft, laughed and said: ''Well, we have had plenty of it. We have them here in numbers, and I am proud of it, for they always go with the crowd. The presence of shoplifters is an indication of a good business. You never find them where business is dead. Just this moment I turned a woman loose who had been caught in the store and taken to the Third District Station. She is well-connected, being a member of one of our oldest families. Her husband was formerly a captain, and they were at one time quite rich, though they are not now. What her name is I do not care to state, as I would not like to disgrace the family. She was caught in the store in the act of shop-lifting, and was taken away to the station before I knew anything of it. It is impossible to state what our annual losses are by shop-lifters, as there is no way of our telling what has been stolen. I suppose they are very heavy, however. The Christmas season and at times of big sales they are worst. Then the store is crowded and they can operate to better advantage. We always employ special police and extra floor walkers on those occasions.''

''Are you ever visited by kleptomaniacs?''

''Oh, yes, there are a number of such people. There is one old lady who comes in here who has been caught a hundred times stealing. She can't help it, however; it is a disease with her, and we never have her arrested. I have told her time and again that I did not want her to return to the store, but she pays no attention to me and comes right back. She is here at every sale, and is nearly always caught stealing. When articles are found on her she surrenders them good-naturedly, merely remarking that she did not know she had them. She is never abashed, and never has any apologies to make. She is not a wealthy one, but on the other hand quite poor.''

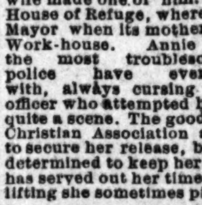
SOME OF THE PROFESSIONALS.

There are, perhaps, as few professional shoplifters in St. Louis as in any city of this size in the country. The most notorious is Mrs. Annie Beck, alias Miller, who is now serving out a sentence at the Work-house for shoplifting. Little is known of her early history. She is a foreigner and the police believe she was driven out of her native land and shipped here. The woman is probably 28 years of age and first came to light four or five years ago. About the Christmas holidays a detective noticed her in the Dollar Store, moving among the crowd as though endeavoring to pick pockets. Standing directly in front of her the officer looked her hard in the eye. She moved over to a man who was standing near by, and the pair soon left the store. They were followed by the officer. After going down Fourth street a short distance they stopped. The officer told them they had better keep moving, and they did. Shortly afterward she was arrested for stealing rings in a jewelry store. The detective identified her as the woman he had seen trying to pick pockets in the Dollar Store. At her trial a number of ladies testified to her previous good character, stating that she had been employed for some time as chambermaid at a hotel. She had left there after marrying the man, with whom she was seen at the Dollar Store, George Beck, alias Miller. Judge Noonan let the woman go with a lecture. It was only a short time when she was up again for shoplifting. A lot of the Women's Christian Association pleaded for her, and Judge Noonan gave her another chance. The next time she came up she had a suckling babe a few weeks' old, and the Court, not wishing to send her to prison with the child, again released her. From that day on she was never without a baby in her arms. Every month or two, she was hauled up for shop-lifting and was always released on account of her baby. Once or twice Judge Noonan did allow her to remain in jail awhile, but relented and let her out because he thought it too inhuman to keep the child in. On one occasion he gave her a jail sentence, but after keeping her there a short time he commuted her sentence. This he did because



Martin Weir.

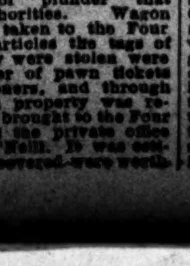
THE CHILD was constantly crying day and night, neither sleeping any itself nor permitting any of the prisoners to sleep. It became such an intolerable nuisance in the place that something had to be done to get rid of it. At this time the child was three or four months old, and after the mother had been released Judge Noonan learned that she had kept the child crying and screaming constantly by sticking pins into its little body. The mother well knew this would be sure to secure her release, as they would not separate her from a little one so young, and they would have to get the baby out of the institution. Finally the Court told her that the next time she came before him she would have to go down to the Work-house, baby or no baby. It was not long before both she and her husband were up again. She went into the jewelry store of Merrick, Walsh & Phelps, and under the pretext of examining watches with the intention of making her husband a present of one, she managed to make away with a time-piece valued at $60 and several rings. Her husband was in the store with her at the time and kept the attention of the clerk from her while she was getting away with the jewelry. After this theft the pair went to Chicago, but returned in a month or so and were immediately arrested. Merrick, Walsh & Phelps knew what woman had committed the theft and when they described her with the baby in her arms, etc., the police immediately settled on Annie Beck as the woman. She and her husband stepped into the Globe-Democrat building when they saw they were followed by a detective, and there she attempted to force her child to nurse against its will so that if any attempt was made to arrest her it would look very inhuman to the public. She was taken down nevertheless, and on February 8 last, received a fine of $100 and a sentence of one year's imprisonment in the Work-house. She was permitted to plead to petit larceny and was given the extreme limit. The husband, Geo. Beck, alias Miller, pleaded guilty to grand larceny and received two years in the penitentiary. Both are still serving their sentences. Like the wife, the husband is a professional shop-lifter and the police think his wife made one of him. The child is in the House of Refuge, where it was sent by the Mayor when its mother was sentenced to the Work-house. Annie Beck is one of the most troublesome characters the police have ever had to deal with, always cursing and swearing at the officer who attempted her arrest and creating quite a scene. The good ladies of the Women's Christian Association are again endeavoring to secure her release, but the authorities are determined to keep her where she is until she has served out her time. In addition to shoplifting she sometimes picks pockets.



Joseph Newman.

THE DAYTONS.

On March 6, 1886, Detectives Badger and Flynn captured a gang of shoplifters who had been robbing stores by the wholesale for over a year. The arrest was brought about in this way. For some time it was noticed that there was a lot of new articles being pawned about the city at various places. Dry goods in bolts, rolls of ribbons and laces, and in fact all sorts of articles were disposed of to the pawnshops. Badger and Flynn, who had been attending to the pawnshops, were convinced that there was some gang of thieves systematically robbing the stores about the city. Descriptions of the people who pawned the goods were obtained and everything seemed to be placed in the shops by three women. Armed with this information the detectives began to keep a lookout for the people and soon had them located. When they had everything proven to their satisfaction that they were on the trail of the right parties, they swooped down upon the crowd and made five arrests. They were Mrs. Amelia Dayton and son, Clifford Dayton, living at No. 2004 Biddle street, and Mrs. Minnie Brown, William Harris and wife, Ada Harris, residing at No. 1803 Carr street. The whole outfit were taken to the Four Courts and locked up. Harris was the last to be taken, he being at work when the first arrests were made. He was captured later in the day, however, and locked up. Mrs. Dayton's son, Clifford, was a young man employed at Nugents' dry goods store, and it was at first thought that he stood in with the crowd and was using his position to help them rob his employers. After an investigation into the case, however, the detectives were convinced that both men were innocent in the matter, and they were released, the three women alone being held. A search of the houses of the women disclosed a quantity of plunder that astonished the authorities. Wagon loads of it were found and taken to the Four Courts. On most of the articles the tags of the stores from which they were stolen were still attached. A number of pawn tickets were found on the prisoners, and through them a lot of other stolen property was recovered. When it was all brought to the Four Courts, it completely filled the private office of Chief of Detectives O'Neill. It was estimated that the goods recovered were worth between $4,000 and $5,000. Every prominent retail dry goods house in the city had been visited by the gang, and they all identified goods. So gratified were the retail houses over the capture that five of them, the William Barr Dry Goods Company, Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney, D. Crawford & Co., B. Nugent & Bro. and Penny & Gentles each put in $50 and made up a purse of $250 for Badger and Flynn.



Sophie Lyons.

MRS. ELLEN FOX.

Another woman who made quite a reputation here as a shoplifter was Mrs. Ellen Fox. She was one of the pioneers in the business, carrying it on when perhaps there were not three other professionals in the country. She is now a woman in the neighborhood of 50 years of age, and for twenty-five years or more had carried on the business of shoplifting and picking pockets. Mrs. Fox was really more of a pickpocket than shoplifter, although she worked at both. At one time she owned a nice house in the southern part of the city and was quite comfortably fixed, having made it all by stealing. A year ago last October she was arrested for picking pockets at the Fair Grounds, but no case could be made against her and she was released. The following Christmas week she was caught picking pockets at Barr's store, and was arraigned in Judge Cady's court for vagrancy and associating with thieves. She had lost her property and all her money, and told the Court she was tired of St. Louis and wanted to leave. If given hours she would do so, and in future honor Kansas City with her presence. A fine of $500 was imposed, and she was given until 9 o'clock that night to get out of town. She got. It is rumored, however, that she is now back here. Mrs. Fox has a married daughter living in this city.

MRS. ADA HARRIS.

One of the women, Mrs. Ada Harris, was soon to become a mother and she took her arrest very hard. She told the officers all she knew, stated where she knew goods had been disposed of and did all in her power to aid them in recovering the property. She claimed she had only been in the business a couple of months, having been inveigled into it by the other women. The police believed her story, and on account of her comparative newness in the business, the information she had furnished them and the delicate physical condition she was in they determined to release her. The other two women, however, were held. Minnie Brown, who was an unmarried woman, probably 26 or 28 years of age, was a niece of Mrs. Dayton, who was over 50 years old. That the old woman was the leader of the gang there could be no doubt. It was through her that the niece entered the business at all. The old woman had been following up the business for more than a year, but the gang had only been operating so extensively for a few months. Mrs. Dayton and her niece were formerly from Jacksonville, where they were connected with some of the most prominent people in that section of Illinois. Mrs. Dayton was the niece of an ex-Congressman from that district and had at one time been worth $50,000 in her own name. Mr. Dayton, when she married him, was one of the wealthy and prominent men of that pretty little town and their wedding was quite a social event at that time. They lost their money, however, and the woman finally came to this city. Here she endeavored to live as she did in her better days, and to keep up style was obliged to take to shop-lifting. At first she only stole rarely, and took merely such articles as she needed. Flushed with her success, however, she entered more boldly and deeply into it. Then she

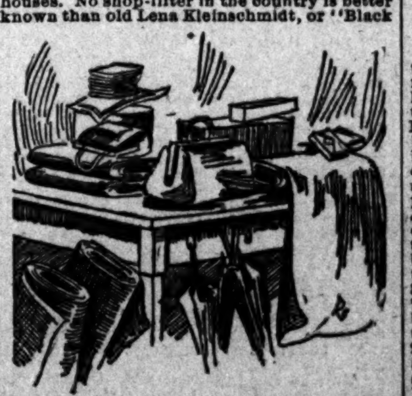
INDUCED HER NIECE TO GO INTO IT and next Mrs. Harris was taken in. They provided themselves with all conveniences for the business, and were soon robbing stores all over the city in the most daring and systematic manner. In the two or three months they had been working together the women had stolen goods amounting up into the thousands in value. Thus from stealing petty articles she absolutely needed, had Mrs. Dayton rapidly developed into the leader of a gang of professional shoplifters.

Ed Fox, who was then Speaker of the House of Delegates, interested himself in behalf of the women. He had known Mrs. Dayton in Jacksonville when she was an innocent young lady. Handsome, bright, wealthy and well connected, she was quite a belle. Among the suitors for her hand, it was said, was Mr. Fox himself. They did not marry, but he never forgot his boyhood love, and when he found her in trouble here he did all in his power to aid her. It was through him that the women escaped as lightly as they did, Mrs. Dayton receiving a year in jail and Minnie Brown six months in the same institution. Such evidence of their previous good character was secured from Jacksonville by Mr. Fox that after a short service the young woman was released. Mrs. Dayton became insane in jail and Mr. Fox had her removed to the Insane Asylum and every attention paid to her. It appears that she had been an opium fiend, and when cut off from the terrible drug her mind became affected. After many months of careful attention the woman recovered her reason, and together with her son left the city for the West. She promised faithfully to reform, and as she has never been heard from since it is believed she has done so.

THE FORGY—SWINHARDT GANG.

Another big haul was made when the police broke up the Forgy—Swinhardt gang. Like the Dayton crowd, they were robbing stores systematically, and when arrested a room full of plunder was found at their residences on Page avenue, west of Grand. The crowd consisted of Mrs. Susan Swinhardt, her married daughter, Mrs. Jenny Forgy, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Annie Swinhardt. They were caught shoplifting at Barr's store October 18, 1886, and the plunder was recovered at their residences, which were visited by the police and searched. It was a reproduction of the Dayton plunder, though not quite so extensive. Everything from a paper of pins up to bolts of dress goods was in the lot. The elder Mrs. Swinhardt and her daughter, Mrs. Forgy, were fined $50 and costs each, and the younger Mrs. Swinhardt $25 and costs, in Judge Noonan's court, December 8, 1886. The last named was let off more lightly than the others because she was about to become a mother. Both the first named paid their fines, but Mrs. Annie Swinhardt did not, supposing that the Court would not send her to jail in the condition in which see was. Judge Noonan was not to be bluffed in that manner, however, and had her committed. Then the money was produced. The husband of Mrs. Forgy, who was a stock-dealer here and said to have been quite well-to-do at one time, was very indignant over the arrests, and sued for the goods identified by the William Barr Dry Goods Company. He lost the suit, however, and had to put up with what he deemed such an outrage.

ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS GANGS of shoplifters in the country is the Kleinschmidt—Weir outfit of Chicago. Unlike most other shoplifters, they do not confine their operations to any one city, but travel everywhere. They are known in every large city in the United States and Canada. It is quite an extensive gang, numbering several men, as well as women, in its ranks. They never do any small stealing, but go in on the wholesale plan. They are really silk-hoisters, but instead of stealing goods by the bolt from wholesale houses they steal from retail houses. No shop-lifter in the country is better known than old Lena Kleinschmidt, or ''Black Lena,'' as she is generally called on account of her dark complexion. She has served three terms alone in New York for shoplifting. On April 9, 1880, she and another of her gang, Christine Mayer, alias Kid-Glove Rosey, stole 100 yards of silk, valued at $250, from McCreery & Co. of Broadway and Tenth street, New York. The goods was found on Black Lena, and when Rosey was arrested a lot of goods taken from LeBoutillier Brothers was found on her. They were given five years each on Blackwell's Island. A few years ago two members of the gang were captured here after they had got away with a lot of stuff from two stores. The property was all recovered, however. They were Lizzie Weir, alias Kleinschmidt, and Martin Weir. They visited the Corticelli Silk Company establishment, and stole eight boxes of spool silk. They also favored Nugents' store with a visit, and there got away with $300 worth of valuable shoulder capes. The thefts were reported to the police, who watched the house of a member of the family, who resides here. There they saw the pair, and arrested them, recovering all the goods as stated. On the woman was found a shop-lifter's bag or pocket, as shown in the illustration, and another similar pocket belonging to her was found at the house where they were captured. Both the man and woman furnished bond and jumped it. Shortly afterward she was arrested shoplifting in Detroit and given three years in the House of Correction. The woman was quite young and the man also. It is an old scheme of this gang to furnish bond and jump it, no doubt repaying their bondsmen out of their later stealings.



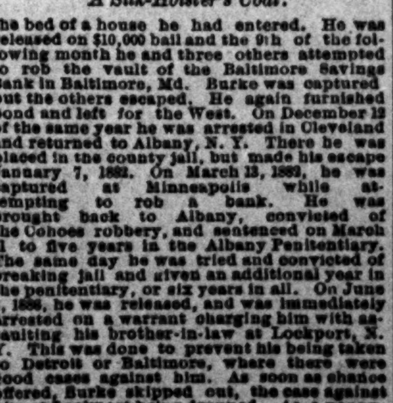
A Shoplifter's Plunder.

PENNYWEIGHTERS are one class of shoplifters the city is not blessed with. Like silk-hoisters they usually belong to the uppertendom of crooks, and travel about the country. Although the city has no pennyweighter of any consequence of its own, it has had the honor of a visit this year from a gang of them, who rank about as high in the business as any the country possesses. The pennyweighters enter a store, ask to be shown some watches and jewelry and and when several articles have been placed on the show case, the confederate calls the jeweler's attention to some other part of the store, and instantly one or more of the watches, diamonds, or whatever may happen to be on the case disappears into the other pennyweighter's pocket. Then the pals leave without making a purchase. After they are gone awhile the jeweler usually discover's his loss. One trick occasionally done by the pennyweighter is to examine a valuable stone carefully as to size, setting, etc., and then have a paste imitation of it made. He again visits the jeweler, examines the diamond, and while he pretends to be taking a very minute view of the stone, manages to exchange it for the paste. It is frequently several days before the jeweler discovers the trick. Pennyweighting is sometimes done on a wholesale plan. It is called jewelry sneaking. One man has the jeweler place on the show-case a whole tray of watches or chains or rings, or whatever it may happen to be he asks to be shown. Then the confederate comes in and attracts the jeweler's attention, while sneak No. 1 runs out of the store with the tray of jewelry. This is a very risky thing, however, and is seldom attempted, as the chances of capture are too great. French muffs and parasols or umbrellas are sometimes used, as has been stated, in penny-weighting.

THE GANG OF PENNYWEIGHTERS referred to as visiting here this year consisted of Sophie Lyons, alias Levy, alias Elkins, alias Rose Devine, alias Kate Wilson, alias Julia Kelso and a half-dozen other names; Billy Burke, alias Billy the Kid, alias Murphy, alias Petrie, and George Moore, alias Burton, alias Levy, who were arrested on February 28, by Detectives Badger and Flynn on suspicion. Before their arrest the trio had visited Raymond Gregg's place, in the Equitable building, and secured about $300 worth of diamonds, and they had also been to Wild & Strife's, Fourth and Chestnut streets, and had obtained about the same amount of diamonds there. There were a couple of stones found in the tooth-powder of the woman, but they had been taken out of their setting, and there was no way of identifying them. Accordingly after Police Photographer Harry Newbold had taken their pictures, the trio were given hours. It was afterward learned that Burke was wanted elsewhere.

SOPHIE LEVY, ALIAS LYONS, has the distinguished honor of having her record and photograph in Byrnes' volume on Professional Criminals of America. She is now 37 years of age, and has been a thief all her life. Her mother before her, Sophie Elkins, is an old-time shoplifter, and has served time for it. Sophia is the wife of Ned Lyons, a notorious bank burglar released from the Massachusetts prison about a year ago. They have four children, two boys, who are both thieves, and two girls who were raised in a Canadian convent, and are exceptions to the remainder of the family. Not only is Sophie Lyons a shop-lifter, but she is a pickpocket, adventuress and blackmailer as well. In the year 1871 she was arrested in New York City for shop-lifting, convicted of grand larceny and sentenced on October 9 of that year to five years in the penitentiary. With the assistance of her husband and others she escaped from Sing Sing on December 19, 1872. She was rearrested at the Suffolk County, Long Island, New York, Fair with her husband, caught in the act of picking pockets and returned to Sing Sing October 26, 1876. This time she served out her term, and after her release went to Boston, where she made her debut as a blackmailer. There, with the assistance of Kate Leary alias ''Red Kate,'' wife of the notorious crook ''Red Leary,'' she succeeded in alluring a wealthy merchant into her room at a hotel, and then under threats of exposure forced him to fill out his check for $10,000. Kate Leary presented it at the bank, but the merchant's account there happened to fall short of the amount of the check. When questioned Kate became alarmed and told where the man could be found. An officer was sent with her and both women were arrested but escaped punishment through the refusal of the man to appear against them. For several years she followed up blackmailing, but was convicted of grand larceny on February 6, 1883 at Ann Arbor, Mich., and sentenced to three years in the Detroit House of Correction. On June 2, 1886, she was again arrested in New York city for shoplifting, stealing a piece of silk from Koch & Sons, the Sixth avenue dry goods dealers. For this offence she received six months at Blackwell's Island. After her release she appears to have picked up with Burke and Moore and started out with them on a shoplifting tour of the country. They evidently made a special feature of stealing jewelry from jewelry houses, which is much more profitable than robbing dry good stores.

BILLY BURKE, alias Billy the Kid, alias Murphy, alias Petrie, etc., has a reputation as a pennyweighter and general sneak-thief only limited by the boundries of the country itself. He is only 29 years of age, but has the reputation among crooks of being the nerviest bank sneak in the United States. He has been associated with the most notorious crooks in the country and, despite his youth has been arrested over a hundred times and has served three terms in penitentiaries. He is a printer by trade, though a thief by occupation, and claims Chicago as his home. He has made more of a specialty of bank sneaking than any other kind of stealing, though he is an all-round thief and quite a clever pennyweighter. At 12:30 p. m. August 1, 1881, he sneaked $10,000 out of the Manufacturers' Bank at Cohoes, N. Y., while his pal was having a $20 bill changed. Burke was seen by one of the clerks, who pursued him so closely with a revolver that he dropped the money. He fled to the woods and was afterward captured under the bed of a house he had entered. He was released on $10,000 bail and the 9th of the following month he and three others attempted to rob the vault of the Baltimore Savings Bank in Baltimore, Md. Burke was captured but the others escaped. He again furnished bond and left for the West. On December 12 of the same year he was arrested in Cleveland and returned to Albany, N. Y. There he was placed in the county jail, but made his escape January 7, 1882. On March 13, 1883, he was captured at Minneapolis while attempting to rob a bank. He was brought back to Albany, convicted of the Cohoes robbery, and sentenced on March 21 to five years in the Albany Penitentiary. The same day he was tried and convicted of breaking jail and given an additional year in the penitentiary, or six years in all. On June 2, 1886, he was released, and was immediately arrested on a warrant charging him with assaulting his brother-in-law at Lockport, N. Y. This was done to prevent his being taken to Detroit or Baltimore, where there were good cases against him. As soon as chance offered, Burke skipped out, the case against him at Lockport being dropped. As a pennyweighter he has been no less daring than as a bank sneak, and has turned tricks in nearly every city on the continent.



A Silk-Hoister's Coat.

Moore, alias Burton, also has quite a record, though not as well-known as Burke. Like the latter, he is an all-round sneak thief, and has been identified with some of the worst gangs in the country.

SILK-HOISTING is the only branch of shop-lifting in which women never engage. It always requires two men to work this racket. They enter a wholesale dry goods store early in the morning, when only a few of the clerks are down and one of the men introduces himself as a merchant about to open a store, which he wants to stock. He inquires for the head of the silk department, whose name he has already learned. If he is in well and good, and if not, so much the better. Then he examines some silks, after having introduced his friend. From the silks he goes to some other class of goods, cashmere or the like. While he keeps the salesman's attention engaged the pal slips a bolt of silk or two into his coat, which is provided with especial pockets for that purpose. If they can work it, after one man loads himself down he talks to the salesman until the other fellow can also get all the silk he can carry. Then they leave the store, promising to return. The coats used by them are ordinary frock-coats, with a pocket about a foot wide made on each side just where the lining joins in the coat, about the waist. As the pockets extend the entire depth of the tail of the coat, and a bolt of silk is not very bulky, two bolts can be placed in each pocket. An overcoat is worn thrown over the arm to hide the bulge in the coat, and one man never fills more than one pocket in the coat at a time, as he would have no way of concealing the bulge in the other side from that on which he was carrying his overcoat. One genius got up a device for silk hoisting, with which he stole thousands of dollars' worth of goods throughout Europe before finally coming to grief by being accidentally detected in New York. He had a valise with a bottom on hinges, which opened by means of a spring. He would place this valise on top a bolt of silk he intended stealing, open the bottom, slip in the silk and close the bottom of the valise again.

CHARLES WOODWARD, alias Williams, alias Watson, etc., and Joseph Newman, alias Harry Phillips, etc., the two silk hoisters sentenced to two and a half years each in the penitentiary from the Criminal Court a little over a week ago are the two most notorious crooks of this class in America. They even have records in Europe. On the 30th of last September they attempted to hoist some silk from the wholesale dry goods house of H. T. Simon & Gregory, but owing to the vigilance of a clerk who had his suspicions aroused, they did not succeed. The salesman reported his suspicions to his employers and the police were notified. Detective Desmond and Officer Fagan, who was then doing detective duty, went around town with the clerk in search of the men. They ran across them at Sixth and St. Charles streets, and after they had gone into the Budweiser, effected their capture. Both men wore silk-hoister coats, and on them were found three bolts of silk. One had been stolen from Rice, Stix & Co., and the other two from Hargadine, McKittrick & Co. The goods were identified and the men pleaded guilty in the Criminal Court to one of the two indictments returned against them and received the sentence mentioned. The other case was continued generally with the understanding that it would be redocketed should they ever return to the State after serving their term in the penitentiary. They had entered the stores early in the morning before most of the clerks had got down, and did the silk hoisting while apparently examining goods. The older man, Woodward, played the role of merchant claiming to be from Kansas City and about to open a store. The younger man was the friend. When arrested they were very indignant, and threatened to sue the city and do all sorts of things. They could produce the bills for the silk when required to, and also show who they were. The younger man hoisted most of the goods, while Woodward was examining the goods with a view to purchase. After viewing the silks he would walk over to the cashmere counter and then the confederate would make away with a bolt or two of silk while the salesman's attention was engaged by his pal.

THE MOST NOTORIOUS

Charles Woodward, alias Williams, alias Watson, alias Hoyt, alias C. B. Anderson, alias Henderson, and a thousand other names, is perhaps the most noted silk-hoister and penny-weighter in the country. He is now 48 years of age and is married. Throughout the United States and Canada he is known by the sobriquet of the ''Diamond Swallower'' and the ''Palmer House Robber.'' Some years ago he was arrested in New York City for the larceny of a diamond from a jewelry store. When detected he had the stone in his mouth, and he swallowed it to prevent the authorities using it in evidence against him. It was from this incident that he gained his soubriquet of the ''Diamond Swallower.'' He accomplished one of the biggest ''sneaks'' ever made in this country. A salesman for a wholesale jewelry house was showing his samples to some customers in his room at the Palmer House, Chicago, and Woodward and a pal entered the room as pretended customers and when the drummer's attention was engaged with others sneaked out of the room a tray containing $15,000 worth of jewelry. Both thieves were captured, however, and all the jewelry recovered. On January 31, 1879, they were convicted of the offense, and the other man given five years at Joliet, while Williams escaped with one year at the same institution. April 16, 1880, Woodward was arrested in Philadelphia with Wm. Hilburn, alias Marsh Market Jake, and Billy Morgan for stealing $2,200 in bank notes from a man named Henry Ruddy. For this offense they were tried and convicted and on April 26 of the same year received eighteen months each in the Eastern penitentiary. He again returned to his shop-lifting tactics when released and on September 18, 1883, he was convicted on the one day of two cases of grand larceny in Monroe County New York, and sentenced two years in each case or four years in all in the Monroe County Penitentiary. His time expired on September 18, 1886, and he then doubled up with Joseph Newman, who had already made a reputation for himself as silk-hoister.

NEWMAN'S RIGHT NAME is said to be Harry Phillips. He is also known as Harry Moss, English Harry and Sheeny Harry. He has worked throughout the United States and Europe, and when arrested here was out on bond for a robbery committed in New York. On November 26, 1880, he was arrested in New York by Officer McArall for silk hoisting, and on January 11 was sentenced to three years in State's prison. He stole two bolts of silk valued at $800 from the store of Louis Hausen, No. 11 East Fourteenth street, New York City.

NOVEL CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Pardoning Prisoners Out of Jail to Celebrate the Festival.

It is the custom of the Judges of the Criminal Court and the Court of Criminal Correction to pardon every year on Christmas Eve a few prisoners serving jail sentences. The Jailer makes the recommendation and the courts invariably grant commutations to the parties recommended. It is an acknowledgment that the good behavior of the prisoner is appreciated and is always a very acceptable Christmas gift. This year there were only six prisoners serving jail sentences. All were from the Court of Criminal Correction, and all were serving very short sentences, five or ten days or something of that sort. Of these six, three were pardoned yesterday. They were Henry Kahimeyer, whose time would expire on the 29th; John Andrews, whose time would expire on the 28th, and Tony Doran, whose time would be up Monday. The three left in jail are on short sentences, and have only been confined two or three days. Judge Normile has quit altogether sending people to jail, and Judge Noonan never gives a jail sentence any more unless it is only for a few days.

CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

What the Various Hotels Will Serve Their Guests To-Day.

The hotel guests have very generally sought their homes to spend Christmas, but a considerable number still remain, and these will not be allowed to lack Christmas cheer. Elaborate bills of fare, including all the delicacies of the season, have been prepared, and all hotels will furnish their guests with a most sumptuous Christmas feast. At the Lindell a band will give selections from the best composers during the hour of dinner, and the dining-hall has been decorated with evergreens, palms and holly. The menus of the Laclede Hotel, which will serve its Christmas dinner on Monday evening, are especially tasteful, each being decorated with a handsome picture. At all hotels the dinner hour has been set for the evening, the menus are handsomely decorated and the dinners served will be an honor to St. Louis caravansaries.

Wilson—Fear.

The wedding of Miss Hattie Fear and Mr. James Wilson, both of this city, was solemnized Monday evening at the home of the lady, No. 1809 O'Fallon street. The attendants were Misses Nellie O'Keefe and Minnie Fear and Messrs. M. Wilson and Lee Nichols. Among other present were Misses Mollie O'Keefe, Julia Cullen, Jennie Cullen, Rebecca Hopkins, Mattie Fear, Mattie Snell, Martha Snell, Maudie Smith, and Messrs. O'Keefe, Snell, Pollack, Cahill, Fear, Trimble, Smith, Hamenstead, Wilson, Hess and Nichols. There were many costly presents. The bridal couple left for Chicago the next day.

Mr. L. L. Adams of the Ely & Walker Dry Goods Company left last week for an extended trip to Washington Territory and the Pacific Coast, visiting St. Paul, Spokane Falls, [illegible] and other prominent places.

AT LAST!

Jay Gould and Russell Sage to Face the Music.

The United States Government Will Make Them Disgorge Their Plunder.

A Suit for $10,000,000 To Be Entered Against the Millionaires.

President Cleveland to Instruct the Attorney-General to Begin Legal Proceedings—Result of the Union Pacific Investigation—Trade Topics—The Chicago Market—Chat of the St. Louis Exchange—News of the Week From the Marts of Commerce.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

WALL STREET, NEW YORK, December 24.—Here's a sensation. Here's a glance at secrets guarded sacredly. Grover Cleveland is on the track of Jay Gould, and Jay and his fifty-million-dollar partner, Deacon Russell Sage, are likely to be sued by the Attorney-General of these United States. No, none of these are "ready for publication" just yet. But what does the St. Louis POST-DISPATCH maintain a Wall street bureau for if not to give its readers advance information early and often and in great big chunks? Wherefore, here goes a recitation of facts that only a little circle round the Presidential table down at Washington possessed before it came to the POST-DISPATCH's correspondent.

* * *

But hold! There is one other gentlemen who has a share in this secret. A Boston man this other, known to lesser mortals as Charles Francis Adams, iceberg and financier, reformer and railroad manager, politician and poser. Charles Francis Adams is the man who first sent rolling round the epithet descriptive of Rutherford Hayes as a "little fellow with 'fraud' branded on his brow." Likewise he was the writer of the scarifying attack on Jay Gould years ago, published under the title "A Chapter in Erie." Mr. Adams now is President of the Union Pacific Railroad, and it is over their connection with Union Pacific that Jay Gould and Russel Sage are now on the verge of this trouble through suits in the name of the Government; suits to be pushed by the Attorney-General and indorsed by the President. It isn't so strange, therefore, that Mr. Charles Francis Adams should be a sharer with the POST-DISPATCH of this state secret, whose outcome, it is promised, will be a public disgorging by Gould and Sage of millions of dollars grabbed some years ago.

The proposal to take these famous Wall street magnates into the courts, sanctioned by the President, is formally recommended by the majority of the Government Commissioners who have lately been investigating the condition and history of the Pacific railroads. Lots of hints, suggestions and surmises have come from Washington as to what the findings and recommendations of this Commission are. There has been a general agreement on the fact that the Commission is not precisely of one mind. It is common gossip that two reports are to be—or rather have been—presented. Chairman Pattison stands by the whole-hog-or-none-anti-monopoly policy, and demands that the Pacific roads shall not be permitted any longer to trifle with the people, ignoring obligations and setting legal contracts naught. He holds that they have served chiefly as fences for wholesale and indiscriminate plundering schemes, concerted by Jay Gould, C. P. Huntington and Wall street speculators of that ilk.

* * *

Gov. Pattison's colleagues, Anderson and Littler, one a Democrat and the other a Republican, are inclined to a more generous policy, so the correspondents all assure us, and would treat the roads as having passed from the control of the professional Wall street gang into the hands of innocent holders, men who have invested in the securities in good faith and are therefore entitled to fair and charitable treatment.

* * *

A Wall street paper, recognized as Jay Gould's personal organ, offers this as "official." Says this paper:

> We are authorized to say that the Pacific Railroad Investigating Committee will report very favorably for Union Pacific; that the road is in excellent condition; that the debt ought to be extended fifty years at 4 per cent, and that honest men are running it. Of Central Pacific the report will say that the road is run down, business and equipment diverted; that the company does not want an extension, and will recommend that if the company refuses an extension the Thurman act be so amended as to take all the net earnings for the Government. Mr. Pattison recommends a Government receiver for both roads.

* * *

There is reason to believe that this is really about all that the Gould people know of the reports, so zealously guarded has been the most sensational feature of the majority recommendation. It is a twice-told tale to everybody nearly how Gould and Sage gobbied the Kansas Pacific property a dozen years or so ago, smashing its securities down almost to nil by desperate organized bear raids, buying up both stocks and bonds when the distrust they had created scared everybody else out of their investments. Once in possession their views changed all of a sudden as to the value of the securities, and the financial world waked up one morning to find that the whole business had been sold out for consolidation with the Union Pacific at ten or twenty times what it had cost the Gould-Sage combine. The millionaire twain, controlling Union Pacific, had the power, of course, to do just about as it pleased, and it pleased them to make Union Pacific pay them millions of profit on securities that but a little while before they had both been proclaiming were worthless and worse. But that was only part of the chapter.

* * *

In the Kansas Pacific treasury were some millions of Denver Pacific securities. Gould and Sage agreed they were worthless, and they found an accommodating judge in New York who ordered that the stuff be sold. They obeyed, and the parchments went for a song. Likewise, they were the ones who paid the song, when again the presto, change! act was worked and the worthless certificates of yesterday are good for their face and more to-day; and there were millions of profit more. A pretty game, wasn't it? And so simple, so ingenious, so Gouldish, so Sagesque!

* * *

When the recent Investigating Commission took testimony in New York last summer they had both Gould and Sage on the witness stand. Mr. Gould was easy and seemed rather to enjoy the experience—gambling in his mind—never doubting that the end of all the inquiry would be political capital and gush and nothing else. But Deacon Sage had a harder time. He grew nervous and pinched the bottoms of his pantaloon pockets as he caressed his groin with the wriggling of his finger tips. Gould has bravado enough to tell incriminating things as if proud of their smartness. Sage, in confusion, admitted much that he hardly intended to. Both witnessess were nuts for Chairman Pattison, whose report shows that their testimony, more than other results of the official inquiry, convinced him of the justice of the recommendations that he has made singly and alone in a minority report.

* * *

That the other Commissioners do not go so far as he does against the Union Pacific Road, however, isn't evidence, as has been construed hitherto, that the majority wish a whitewashing racket in the Gould—Sage matter. Gov. Pattison is hardly a whit more severe on the gobbling magnates than Messrs. Anderson and Littler are. He insists on holding the company to account for the shameful things done in its name and through its mediumship. They divorce the road from its old controllers; the former they commend to generous treatment; the latter they want to hand over to the court.

* * *

President Cleveland has been exerting himself as a missionary, trying to bring all three Commissioners to an agreement, so that a single report may be sent into Congress. He has had the two documents for nearly a fortnight, and more than half a dozen conferences have been held meantime in and out of the White House, at his suggestion, for he is evincing unusual interest in this affair, and he is extremely anxious to have an agreement between his trio of Commissioners. So far, though, he has labored almost wholly in vain, though there is pretty good authority for the saying that still another conference is to be held before Congress meets again. If the President carries his point, therefore, it is probable that some decided change will be made in the recommendations of both documents, but in any event there is going to be no alteration, or at least no dimunition (take this as Grover Cleveland's own word), of the sensational feature that the POST-DISPATCH now makes public first and exclusively, that Jay Gould and Russell Sage are in for a public prosecution with all the power of the United States legal machinery active against them.

* * *

It is estimated by the majority report that Gould and Sage illegally gobbled at least $10,000,000 from the Union Pacific road through the Kansas Pacific deal and the "appropriation" of the Denver Pacific treasury valuables. Therefore they recommend that the Union Pacific Company be authorized to bring a suit in the name of the Attorney-General of the United States (the Government being interested and involved as a Union Pacific creditor) against Jay Gould and Russell Sage to recover $10,000,000.

* * *

Not in years has such an aggressive action been brought against these gobbling gentlemen. It means far more than on its face may appear. It overshadows all the famous Erie litigation, and scandals quite as malodorous are likely to be uncovered before the end comes.

* * *

But most important of all; most cheerful news for patriots; most depressing announcement for the Gould—Sage gang is the fact that on the people's side, fully, earnestly, ardently, devotedly, is Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, who has given his word for this: "Gentlemen, (to Commissioners Anderson and Littler) your recommendation has my heartiest approval!"

And won't there be a gnashing of teeth in the monopoly camp when the magnates realize what the POST-DISPATCH has learned ahead of them. Jay is in Europe, and for his fortune's sake, perhaps, Deacon Sage had better hie there, too. G. Cleveland means business.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

Nothing Very Interesting Develops in Speculative Circles.

CHICAGO, December 24.—From a news point of view the markets present dull pickings this week. The snap has gone out of speculation and values seem to be resting fairly secure on a higher level than when the boom started, but yet some removes from the top. In the absence of positive new speculative inquiry, or more properly speaking, in the disappearance of the booming swell, the professionals have brought themselves to a belief that values would work off. Thus speculative offerings of grain have increased in volume, but the markets absorb the added load and prices turn up whenever there is a relaxation of pressure. The bears are beginning to doubt the correctness of the position they have taken. The situation abroad is described as strong with a tendency toward continued improvement. The representatives of foreign houses on 'Change are advised by letter and cable that after the holidays an improved demand from English millers may be safely depended upon. The British statisticians have arrived at the conclusion that estimates of the European crops are too large, and that a greater quantity of American flour and wheat will have to be bought than had been calculated upon.

A dispatch from New York to a leading commission house reads:

"All wheat cables here show hardening tendency; offerings diminishing in all forms. The feeling is that with revival of demand from English millers, which is confidently expected soon after the holidays, will come sharp improvement in prices."

In the same line of argument is the reply of one of the best grain merchants in the United States to a question designed to draw him out on the wheat situation. He said: "The situation is decidedly improved, both East and West—East, because they have had their arrivals and turned up, and West because they have had their movement for the crop." Well-informed commission merchants insist that fully 80 per cent of the crop of the Northwest has gone out of farmer's hands. In this view country elevator people concur privately. The great local plungers are a confused and mixed lot. Cudahy, Ream, Partridge and Phillips are bearish, or were a day or two, but all of them except Cudahy are liable to turn up bulls any day. Jones, McCormick & Kennett are doing considerable bulling again, after having been out of the market for a time.

The corn deal has lost its piquancy. The heavy weights have evened up for the holidays and the little fellows have followed suit. This leaves the pit a yawning waste. The old crowd of tough scalpers have their own way again. Oats have been stagnant for the past ten days.

The provision deal is thus sketched by an authority in such matters:

Hogs have been marketed with more freedom during the present week. On Monday the receipts were small, but on Tuesday they reached an old-time figure, aggregating over 44,000 head. This unusual "run," however, was followed by moderate arrivals, though for the five days that have passed of the week the number marketed reaches the fair total of 121,271 or 4,698 more than the receipts for the entire week preceding. In the way of prices the market has shown some irregularity, with the range, however, a little on the side of a higher level. To-day's quotations, which stood at $4.95@5.25 for light and $5.10@5.80 for heavy, show an advance of 10c over the figures current at the opening of the week.

Hogs and products scarcely suit packers so far as prices are concerned, and operations are consequently kept within safe limits. For the present week packers have slaughtered about eighty-five thousand head, which added to their previous returns makes the packing since November 1 aggregate 925,000, against 1,100,000 for the same time last year.

The bull side has unquestionably the most numerous following, but the large advance obtained since the opening of the winter season has made even the staunchest friends of the market timid. Prices in their upward march have exceeded all expectations, and it is now very generally considered advisable to act conservatively until the holiday season is passed, the January deliveries made, and some definite opinion can be formed of the supply of hogs for January and February. Though outnumbering the bears, the bulls are satisfied—in fact, anxious to "rest on their oars" and await developments.

The closings to-night show a gain in wheat of about 1c, a shrinkage of ½c in corn, of 35@40c in pork, and 10@12½c in lard and ribs.

* * *

Charley Hutchinson, the young President of the Corn Exchange Bank, has finally given his friends to understand that he would rather like to be made President of the Board of Trade. I took him a long time to make up his mind. If he had been a little more prompt, the prize could have been his for the mere labor of reaching out his hand and plucking it. Now, it is by no means certain that he can be elected. He has rather overdone the reluctance act. The members of the Board of Trade have a fashion of taking at their word people who require over-much urging to accept the honors at their disposal. A week ago they would have made Charley Hutchinson their almost unanimous choice. To-day they are divided in sentiment. The young banker at first couldn't possibly spare the time to attend to the duties of President of the Board. He was already overworked. The vast private interests in his keeping would suffer if he allowed other duties to distract his attention. Oh, no; nothing could induce him to change his mind. He was set in his purpose. Then he wavered. Next he yielded to the importunities of his admirers and to the promptings of his own ambition and decided to make the race. Now he wants the office bad, and he is laying the wires to capture it with all the ardor of a veteran politician whose bread and butter depends upon his success in getting what he is after.

* * *

Young Hutchinson is a son of his father, "old Hutch." He is a pretty good sort of a fellow and enjoys a fair measure of popularity, not because of his parentage, as some suppose, but in spite of it. He is public spirited, rich and in a minor sense a man of affairs. He and the old man do not always get along smoothly together. They sometimes have pitched battles. When the old man gets on a tantrum he breaks out regardless of where he is or who may be within hearing. He storms and rages and curses and paws up the earth. When one of these scenes occur in the presence of people for whose respect he cares young Charley gets up on his dignity and tells the old man to get out or he will throw him out. "Old Hutch" on such occasions looks apoplectic for a moment and invariably stalks out without another word. He usually stays away from the bank a week or two after one of these exhibitions. His checks are honored just the same, however. "Old Hutch" is an inveterate violater of the rules of the Board prohibiting trading in puts and calls. He has just served out a ninety days' suspension for privilege trading, but he is at it again and will probably get another and harder dose if he does not stop his foolishness. Should young Hutch be elected President he may be called upon to do the Spartan father act reversed. How would it look to have the son in his official capacity giving his paternal ancester the g. b.?

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Geo. D. Rumsey, young Hutch's competitor, will give him a lively race. He is beating the bushes and drumming up every friend in reach.

* * *

The Directors of the Board have struck on a fine scheme for increasing the value of memberships. They have resolved to cancel all certificates upon which dues have not been paid. This will strike from the list nearly one hundred names. The amendment has not yet been carried. It has merely been favorably passed upon by the Directors and posted. Nearly all the memberships affected are hopelessly involved, and the only thing that is to be gained by keeping them on the list is the hope that some time they may be sold and the proceeds be applied to the payment of claims. Indeed, under the rules as they now exist, lapsed memberships are sold under certain conditions and the money distributed among creditors. With 100 old deadwood memberships off the market that would be likely to be pressed for sale any time there is good reason to believe that memberships may advance in value. The experiment is worth trying, anyhow.

* * *

Not less than 1,000,000 bushels of wheat are in store in private warehouses of this city not included in the visible supply. This will not reappear until next spring, when grain begins to move out. A portion of this wheat may be inspected into store, but most of it is supposed to escape the eagle eye of the inspector.

JASON.

'CHANGE CHAT.

The speculative markets of the past week have been of a holiday nature. There were no decided changes in price, but the bull side was most favored. As a rule, higher figures were paid than were seen at the close of yesterday a week ago; yet, withal, there was no enthusiasm shown, no one in particular loaded up for a boom and the trade seemed inclined to go slow. It looks as though a determined effort would be made to boost wheat the coming week. New York and a few Chicago traders appear to be interested in the scheme. There has been a great deal of talk about a January boom. Europe is to come in after the first of the year and buy our wheat and flour heavily. There is to be no end to the amount that the buyers on the other side the big pond will want. To hear all that is said on the subject one would suppose the United States was the only country that raised wheat. The bulls, or rather the parties engineering this coming boom, are advertising this European demand far and wide. They have been buying on the strength of it, too. A large amount of May wheat was bought in this market last week for Chicago and New York, and that they have laid in good lines in their own market is more than probable. It would not be surprising if they worked up enough sentiment to force the advance next week, discounting the January boom as it were, and making a good market to sell on. The receipts of corn have been disappointing. All that big amount of corn bought in the country to come here has failed to materialize. The buyers say it will be in next week, the late storm having delayed shipments, but the faint-hearted shorts are beginning to lose courage, and it would not take much to make them run. So far they have held out well, but the aggressiveness that has marked their attacks on the market is not seen now.

* * *

The Exchanges were closed to-day, and most of the members stayed away from the buildings. A few enthusiastic grain traders had a little "curb" of their own, but hardly anyting was done. The change to colder weather made the boys a little bullish on wheat, and they were bidding 85¾c for May, but little was done. Corn was neglected.

* * *

The St. Louis flour millers had no cause to feel jubilant over their past week's business. They found but a small demand, and that only a consumptive one, coming from the local trade and from the South. Export orders there were none and none are expected until the wheat markets go lower. Some of the mills closed down, others will do so this week and most of them who do not do so will run on half time.

* * *

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and those bears on cotton, who "knew" prices were too high and have been dragging out a miserable existence by holding on to their short cotton, have about determined to get out. Baron Jos. Schwab oracularly says, "The bulls underestimated the crop, but he bears underestimated the price," and the appears to be right. The low estimates of the New Orleans Cotton World and by the Government Bureau, which were laughed at by the bears, and in fact by the trade generally when reported, are now regarded with a good deal of respect. St. Louis, however, has had no cause for complaint, if the crop is short, as her receipts have been large and running ahead of previous seasons. There was a good business during the past week and the sales made show that an excellent demand prevailed.

* * *

The demand for money has been just about enough to hold discount rates steady. Banks cannot complain of dullness, taking the approaching holidays into consideration, yet at any other time of the year it would have been termed so. Most of the offerings for discount came from the regular lines of trade. The rates were about the same, from 7@8 per cent, though with probably more loans at the inside than for some time past. New York exchange ruled at about par.

* * *

The Exchange members will have a chance to "whoop 'er up" next week and the week after, as there is no doubt but that the coming election will be a close and exciting one. When Louis Fusz consented to run for the presidency his friends thought, and he probably did, too, there would be no opposition. The bringing out of Chas. F. Orthwein as a candidate was in the nature of a surprise. Mr. Orthwein is undoubtedly a strong candidate. He is German, without the strong prejudices of his race, a conservative business man of rare intelligence, a good speaker when he cares to talk, and clear in his ideas and in the manner he expresses them. He has the support of the grain trade, especially the speculative element, the brewers, the elevator and the transportation men, and will draw largely from the flour, provision and wholesale circles. The German element on the floor will undoubtedly be with him to a man. His friends feel very confident and say: "The race is all over except the shouting." But his opponent is not to be underrated. Mr. Fusz is a particularly clear-headed man, a brilliant talker, who has good ideas and a forcible way of expressing them. He is personally popular, and it is thought would make a first-class President. Neither one of these gentlemen are handicapped to any extent, and it will take hard, steady work to elect either of them.

* * *

The membership question is looming up into more and more prominence, and while it may not be an issue in the coming election, yet any candidate known to favor a scheme for the enhancement of membership's values will undoubtedly attract to himself a large number of votes; and at any rate, some plan will be evolved early next year to make Exchange certificates worth more than a little over the amount paid for annual dues. Those members who have the interest of the Exchange wholly at heart, who would be proud of their association with such an organization, if it was the solid business concern, the powerful body morally, it was fifteen or twenty years ago, are now earnestly engaged in discussing, with the intention of devising some scheme that will reduce the present membership, thereby enhancing the value of certificates, ridding the Exchange of members who have no interest in it as a body and making it what it should be, what it was formed for, a purely commercial organization. Those who are working for this worthy object recognize that they made a mistake when, by appealing to the cupidity of outsiders, they increased their membership from 1,250 to 3,566 members. They see their mistake now, and they also see but one thing to do, and that is rectify it at once. The Exchange has a large surplus—some $500,000—but they have no use for it, except to draw their annual 4 per cent interest. The amount is too small to build with, and there is nothing else they can apply it to. The plan proposed in the POST-DISPATCH a few Sundays ago, with some changes, appears to be the favorite one. This is to allow any member who wishes to sell his certificate his pro rata of the surplus fund now held by the Exchange, after deducting the annual dues, the Exchange to pay the amount out of this surplus and then retire the membership. At the present membership the proportion to each membership would be in the neighborhood of $150, from this deducting the annual dues of $20, leaving the amount to be paid about $130.

* * *

There is but one thing that mars the enjoyment of Christmas for the Exchange members. That is the threatened festivities of the Merchants' Merry Krewe on the last day of the year—next Saturday. This organization that winds up the old year on 'Change with their fun(?) and alleged burlesque of trade, are promising a repetition of their performance this year. If the members of the Krewe were known an appeal to their generosity might be made, or if that failed the ringleaders might be bought off or incarcerated for twenty-four hours until all danger was past, but as it is their mystery protects them and the show will probably come off. How would it do to adjourn over Saturday and shut them off?

* * *

The telegraph service of the Exchange is a big thing, but like all big things it moves slowly. Either the electricity used is watered, like the telegraph company's stock, and thus not of first-class quality, or else the senders of the telegrams at other points are careless and do not get off their messages on time. No fault is found with the service at this end of the line, as the St. Louis office of the Western Union Company handles all the business intrusted to it with first-class despatch. Instances were pointed out last week where private telegrams from Chicago and New York noted changes in their markets when these changes were not posted on the Exchange blackboard until some time afterwards. The dilatory manner in which the foreign cables come in are a matter of common complaint, as very frequently they do not arrive until very near the hour for closing at 1 p.m. These cables are always received in Chicago before they are here, giving that market just that much of an advantage over ours. As the Merchants' Exchange pays a good round sum for its telegraph service it should see that it is as good as that furnished other Exchanges.

* * *

When Caller Carr the other day sung out "Ma-arch Corn," with a rising inflection upon the last syllable of March, all the traders, recognizing an old-time joke, laughed loudly. That was the way George Gammaze pronounced his favorite deal, which he said he could have "cornered" easily had he but $500. George never carried out his threat, and he was the only one dealing in that option who went bumpity-bump against the ceiling. When he got through with the deal or rather after the deal got through with him, he was a mental and financial wreck. His liabilities were not heavy, some $300, but as he remarked, "How can I pay $300 in losses on a capital of $195?" George took a great deal of pride in his well-known singularity of position in that deal—he was about the only trader who was long on March corn—and when he turned up his financial toes he looked for a widely-advertised prominence in the papers. Meeting a reporter he eagerly asked, "Did my financial collapse create a ripple of excitement?" and when he was told, "Nary a ripple," he was heart-broken. There are many $195 capitals on the floor that carry as much, even a great deal more, than the Gammaze deal.

SCALPER.

HOTEL BEERS, Grand avenue and Olive street. Finest family hotel known. Those contemplating change for the winter have exceptional opportunity for first-class accommodation for suites of two and three rooms. Should be secured at once.

MADE HIM HOT.

A Chicago Citizen Sues a "Bad Debt" Collection Agency for Libel.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHICAGO, Ill., December 24.—A suit that will be regarded with interest in every large city in the country was begun to-day. It is a libel suit for $10,000 brought by John E. Pettibone against the Cart Collecting Company of 234 Lasalle street, Charles E. Bergman and Annie E. Leekley. Mr. Pettibone is an employe of the city, being engaged in the Water Department. He is an old citizen, a high Mason and before the great fire was quite wealthy. At present he is in moderate circumstances. His Attorney said: "The Cart Collecting Company is one of those concerns which assume to collect a debt, whether it is disputed or not, by means of large envelopes with "Bad debts" printed thereon and drives a flaming yellow cart around, to stop in front of the residence of the persecuted man. In this instance it was claimed that Pettibone owed Charles E. Bergman and Annie E. Leekley, who are also made defendants, $33.04. Pettibone disputed the bill. The collection agency made it a point to send two large envelopes with the flaming bad debt characters, at one time—one being directed to his residence and the other to the water department. We think we have been libeled and our reputation injured."

Christmas Time,

With its abundance of good things, induces many to overload the stomach, thereby causing headaches and other stomach derangements, which one or two doses of MAGUIRE'S CUNDURANGO will speedily correct and restore the stomach to its normal condition.

MINING NEWS.

ST. LOUIS PROPERTIES AT LEADVILLE AND SILVER CITY.

Condition of the Ulster-Newton—Unfavorable Report on the Dinero—The Adams to Resume Dividends—Purchase of the Deep Down in the Pinos Altos District—Report of the Peacock Strike Not Confirmed—Meredith & Allman's Failure—Local Gossip.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

LEADVILLE, Colo., December 24.—The stock of the Pyrmont Mining Company was placed in St. Louis last spring. The property of this company consists of two claims located in the Saint Kevin district, a few miles from Leadville. These claims are between the Griffin and Huckleberry mines, and one located upon the same vein, which is one of the largest and strongest in Colorado. The Pyrmont Company is at present driving a tunnel in the vein. At a distance of 140 feet from its mouth, it has just struck the foot-wall and the breast shows a broken mass of ore, from which assays as high as thirty ounces in silver have been obtained. The tunnel is a large one, and is being driven by contract at a cost of $9 per foot.

Preparations are being made to put a pumping plant in the Ulster-Newton shaft, which was recently drowned by a large flow of water. The Ulster-Newton is held by St. Louis parties under lease and bond, and prospecting work has been directed towards developing the property sufficiently to warrant its purchase. At a depth of 520 feet from the surface the shaft cut through a body of sulphide ore fifteen feet thick. The ore body was found by drifting to be thirty-five feet wide, and it is supposed that it is a continuation of the great Louisville ore chute. The ore, as found in the Ulster-Newton, was in the lime, a short distance below the contact, and where already opened has been of low grade, although much of it is rich enough to leave a small margin of profit over the cost of mining and smelting. The last work done in the mine before stopped by the water was the sinking of the shaft deeper in search of other ore bodies. The Ulster-Newton is considered to be one of the most promising prospecting schemes undertaken in Leadville by St. Louis capital. The management, however, does not consider the ore body already discovered to be of sufficient magnitude and value to justify the taking up of the bond.

The New Adams concentrating mill is reported to be doing most excellent work. The ore is not a difficult one to treat. The mill is dressing from seventy to eighty tons per day, and as it is conveyed to the mill from the mine by an automatic tramway, the cost besides that of mining and milling is not much. There are large amounts of low grade ore already mined and stored in the Adams, which have simply to be hoisted and sent to the mill. Improvements in the surface plant of the Adams are constantly being made. Ore is now being hoisted from two levels. That from the upper is mainly low-grade ore for the mill, and from the lower ore of sufficiently high grade to be sent directly to the smelters. Shipments of the latter class are now being made at the rate of 500 tons per month. If continued running proves the Adams mill to be a success the company will doubtless begin to pay dividends again before long.

The management of the Dinero have decided to provide the mill with steam power, and it will be equipped with engine and boiler inside of three weeks. This is a wise decision, as it will enable the mill to be run regularly throughout the winter. The mine is looking better than it has for some months and stoping is in progress in several good pay streaks, the widest being one foot in thickness. The mine is now producing about 125 tons of smelting ore per month. Its grade is good, averaging seventy-five ounces in silver. The mill is running on half time and will continue to do so until the engine is ready. The low-grade ore for the mill is now being taken from the mine, the dumps being held in reserve, which is a wise precaution, considering the irregular and uncertain character of the ore bodies in the Dinero vein. About twenty-five men are now employed in the mine. The Dinero is not very favorably regarded by mining men in Leadville, the general opinion being that the present workings of the mine are about exhausted and that extensive and expensive development work is necessary to make the mine of any value. It would be well for the Directors of the company to decide to sink the shaft immediately, as the present is the best time of year in which to do it.

FROM SILVER CITY.

Sale of the Deep Down—The Peacock Shut Down—The Copper Mines.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

SILVER CITY, N. M., December 24.—The mining event of the week was the purchase of the Deep Down mine, Pinos Altos district, by Gen. Boyle and others of St. Louis. The consideration was $45,000, part of which was paid in stock, as the original owners preferred to retain an interest in the property. All the stock is pooled. The Deep Down is one of the old gold-producing mines from which many thousands of dollars have been extracted by the arastra process, but until recently it lay idle owing to the refractory character of the ore. The mine is opened up sufficiently to supply ten stamp mills with ore which averages over $50 per ton outside of the very rich rock, which is not milled. Knut Posse, representing Griffith & Wedge of Zanesville, O., is here in consultation with Gen. Boyle. A ten-stamp gold mill, with concentrating machinery, will be ordered at once, and will probably be in operation before April next, after which the Deep Down may be considered a dividend payer.

Another sale of the same importance was also consummated here this week, whereby a lead carbonate mine in Cook's Peak district passes under control of the Mexican Ore Company of El Paso. The consideration is $22,000. The mine will be worked under the lease system.

The rumor that a big strike was recently made in Peacock lacks confirmation as yet. The mill and mine are both shut down owing to the fact that Mineral Creek is frozen solid, thus cutting off the water-power which drives the diamond drills and pumps. Two five-stamp mills are now running on Mountain Key ore and are steadily grinding out their golden grist that will make up to St. Louisans what they have lost in other properties in this section. The mills are supplied by ore taken out in development and exploiting without drawing from the stopes. The Key's new mill will be on the ground in a few days.

The Bremen mill now under lease is running on regular time, treating forty-five tons of ore daily. The ore mostly comes from Legal Tender Hill, only a quarter of a mile from the center of this city.

Copper interests here are booming. It is said that operations will be resumed at the great Santa Rita mines, controlled by J. B. Whitney of Boston. The plant is one of the most extensive in this country, but it has been idle for over four years owing to the low price of copper.

Joe E. Sheridan, not unknown in St. Louis, is in from the Mogollons, where he is working the Tam O'Shanter mine, which is showing a fine breast of rich ore. Joe gives all of his attention to his mines, one of which is already a good payer. The mill returns give him an average of $88 per ton. The milling and transportation cost $12 and the mining $2.50.

LOCAL GOSSIP.

Another Ouray Property Bought—A Twelve-Months Bet Decided.

Jas. Campbell is now in Montana. He will visit the Adams and the Lady Murphy before returning to St. Louis.

* * *

Michael Lane, the Superintendent of the Golden Era, is in the city. He will spend the holidays with his family and then go East for a short visit before returning to Montana.

* * *

The Swansea Gold and Silver Mining Company of Ouray, Colo., has declared its third dividend, 2½ cents a share, or $1,500, payable January 3. W. B. Wilhelm is the Secretary of the company.

* * *

All but $1,500 of the $50,000 capital stock of the Anderson Mining Company has been subscribed. As soon as the balance has been taken the company will be incorporated under the laws of Missouri.

* * *

The reports from the Granite Mountain and Hope mines were delayed last week by the storms in the West. They will probably be received to-morrow.

* * *

The differences among the Grey Eagle stockholders having been settled, the Secretary will, in a few days, issue bonds to the amount of $75,000 to pay off the indebtedness and start the company again.

* * *

A Leadville paper announces that the Lee Basin Mining Company is about to make an assessment on its stockholders. Some of the Lee Basin stock is held in this city.

* * *

On the 24th day of December, 1886, during a discussion about the Granite Mountain Mining Company and the high figure at which its stock was selling Moses Fraley, who was credited with a desire to "bear" the stock bet Jas. P. Newell $500 that on December 24, 1887, the stock would sell below $58.75. The stock has sold below that figure in the interim. Yesterday Newell obtained written bids for the stock from various brokers. None of them were below $57, so he wins his bet.

* * *

The Blackbird mine of Ouray, Colo., was sold in New York Friday, the price paid being $125,000. This mine was on the St. Louis market some time, and $100,000 had been offered for it, but just before the transaction was closed at this price, a New York syndicate stepped in with an offer of $25,000 in excess of the price demanded and the property was, therefore, sold.

* * *

A letter was received by Secretary Bohn of the United States Depository mine yesterday stating that the Superintendent has put two more men on the stopes in tunnel No. 3 and the output will be much greater from this time on, as the timbering is well advanced. The snow is only one foot deep at the mine and they expect to keep the trail open all winter. The 800-foot tunnel is progressing rapidly, having been driven into bed-rock, where the power drills can be utilized.

* * *

One of the largest mining transactions that have been closed for several months was consummated a day or two ago. The Pony Express mine of Ouray, Colo., which has been quietly examined by a syndicate of St. Louis capitalists, was purchased on Thursday, and a company will be organized in a short time. The price paid was an even $100,000, at which price the property is considered very cheap, as it is one of the richest mines in the Ouray District, which has long been famous throughout Colorado for the high grade of its ores. The mine has already been worked and 500 feet of development work has been done. As soon as the organization of the company is completed a large force will be put to work and the mine developed with all possible rapidity.

* * *

The firm of Meredith & Allman, bankers at Silver City, N. M., which failed recently, has in its list of depositors the Bremen Mining Company, having on deposit $367.43; the Banner Mining Company, $9.63; Silver Dell Mining Company, $6.40; San Vincente Company, $4.50; Treasure Hill Company, $2.31; Balbach Company, $2.67; Mountain Key Company, $739.84; John B. Farish, $98.30, and Thos. J. Harlan, $1,800. Among the assets is an overdraft of the Sheridan Mining Company for 27 cents; an overdraft of John A. Miller, $206.56; an overdraft of the Peacock Mining Company, $926.38, and notes rediscounted for John A. Miller, $13,413.92. Among the stocks owned by the firm are 500 shares of Pauline, 5,000 shares of Banner, 5,000 shares of Peerless and two shares of Bremen.

* * *

A Kingston paper gives the following glowing description of Jim Whitlach, the man who placed the Grey Eagle here and who is well known to a great many St. Louisans: He has wandered in canyons and waded through mountain snows. Picked and prospected in placers and gulches, located and lived among leads and contacts. He has tramped into camp with two bits and rode out with an escort and a bank account that a Wall street man might envy. He was a millionaire at 26. Is connected with the best society in Brooklyn and New York. Is correct in his habits, and probably has more fast friends than any man on the planet. When he came to Kingston about a year ago his bank account seemed to be short. "Jim Thompson's" restaurant furnished him board, and when he struck it "Jim Thompson" run the boarding house on the Grey Eagle mine. He examined mine after mine, and picked into the mountain sides around Kingston. He seemed to have no money, and his friends had not yet arrived. He finally found a mine and some friends. He picked on a mine that seemed to be covered with a network of locations, and litigation, but the ore was there. He discovered that, and in doing so, he found both friends and enemies, and his way to St. Louis, where he seems to have found, unaided and alone, enough people to organize the Allen Mining and Milling Company, with a capital stock of $500,000. Deposited $50,000 in the bank to pay for the mine, and had plenty of stock lying loose, some of which has since floated around the streets of St. Louis hunting for owners at 10 cents a share.

The SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH *will publish on Sunday, January 1, its list of ladies receiving on New Year's Day. Ladies who intend to receive will confer a favor by sending notice to that effect to this office, addressed to the Society Editor of the* POST-DISPATCH.

A TURKEY FAMINE.

Scarcity of the National Bird in the Chicago Market.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHICAGO, Ill., December 24.—It is likely that a good many Chicago families will have to struggle along without their Christmas turkeys this year. There is a great scarcity of the National bird in the local market, and what there is has reached a price formidable to all persons of ordinary means. The trouble is caused by the blizzard, which shut off a great part of the supply from the country. For the first time in its history at this time of the year South Water street was about stripped of poultry, and dealers were unable to fill their orders. The price jumped from 8 to 12 cents a pound yesterday, and went even higher to-day. Mr. Yerkes of the West Side street car line, ordered 601 turkeys for his employes, but the dealers could not procure them yesterday, and it was only by hard skirmishing that they were able to get the requisite number together to-day.

A Holiday Entertainment.

A very interesting programme has been prepared for the holiday entertainment at the House of Refuge next Thursday evening. The performance will open with a chorus by the children of the institution, after which the West End Jubilee Singers will appear in their specialties. Recitations will be given by Masters Frank Hazzard, Geo. Hilton, Jos. Childress and Thos. Madison. Miss Lulu Kunkel, the child violinist, Arthur Buchroeder, O. E. Eibrecht, Miss Bertha Voepel and Miss Lydia Schlapprizzi will furnish the musical numbers of the programme. A Christmas carol will be sung by the children, after which Santa Claus will be received. Prof. J. J. Mansfield will be musical director for the occasion.

HOTEL BEERS, Grand avenue and Olive street. Beautiful suites of two and three rooms for the winter. Apply at once. Location the finest. Appointments unequaled.

OAKES
TRADE MARK

OAKES'
Pure Candie
OF WORLD-WIDE FAME.
None GENUINE without this trade mark. Fresh every day and sold by all first-class dealers outside of St. Louis. Retailed at
40 Cents a Pound.
3 Pounds for $
They are the only pure Candies made and are indorsed by the million candy eaters as the BEST IN THE LAND.
SEND IN YOUR ORDERS EARLY AND GIVE SANTA CLAUS A CHANC
Manufactory and Salesroom, at Wholesale and Retail, 307 N. BROADWAY.

LIFE AT THE CLUBS.

THE LIEDERKRANZ CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL FOR THE CHILDREN TO-NIGHT.

A Dramatic Performance, Introducing Children's Ballet in Court Costume—The Harmonie New Year's Ball—The Mercantile's Rule as to Dancing Parties—Christmas Gatherings at the West End Houses.

The Liederkranz Society will give a Christmas entertainment for children this evening at the club-house on Chouteau avenue. Special pains have been taken to insure the enjoyment of the little folks and it will be a very pretty gathering of the younger daughters and sons of the members. The stage attraction of the occasion will be a drama entitled: "A Christmas Dream," presented in three acts, with a ballet furnished by children in court costume in the second act. The first act is entitled the "Prayer," the second the "Dream," and the third the "Will." An appropriate story of a child's dream is dramatically told, and the scene of the second act is laid at the Spanish court.

During this scene the ballet will be introduced, and it will include several solo numbers. The children have been carefully trained for this spectacle, and they will appear in dainty costumes. The cast will be filled by young ladies and gentlemen, daughters and sons of members with dramatic talent, and the piece will be handsomely mounted. At the close of this portion of the entertainment the floor will be cleared for a children's Christmas ball to the music of the splendid Liederkranz orchestra. After 11 o'clock the children will give up the floor to the general company.

THE MERCANTILE.

The Mercantile Club Directors have settled the question of the use of the house for private parties. The following resolution was adopted at the last meeting:

WHEREAS, The giving of dancing parties at the club by individual members of the club tends to infringe upon the rights of all the other members and to deprive them of the full use and enjoyment of the club-house, it is

Resolved, That in future all applications by members for the use of the club-house for entertainments of which dancing is a part shall be in writing signed by the applicant and shall be made to the Board of Directors at least ten days before the date and shall only be held under such terms and conditions as the Board shall prescribe and direct.

A dinner was given last evening at the club by Dartmouth men in honor of the President of the College, Samuel C. Bartlett, LL.D. The arrangements were in the hands of H. M. Pollard, Clinton Rowell, Leonard Wilcox and Robert M. Funkhouser.

The wholesale grocers will gather at the Mercantile on New Year's Eve and partake of a banquet for which special preparations are being made. Covers are to be laid for sixty gentlemen.

THE GERMANIA.

The Germania Club next Wednesday evening will give a children's fancy costume festival and hop in celebration of the Christmas season. The entertainment will commence at 8 o'clock and at 11 o'clock the floor will be given up to the general company for a hop. The annual ball of the Germania is fixed for Saturday, January 21.

THE MARQUETTE.

The Marquette Club house will be well filled during the holiday season by the members. To-day and on New Year's Day the House Committee will see that comforts for the inner man are not forgotten. The chess room is an important department of the club that will be much appreciated by members who are regular in their attendance.

THE HARMONIE.

The Harmonie children's party has been postponed until January 21. The New Year's ball takes place next Saturday night and it promises to be a magnificent affair. There will be two orchestras provided for the occasion and a superb collation will be furnished at midnight. The programmes will be hand-painted and the house throughout will be florally adorned. This event will bring out the full strength of the membership. At a recent meeting it was decided to limit the membership to 200 and there are already 190 names on the list.

THE ST. LOUIS.

The members of the St. Louis Club met in an informal way on Friday evening and discussed matters pertaining to the general welfare of the institution. The daily attendance is increasing and during the past week there were several private dinner parties at the club. Next Thursday evening Mayor Francis will entertain the judges of the State in attendance upon the Judicial Conference.

THE ELKS.

The Elks in attendance upon the annual session of the Grand Lodge in New York returned during the week. A New Year's social will be given, and it will be a pleasant reunion of the members with the visiting fraternity attached to the dramatic profession. Early in the new year arrangements will be made for the annual benefit, which is always a social event of the season.

THE UNIVERSITY.

The University men will throng the club-house to-day and throughout the holiday season, keeping up the old custom of exchanging congratulations at the close of the year. The Yale College Glee Club will be entertained during the week.

THE SOUTH SIDE.

Mr. J. E. Blythe called together the South side gentlemen interested in the Lafayette Park Club movement a few nights since and received assurances that 100 names could be secured for establishing the club.

Genelli's Holiday Gift.

Each one of Genelli's holiday cabinet photo and frame customers is to have a life-size pastel, water color, oil painting or crayon.

The Travelers Election.

Next Tuesday the Western Commercial Travelers' Association will elect officers for the ensuing year. At a caucus held last evening at the Lindell Hotel the following ticket, to be called the Western Commercial Travelers' Association ticket, was nominated:

M. C. Wetmore, President, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company; R. E. Ryan, First Vice-President, Excelsior Manufacturing Company; Geo. Miller, Second Vice-President, A. Frankenthal & Bro.; Lamar Ayres, Third Vice-President, Sam'l C. Davis & Co.; Chauncy Ladd, Fourth Vice-President, Hamilton Brown Shoe Company; W. E. Simpson, Fifth Vice-President, Rice, Stix & Co.; Henry C. Tatum, Sixth Vice-President, Elwel & Tatum.

Directors, A. F. Shapleigh, Jr., Shapleigh & Cantwell Hardware Company; J. C. Wilkinson, Hargadine, McKittrick & Co.; E. J. Medley, Ely & Walker Dry Goods Company; W. E. Schwoppe, Schwoppe Grocery Company; Jos. Levy, Joseph Baum & Co.; Murray Carleton, J. H. Wear, Boogher & Co. Secretary and Treasurer—H. A. Block of Tennent, Walker & Co.

Medical Director—Dr. Jos. R. Leslie.

TWO HUNDRED more free crayons. The first 200 caused so much talk we sold $[illegible] worth. Frames $1 and upward. One year's time if desired. AM. ART ENG. CO., 8th & [illegible]

EASTS OF THE SEASON.

OW CHRISTMAS IS CELEBRATED IN DIF FERENT STATES.

e Mexican Minister's Wife Describes the Observance of the Holidays in Mexico—The Dinner She Will Serve in Her Handsome Home—Mrs. Waite Tells of Her Experiences and the Christmas Spread She Will Have for the Chief-Justice—Mrs. Carlisle Grows Eloquent Over Kentucky's Delicacies—The Royal Celebration in California—Vermont's Way of Observing the Festival—An Elaborate Dinner to Be Given By Secretary and Mrs. Whitney—Washington Ladies Talk About the Season and Its Good Things.

y Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, December 24.—I called on half a dozen distinguished ladies yesterday and four of them were at home. Mrs. Carlisle, the tall Kentucky lady who is the wife of the tall Speaker of the House; Mrs. Waite, the wife of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; Mrs. Field, the wife of Justice Stephen J. Field of the spacious "Field family," and Mme. Romero, the wife of the Mexican Minister here, who was a Miss Allen, a Virginia girl, and is now a petite, gracious and vivacious lady, a favorite of both sexes and all ages. Senor Romero is a grave and quiet gentleman, forming the same sort of foil for the lady, who calls him "Matthias," that the President offers to the lady of the White House. A talk with these agreeable people enables me to give some distinct idea of the way Christmas is regarded in our sister republic—with a small "r"—next door, and in different sections of our own beloved, gustatory land.

A MEXICAN CHRISTMAS.

The Mexican Minister and Mme. Romero will eat their Christmas dinner in the large, new and elegant Legation building on I street. This handsome double building has been erected by the Mexican Government under the supervision of Architect Mullet. It is designed for large entertainments and has a splendid ballroom in white and gold, lighted from the top and lined with enormous mirrors, set into panels in the wall, which Minister Romero purchased last summer in Paris. The woodwork of the house is white oak highly polished, and the staircase in the middle is a marvel of richness and elegance, and runs to the top of the house. The great drawing room is furnished in buhl furniture, black inlaid with gold and mosaics of mother of pearl. This was purchased in Vienna. The hangings and window curtains are of silk plush, of a light sage green, embroidered in gold. Heavy Turkish rugs cover the floor. The rooms are arranged en suite and can be thrown together, making a suite of five superb departments.

Regarding Christmas in Mexico Mme. Romero said: "The day is not observed as a feast day as in this country and England, and there is no exchange of presents. That is reserved for New Year's Day. Every Mexican is named after the Saint whose name stands in the calendar upon his birthday. Thus Matthias Romero is named after St. Matthew, because he was born on the 24th of February. It is customary for friends to remember one's fete or birthday and to send cards and presents. The birthday of the President of Mexico is always celebrated as a national fete, when flags fly, bands of music play, and hosts of people call to pay their respects."

"That is a very pretty custom," I remarked.

"Yes," replied Mme. Romero, "and Americans run a chance, for, if there is no St. Grover in the calendar, there is certainly a St. Frances. Christmas in Mexico was formerly treated as a religious festival," she continued; "it began nine days before Christmas with what is called the presado—a meeting of people at the house of a friend, where they say prayers before an image of the Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, etc., and march in procession from room to room with tapers.

A NUMBER OF CEREMONIES

are gone through with, such as the knocking at the front door by people who ask that Christ be admitted. After a parley the door is opened and Christ is supposed to enter the house. As soon as the door is opened the inmates throw to the people in the street sweetmeats of all kinds, fruit, presents, etc. The presado begins in a plain and humble way, but it is supposed to increase in brilliancy with each succeeding night until Christmas Eve. Then it is the custom to give each member of the company a present of considerable value. A man has been known to spend one or two thousand dollars on such an occasion in presents. But this custom, which I think was Spanish in its origin, has almost entirely died out. Last year they were hardly heard of, and the few that did take part were among the middle class of people. French customs are gradually gaining ground in Mexico, and the example of the English and American colonies is not without its influence. The American colony grows very fast, and of course it observes Christmas after the American fashion. A few Mexican families are beginning to do the same thing."

"And the dinner at the Legation?" I asked.

"It will be served at 6:30 p. m.," replied Mme. Romero. "I always have my dinners in the evening. I think the table looks much more brilliant by gas-light, and I like to see candelabras. I shall have it profusely ornamented with all the fruit, flowers and greens I can get. There will be bowls of roses at each corner, and a great many dishes of sweets and confections. I shall serve the Mexican national dishes. One of these is called moles, and is made of turkey, served with a delicious brown sauce; another is known as chili y'elenos, or stuffed peppers. Then I shall have preserved mango and alligator pears, and different kinds of dulce. I have my dinner served in courses, even on Christmas. Any other way would spoil it for me. The rest of our Christmas dinner will be like any American dinner, composed of whatever the market offers."

THE EARLY CONNECTICUT CHRISTMAS.

I met Mrs. Waite in a bookstore, where she subscribed for a magazine and bought some Christmas presents. Her daughter-in-law is not with her at present, and her daughter still lingers in the West. Mrs. Waite is in mourning, and will not be in general society or give any stated receptions this winter. I asked her to favor me with her Christmas experiences.

"Well," she said, "they are mostly Ohioan. When I was a girl Connecticut had no Christmas Day at all. When I was in school there was no vacation for Christmas, and I did not even know, as a rule, when the day came round. When I got older we were taken to see the Episcopal Church all decorated and illuminated on Christmas Eve. But there was no Christmas dinner. The Thanksgiving feast exhausted our resources in that direction. Puritanism had still a firm hold on Connecticut, and the papistical ceremonial was ignored in something of the spirit which Macaulay tells of. The very day I was married I went away and have never known Connecticut much since."

THE FESTIVAL IN THE WEST.

"But it must have been different in Ohio?" I suggested.

"Yes," Mrs. Waite said, "very different. Christmas got to Ohio ahead of us. We fell at once into the local habit of celebrating it, at any rate as far as the abstention from work and the dinner went. Christmas dinner was always a family affair with us—abundant and somewhat helter-skelter; that is, not arranged in courses. Game? Oh, yes, indeed. For many years we had so much game of all kinds that it palled on the taste and I have never wanted any since. At Christmas we always had venison, and about every other day, too, for that matter; we got a whole deer for 75 cents, and the hind-quarters and saddle cost 50 cents. Think of that! and wild birds were so plenty and cheap along in those early days that I have bought a meat platter heaped up full of dressed quail—25 quail for 25 cents. Bear steak was so plentiful that it was difficult to get the children to eat it—dark tender meat with a strong, gamey flavor. There were hardly ever any wild evergreens to be had in Ohio; a little ground pine in some places. Since coming here of course we have kept Christmas like others, and had as good a Christmas dinner as we can order."

HOW CALIFORNIANS CELEBRATE.

"In California Christmas is a royal holiday," said the wife of Justice Stephen J. Field, in response to my question. "The market is prodigal of all good things, and I suppose there are no finer banquets in the world than are set forth at Christmas by Gov. Stanford and other millionaires of the Coast. Game of every sort abounds, and the fruits of all the zones are found within the State. Even the Christmas dinner of comparatively poor people is no small feast in California. Evergreens—oh, yes, even the grass is ever green, and the deciduous trees. The artists of San Francisco last year at Christmas sent us a book of etchings, illustrating the lovely winter scenery of the State. Needle-bearing trees of every sort growing in real forests on the mountain sides. Here, oh here, we have a rather abundant Christmas dinner, and we eat, drink and give thanks, and hope we may be alive to eat another."

FEASTING IN KENTUCKY.

"Well, I can tell you, to begin with," said Mrs. Carlisle, wife of the Speaker of the House, "that the people of Kentucky are very fond of good eating. They load their tables, and never more, so than at Christmas. What we have at one dinner would make enough for three or four in some parts of the country. I should have oysters on the half shell, to begin with. These we get from Cincinnati, and they are just as good as any we have here. Then I should have soup and fish. All the meats and vegetables would be served together. There would be a turkey; everybody has a turkey. We eat very little game in Kentucky, and the chances are I should not have any. With us, the sugar-cured ham is a great delicacy. Do you know, I never find ham taste anywhere as it does in Kentucky. If properly cooked it ought to melt in the mouth. The trouble is most cooks don't cook it enough. It should not be taken out of the kettle until the great central bone drops out. Then you should never touch a ham the day it is cooked. Put it away with the skin on—that keeps all the sweet juices in. Afterwards take the skin off and stick the meat full of cloves. People in Kentucky think everything of mince pies. The richer you make them the better they like them. Plum pudding is a great thing for Christmas Day. Mr. Carlisle cannot eat pie or pudding without its making him sick, and the same is true of ice cream. The home-made ice cream we have in Kentucky is perfectly delicious. The pure cream is always well-whipped first and then frozen. Kentucky is also famous for its delicious cakes. For my receptions here in Washington I usually have the cakes sent from Kentucky, and a great many ladies come to me and say they never ate such delicious cake and they want to take a piece home with them. Our favorites are pound cake, tutti frutti cake, jelly and cream cake, cocoanut cake, etc. We have our dinner at 2 p. m. Coffee is served after dinner. There is no holly in Kentucky and we do not ornament the table much with anything. I have all the dishes garnished with parsley, and I always put a large bowl of fruits on the center of the table. A roast pig is frequently seen upon the Christmas table. Mr. Carlisle's mother always had one."

Mrs. Carlisle and Rose Elizabeth Cleveland are warm friends. It is understood that Miss Cleveland will come here towards spring.

MRS. WHITNEY'S ELABORATE DINNER.

One of the most elaborate Christmas dinners will be given by Mrs. Whitney, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, on H street. The walls of the dining-room are of a pleasing crimson color, ornamented with placques of rare ceramics and handsome pictures. Mrs. Whitney believes in ornamenting her dinner-table, and for this purpose uses embroidered scarfs of various colors laid upon the white damask, flowers of all kinds in their season and Christmas greens, especially the holly. At the four corners of the table she puts cut glass baskets filled with rosebuds, full-blown flowers and foliage. This season she makes a specialty of fine confections, and at the top and bottom of the table places glass, gold and silver dishes filled with candied violets, rose leaves, bonbons, olives, all flanked with tall decanters for wine. The center of the table contains a silver filagree oval basket heaped with grapes and fruit. Mrs. Whitney is very fond of flowers and Christmas greens and decorates her house with them profusely. The dinner is served in regular courses and cooked after the most approved French style. Turkey and duck and quail and venison, with the regulation English plum pudding are the principal dishes.

A VERMONT SPREAD.

I found Mrs. Morrill, wife of the Senator from Vermont, at her cosy brick dwelling on Thomas Circle. She is a tall, pale, refined-looking lady, very gentle in manners and a ready conversationalist. In the front hall upon the wall was a huge pair of antlers, which Mrs. Morrill said were presented to the Senator by the Governor of Arizona. In the Senator's library there was a pair of immense horns, highly polished and mounted, which once belonged to a Texas steer. Here, too, was a large oil painting—"Hannibal Taking the Oath of Revenge."

"Tell me about Christmas dinners in Vermont?" I said.

"We live in a small country place when at home," she replied, "and there the principal event is the reunion at the church, and consists in the interchange of presents. These are all taken to the church and given out to those for whom they are intended. Sometimes there is a genuine surprise in store. Last year there were two pianos among the gifts, and those for whom they were intended hadn't the least suspicion of anything of the kind. It is a good many years since we took our Christmas dinner in Vermont. I should serve my dinner in courses, and begin with raw oysters, followed by soup and fish, and then either a turkey or a goose, and, perhaps, both. A goose seems to be the proper fowl for Christmas, but many do not like it, since it is apt to be tough. In Vermont a chicken pie, baked in a yellow dish, is one of the features of a Christmas dinner. Venison is common, brought in from the Adirondacks or Canada. I always serve one vegetable with each meat and have oyster patties, pumpkin pies, preserves, pickles, etc. In Washington we ornament the table with greens and flowers, having some pretty design for a centerpiece."

W. A. CROFFUT.

Not a Tragedy.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Mrs. James Miller, the old woman who was found lying unconscious in her room in West Sixteenth street yesterday morning, beside the dead body of her husband, died to-day in the New York Hospital. It was at first thought that a murder had been committed, but it is now believed that the husband fell dead from heart disease, and that his wife, who was slightly demented, remained beside his body without notifying any one of his death until she became unconscious from lack of food. Both husband and wife are over 70 years of age.

It Was a Suicide.

As was predicted in yesterday's issue of the POST-DISPATCH, suicide was the verdict rendered in the case of Henry Altevogt, the grocer of Twentieth and Eugenia streets, who left home on the 19th inst. and returned home at 4 o'clock Friday morning, suffering from five knife wounds, from which he died late that night. His wife's testimony bore out the suicide's letter published in yesterday's POST-DISPATCH, and nothing new was developed at the inquiry. He killed himself because he was unable to raise money to complete the new store he was erecting at Eleventh street and Newhouse avenue.

She Lost Her Diamond Ring.

William Kelly, John Hurle and Thomas Clarke were arrested yesterday afternoon on complaint of Emma G. Basnell, a Casino Theater actress, who charges them with the theft of a diamond ring valued at $150. She says she left her dressing-room for a moment, and that the three prisoners were hanging around there at the time. When she returned her ring, which she had left in the room at the time, was gone.

The Chicago Times.

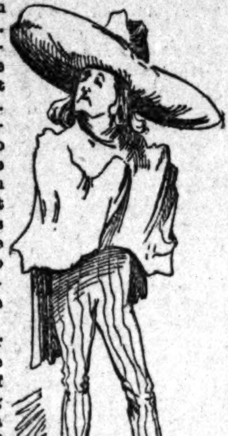
CHICAGO, Ill., December 24.—Judge Tully to-day issued an order authorizing Snowden and West, the purchasers of the Times, to take possession of the property at once. This was not the original intention, but the condition of the office made such a step advisable. West will probably be appointed Receiver of the property.

TASTES IN TILES.

THE VARIEGATED HEAD-GEAR WORN BY ST. LOUIS MEN.

Business Men and Politicians With Peculiar Fancies—The Derby the Most Popular Head-Covering—The Western Slouch—Four Courts Officials and What They Like to Wear—Odd Hats Seen on 'Change—The Funniest Hat in St. Louis.

TASTES in hats differ. There are some men who can never get out of the habit of wearing a certain style of hat. Put another kind of head-gear on them and they feel as if public attention was unanimously directed to them. Some of them revel in the old familiar derby, and it takes them nine months to wear one out. Others' tastes run to the slouch. Some wear the big broad-brimmed artists' hat. Others pick out something which is neither old nor stylish, but just odd enough to attract attention. The man who attempts to follow the style in hats must have a long purse. Just as he is becoming accustomed to one peculiar shape he is greeted with the information that something else has "come in" and he has to run around to his hatter and provide himself with the latest "wrinkle."



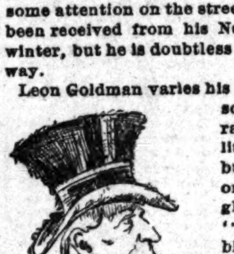
A la Greaser.

The most familiar hat in St. Louis is the derby or round stiff felt hat with curling brim. It comes in a multiplicity of styles. The soft hat, which is distinctly a Western hat, is worn by many, while occasionally a large cowboy affair or Mexican sombrero is seen on a visitor from Texas. The silk hat is generally reserved for evening wear, the derby being looked upon as a better business hat.

WHAT THEY WEAR.

Charlie Bates wears a Scotch cap during the cold spell. In warmer weather he sports a derby.

Francis Conrad came out last fall in a sugar-loaf hat of antique pattern which attracted some attention on the street. No bulletin has been received from his New York hatter this winter, but he is doubtless astonishing Broadway.



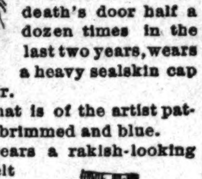
The Uncle Samuel.

Leon Goldman varies his hats with the season. A silk hat which raises his height a little is his favorite, but sometimes puts on a soft hat of English check or a "cigarette" hat of blue.

John Hogan, better known as "Honest John" Hogan, who has been near death's door half a dozen times in the last two years, wears a heavy sealskin cap over his ears this winter.

Leopold Methudy's hat is of the artist pattern. It is soft, broad-brimmed and blue.

Dr. P. S. O'Reilly wears a rakish-looking hat of soft black felt at all seasons of the year.



A Daisy.

Dr. H. J. McKellops wears a derby hat on the streets during the day, but when he goes to the theater he puts on a soft cloth hat, with a little curling brim, which he can roll up easily and put in his overcoat pocket.

Mun Standish buys a derby hat whenever his office associates request him to do so.

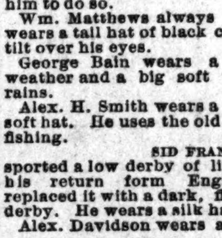
Wm. Matthews always wears a tall hat of black cloth, with a funereal tilt over his eyes.

George Bain wears a silk hat in fair weather and a big soft white hat when it rains.

Alex. H. Smith wears a little, round black soft hat. He uses the old ones when he goes fishing.

SID FRANCIS

sported a low derby of light-brown color on his return form England, but he soon replaced it with a dark, flat-topped American derby. He wears a silk hat in the evening.



The Far West.

Alex. Davidson wears a round-top derby of about the same block, season after season.

J. D. Goldman, the cotton man, usually sports a big, soft hat of black felt. He wears a derby or "plug" on occasions.

Louis Fusz invariably wears a round-top black derby.

Albert Swazey wears a light brown hat of soft felt with a curling brim and a slight crease in the top.

Billy Hickman of the Wiggins Ferry Company wears the funniest hat in town. It is perfectly comical and the brim that surrounds the base is narrow and curling. As Mr. Hickman has a round, rosy face the effect of the hat above it is rather startling.

Jas. Burdeau usually wears a heavy hat of silk which bears every evidence of having been designed for a much larger man.

Jas. P. Newell wears the same style of Derby hat year in and year out. He wins about six hats a year and wears them all.

Page McPherson is a slave to fashion, and his hats follow the prevailing style. Just now he walks under a flat-topped stiff hat.

John Scullin usually wears a derby.

Jas. E. Yeatman wears a tall silk hat at all seasons.

Phil Schuyler is wearing out his old hats. He will get a new supply when he goes North.

John S. Moffitt never varies the customary derby.

JUDGE FINNEY

wears a military hat, a truncated cone surrounded by a stiff, straight brim.

Supt. Faulkner of the Mounted District Station used to wear a peculiar marine cap. He now wears a military hat of brown beaver.

The Claibornes—"Bob and Nat"—wear big blue slouch hats.

Representative Shaw of Ste. Genevieve wears a big, soft white hat with a stiff brim.

Albert Singer wears a silk hat ordinarily. In very bad weather he wears a soft cloth hat.

Chas. W. Francis, the Assistant Health Commissioner, wears a tall stiff hat running almost to a point, with a stiff brim standing out about it.

Gist Blair wears a derby hat ordinarily, but during opera week he sports the most unique opera hat in the city. It is half as large at the top as it is below, and between the top and bottom the sides almost touch.

Thomas W. Whitman, late Water Commissioner, wears a Dunlap now, but for a week he wore a small, trampish-looking tile left in place of his derby while he was washing his hands at the Plankinton House, Milwaukee.

Receiver Lon Stephens of the Fifth National Bank wears a little soft hat of blue, with a crease in the top.

Henry Flad wears a soft blue hat which he leaves about the City Hall with perfect impunity, because no one but City Counselor Bell could wear it without being completely lost in it.

Architect Taylor wears the biggest hat in the city. His size is 8⅛ and he picks out a derby.

Postmaster Hyde wore a soft hat of blue when he was in journalism. Since his appointment to political office he sports a derby.

Freeman Barnum's taste hesitates between a derby and a high silk hat.

Frank Gaiennie wears a flat-topped stiff hat except on special occasions, when he dons a little soft hat.

Judge E. A. Noonan usually wears a tall silk hat.

Coroner Frazer wears a round-crowned derby except on state occasions, when he changes it for a high silk.

Recorder Hobbs changes his hat with the season. He is perfectly at home in a big soft felt, a derby or a fur cap.

Deputy-Coroner Tom Hennessy wears a derby.

E. O. Stanard wears a silk hat that makes him look about seven feet tall.

MAYOR FRANCIS

maintains the dignity of his office in a high silk.

City Comptroller and Assistant City-Attorney Bob Campbell wears a round-top derby, except on state occasions, when he puts on a silk hat.

Judge Cady wears a silk hat on all occasions.

John I. Martin wears a big slouch hat, except on political occasions, when he wears a high hat.

Ex-Lieut-Gov. Dorsheimer wears the oldest hats in town. They are usually high and made of black cloth.

Col. W. P. Howard wears a soft black felt of irregular shape, with the general appearance of having been walked on by some one.

Col. Jas. Campbell never gets beyond an innocent-looking derby.

Maj. W. S. Pope wears a high silk, always at the same angle.

J. S. Hopkins buys derbys at regular intervals.

A. J. Weil generally wears a silk hat.

J. C. Moore of the Merchants' National wears a black derby hat with an apologetic appearance.

John H. Blessing wears a high silk hat which he bought with the money he made on West Granite.

Col. Jas. Edwards wears a silk hat when at home. In Idaho he wears a slouch.

EAST ST. LOUIS.

The Sheriff Takes the River Rendering Works—News Across the River.

Sheriff John Ragland took possession of the River Rendering Works yesterday afternoon on an execution issued on a judgment obtained by P. P. Manion of St. Louis at the August term of the City Court for $1,500 against the River Rendering Company. The Rendering works are located on the Brooklyn road, near the stock yards. After the Sheriff had made the levy he agreed to allow the company to continue the operation of the works under a guard, whom he placed over the establishment. The property levied on upon the execution obtained by Mr. Manion is mortgaged to John R. Richards, trustee for Louisa S. McFall, in the sum of $22,336, and on Monday Mr. Alex Flannigen, who has been retained by Mr. Richards, will institute replevin proceedings. The writ of replevin, when obtained, will be given to Coroner Woods to serve, as, according to the Illinois law, the Coroner is the only officer who can serve replevin writs on property which the Sheriff has levied upon.

For the past two days Assignee Stephens has been engaged in ascertaining the liabilities of Henry C. Jackeisch, the Missouri avenue grocery-keeper, who failed Thursday evening. Up to late yesterday afternoon he had not filed his statement in the County Court, but from Attorney Robert Holder, who has been retained by the assignee, it was learned that the liabilities would be in the neighborhood of $21,000 and the assets will probably amount to $16,000. A large number of Jackeisch's St. Louis creditors had sent instructions to East St. Louis attorneys to institute attachment proceedings when they learned that the Sheriff had closed the store on an execution, but the assignment being made before the attachments could be taken out, the East St. Louis Bank, which obtained the execution on the store, is the only creditor which has a lien on the assignor's property and goods.

Olive Branch Lodge, No. 335, Knights and Ladies of Honor, gave an entertainment and hop at Baughan's Hall last evening which was well attended and a most pleasurable affair.

Thirty men were laid off at the Elliot Frog-shops yesterday on account of a scarcity of orders.

Real Estate Agent Thos. L. Fekete sold to Cyrus McFadden yesterday the northwest half of lot No. 8, block 22, in the Fourth ward, for $150.

Rev. S. P. Chapin will preach a Christmas sermon in the new M. E. Church, on the corner of Seventh and Summit avenue, this evening.

Solemn high mass will be celebrated this morning at St. Patrick's Church, at 10:30 o'clock, and in St. Henry's Church at 10 o'clock. At both churches there will be vespers in the afternoon.

BELLEVILLE.

The Miners' Union—No Trouble This Winter—Other News.

Mr. Dan McLaughlin, President of the Illinois Miners' Association, and Mr. P. H. Donnelly, Secretary of the same organization, have been in the city for the past couple of days, to perfect a union among the St. Clair County miners. Mr. McLaughlin states that the miners throughout the State were never better organized than at present, and never better prepared to resist any cutting down in wages. The men, however, are receiving uniformly good wages, and no trouble this winter is apprehended, as the operators, even if they were inclined to break faith and cut down wages could not afford to do so, as they fully recognize the strengthened condition of the miners.

The inmates of the County Farm and County Jail will be treated to a turkey dinner to-day.

Mr. William Elser of Belleville and Annie Thurman of Salem took out a marriage license yesterday.

Adam Hefti, a miner in Kloes' pit, had his left foot badly mashed by falling coal yesterday.

A 6-year-old daughter of Mr. Huschel, who lives on the Centerville road, died of diphtheria yesterday.

Emily, the 10-months-old child of Mr. Fred Hartleb, fell from a high chair yesterday and dislocated her nose.

The Harugari Society will give a singing festival at the City Park Monday evening.

The West Belleville Maennerchor gives a concert at their hall this evening.

The Bright Star Social Club gives a ball at the City Park to-night.

The Belleville Bowling Club has elected the following officers: W. N. Horner, President; Herbert Reynolds, Vice-President; H. J. Fink, Secretary, and J. P. Chew, Treasurer.

Minerva Lodge No. 238, K. and L. of H., has elected the following officers: Mary Moses, Past Protector; Minna Kanzler, Protector; John Jung, Vice-Protector; Fred Jungbluth, Secretary; Henry Heinemann, Financial Secretary; Henry Oexner, Treasurer; Margaret Schneider, Chaplain, Mary Wamser, Guide; Louise Eisenberg, Guardian; Philip Jung, Sentinel, and John Weber, Karl Dietz, and Henry Jungbluth, Trustees.

Fatally Defective.

Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Dierkes, yesterday morning during his absence left a young attorney in charge of his office. An information was issued by the attorney in the affidavit of Officer William A. Gaulden, living at No. 1805 Biddle street, charging August Adams of No. 2511 Rauschenbach avenue with obtaining money under false pretenses. The information merely charged Adams with obtaining money under false pretenses from Gaulden without stating the amount of money or the pretense. When Mr. Dierkes saw the information he immediately destroyed it, as it was fatally defective and would never have held in any court. A postal card was sent to Mr. Gaulden requesting him to come down and swear to a fresh information.

Ransom Installs.

The new officers who were elected two weeks ago were installed last night at Ransom Post. Post Commander Childs, in a graceful speech, surrendered the chair to Col. J. G. Butler, the new Commander. Col. Butler responded and thanked the Post for the honor bestowed by his election. A vote of thanks was passed to the outgoing officers, and the affairs of the Post were transfered to new hands.

After an Insurance Fraud.

Last evening Chief Huebler received a telegram from Kansas City stating that officers would reach here this morning from that city for Henry Reck, the alleged insurance fraud under arrest here. A warrant had been issued yesterday morning against Reck, but it will be destroyed and he will be handed over to the Kansas City authorities. The warrant issued against him here had not been served on him.

Barr's

CLOSED ON MONDAY

—AT—

Barr's

But Will Open Bright and Early on

TUESDAY, 27TH,

With Great Reductions on All FANCY GOODS Suitable for

New Year Gifts.

WM. BARR DRY GOODS CO.

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GREEN ON GAS.

STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS WILL FOLLOW A PROPER INVESTIGATION.

The Ex-Director of the St. Louis Gas-Light Company Says Its Books Should Be Examined—He Promises Sensational Revelations—President Thompson Answers Mr. Green—Is the Philadelphia Syndicate in Control—Mayor Francis Does Not Feel Called Upon to Act.

A lively sensation was created last evening by the publication in the POST-DISPATCH of an interview with Charles Green on the gas question. Mr. Green's remarks were in reply to the remarks of Wm. H. Thompson, President of the Gas Trust, published in the POST-DISPATCH of Friday. In his interview Mr. Green stated that the interview with Mr. Thompson was a tissue of misstatements. Seven of the nine Directors of the St. Louis Gas-Light Company, he said, were not qualified to serve, as they were not the bona fide owners of ten shares of stock each. It was the duty of the city he said to call the attention of the Attorney-General to the fact that these Directors were not qualified, that he might take action toward removing them. If the city failed to do this, Mr. Green said he proposed taking action himself. Mr. Thompson, he said, had no legal right at the last election to vote the shares owned by the Trust and therefore the election was void. Mr. Thompson, he said, was a puppet, worked by Mr. Gibbs of Philadelphia.

MR. GREEN AGAIN HEARD FROM.

In addition to the remarks attributed to him in the POST-DISPATCH of last evening, Mr. Green said to the reporter with whom he talked: "The last election of the St. Louis Gas-Light Company was controlled by the Philadelphia syndicate. The day before the election the St. Louis people had a conference and they could not come to any agreement. They did not know at 9 o'clock on the morning of the election day who was to be put in. When they heard from Philadelphia the ticket was made up. The Philadelphia syndicate went into control at the last election."

"The Trust was formed while you were in the Board, was it not?"

"Yes, and I fought it from the start. The idea of a solvent company which was paying dividends two or three times a year, taking in $2,500,000 of water! I opposed it, and they tried to get me out by buying my stock at fictitious prices. Mr. Thompson says I am a Director in the Carondelet Company and that my gas interest is well represented. My interest is misrepresented."

"You have not been before the Investigating Committee?"

"No. They seem to select the time when I am out of town to summon me before them. I could have told them where they could obtain a copy of the Trust agreement. If they had summoned Mr. Newman before them he could have told them where to get a copy of the agreement. If the city wants to investigate this gas business, let it go over the books of the St. Louis GasL-ight Company for nine years past. The city is a stockholder and has a right to examine the books. Let the Mayor and the City Counselor put experts on the books and examine the records for nine years past. They will find something sensational. Let them look particularly into the matter of legislation."

WM. H. THOMPSON,

President of the St. Louis Gas Trust, was seen last evening by a POST-DISPATCH reporter, and asked what he had to say concerning Mr. Green's remarks. Mr. Thompson expressed a great disinclination to be interviewed.

"I have no desire," he said, "to get into a controversy with Mr. Green or any one else."

"What have you to say to the charges made by Mr. Green, that the Philadelphia syndicate controlled the recent election?"

"The Philadelphians who are interested in the Gas Trust did not know who the officers of the St. Louis Gas-Light Company were to be until the day after the election."

"Do you represent the Philadelphia interest, as Mr. Green says?"

"I do not represent New York, or Philadelphia, or St. Louis or any interest except the owners of the property."

"Has Mr. Green's claim that you are not legally qualified for the Directory any foundation?"

"I have nothing to say on that point."

"What is there in Mr. Green's statement that you had no right to vote the Trust stock?"

"I have nothing to say."

Mr. Thompson said he did not care to be further quoted about the matter.

THE MAYOR WILL NOT ACT.

Asked what action he would take in the premises Mayor Francis said: "The point is not a new one at all, but I don't know that there is any action for us to take. As far as the statement that an investigation of the officers of the St. Louis Company will prove interesting to the city is concerned I have only this to say. If Mr. Green or any other gentlemen will show where the interest of the city is, the city will avail itself of all its rights as a stockholder. Excepting this and the fact that the city has a contract with the company, the St. Louis Gas-Light Company is nothing more to the city, as a municipality, than any other corporation. If Mr. Green will take action to settle the question of the right of the Directors to sit in that Directory, well and good. I don't think that any duty of moving the Attorney-General is imposed upon the city."

SADLY NEGLECTED.

The Way the Signal Office Is Treated—Data Compared.

The local Signal Office is now in a pretty bad way. Though it has as much work to perform as any other office in the service it has only three men, including the Sergeant in charge, when it ought to have not fewer than five at the least. Indeed it may be said that the St. Louis station does more work than the New York or the Chicago station. This scantiness of assistants has made it almost impossible for the station to keep up its working averages and Sergt. Chappel, unless soon given an increase of force, will ask that the morning and afternoon bulletins be dispensed with. All the while the signal observers are hastening from all over the country to Chicago to fill out the force which has been depleted by recent discharges and removals. The increase of force is sadly needed here, as nearly every day there are serious bulls in the bulletins, caused by the hasty way the overworked observer must make them out. If it keeps on this way and the St. Louis observer must be in a continued fight with the chief office to prevent his office being entirely demoralized, it may happen that competent men will refuse to take charge of this station.

CITY AND COUNTRY WEATHER.

A comparison of the records at the three points at which the local Signal Station is now taking observations is interesting. On Wednesday morning when the city temperature was 5-10 of a degree above zero, as recorded on the roof of the Custom-house, the temperature in the country, as taken by the observer at Forest Park, wrs 1.5 degs. below, showing a difference between country and city of 2 degs. At the same time, the reading in the old shelter on the steam-kissed dome of the Custom-house was five degrees above zero. This shows that one would not be far wrong to add about half a dozen degrees to the readings of the Signal Service on the cold days in previous winters, as it is in the cold weather that the old exposure has the worst effect on mercury. The city is now getting the real good out of the new exposure, which has been in use since Sergt. Chappel took charge of the station.

THE "SOO" LINE.

How It Saved Minneapolis, and Kept the Flour Trade in That City.

Charles Dalton, a large grain dealer of Winona, Minn., remarked to a POST-DISPATCH reporter last night: "Few people seem to appreciate the immense importance of the new 'Soo' line of railroad to the millers of the Northwest. After the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and the enactment of the interstate commerce law, the Minneapolis millers grew very anxious lest their trade might be ruined by the erection of mills on the Red River, contiguous to the Canadian Pacific, where no law kept up transportation rates. Such a movement was put on foot, and had the Minnesota millers been less alert would have been carried into effect. The water route, by way of Duluth furnished cheap transportation, but was uncertain for five months in the year, and was absolutely closed for four. The railroad route was roundabout, and, since the passage of the interstate commerce bill, might become very expensive at any time. Recognizing the danger of the transfer of the milling industry to Canadian territory, the Minneapolis capitalists subscribed liberally to the new road, which gave them a shorter line to the Atlantic and also enabled them if necessary to tap the Canadian Pacific, near Sault Ste. Marie. When the building of the line was assured the British capitalists who had laid their plans for making a second Minneapolis at Winnipeg gave up the scheme and abandoned what work had already been done. Thus the new line has effectually prevented the transfer of the milling industry to Canadian soil and secured to the United States the continuance of Minneapolis as the greatest flour producing city in the world."

The SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH will publish on Sunday, January 1, its list of ladies receiving on New Year's Day. Ladies who intend to receive will confer a favor by sending notice to that effect to this office, addressed to the Society Editor of the POST-DISPATCH.

THE CHRISTMAS RUSH.

Post-Office Officials Who Say It Was Bigger Than Ever Before.

The Post-office employes, as they went their weary ways home last night, found no beauty in the poeic itine, "'Twas the night before Christmas." They knew it too well. The day was one of the hardest for the employes the local office has ever seen. Superintendent of Carriers Kiernan says the carriers have had to handle about twice as much matter as ever before in one day. Most of this increase, he says, has been due to the extensive appreciation of the advantages afforded by the parcels registration privileges. Parcels not over four pounds have been registerable for several years, but the plan was never so extensively taken hold of as it has been this year. The carriers in all the deliveries were compelled to take out packages and they looked like an array of blue-coated Santa Clauses as they went about with packages sticking out of every available receptacle about them. Despite this extra burden of work the deliveries have been well handled.

MAILS HANDLED.

The report of the Superintendent of Mails of the matter handled Friday compared with the same day last year shows a large increase. The figures are as follows:

	Dec. 23, 1886.	Dec. 23, 1887.
Letters, in pounds	1,960	2,184
Postal cards, in pounds	141	129
Circulars, in pounds	856	1,585
Third-class (printed and newspaper), in pounds	5,025	5,572
Fourth-class (Merchandise), in pounds	2,051	2,700
Total	10,033	12,170
Net increase		2,137

MONEY ORDERS.

In the money order department there was a considerable increase, showing that the givers of money for Christmas remembrances were more "flush" than they were last year. A comparative statement shows as follows:

	December 23, 1886.	December 23, 1887.
Orders issued	$3,118 82	$3,359 69
Orders paid	16,780 26	19,447 29

REGISTERED PACKAGES.

In the Registry Department the work of the two days i scompared as follows on the number of packages handled:

	Dec. 23, 1886.	Dec. 23, 1887.
Packages in transit	4,961	7,932
Local packages	861	1,219

Yesterday's work will compare in about the same ratio with the 24th of 1886.

To-day the regular business will be transacted as on other Sundays. To-morrow there will be one delivery at 7:15 a. m., and one collection and the office will close at 10 a. m.

Petroleum as Fuel.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

ALBANY, N. Y., December 24.—Brickmakers and florists along the Hudson are experimenting with petroleum as fuel, the former in burning brick, the latter in heating conservatories. The oil is pumped from railroads to supply tanks. The use of petroleum may injure the interests of wood-lot owners and choppers.

MRS. K. THATCHER BETTS, M. D., teacher and practitioner of Christian Science, Mind Healing, as taught and demonstrated by the founder, Mary Baker G. Eddy of Boston, Mass., is permanently located at 3122 Lucas avenue.

Paid a Big Price.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—W. J. Arkels has purchased of the Hart estate sixty of the 100 shares of the Judge Publishing Company. It is said the price paid was $100,000.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate transfers were recorded after 3 p. m. yesterday:

Henry Zeiss, Jr., and wife to Henry Zeiss, 75 ft. on Polk av., city block 3091; warranty deed	$ 1,000
Bernard Israel and wife to church erection fund of the Synod of the n. w. and Central Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, 77 ft. on Fourteenth st., city block 1129; warranty deed	3,465
Maria J. Obear to Henry Mohrmann, 55 ft. on Gano av., J. G. Bryan's second subdivision; warranty deed	715
Belle B. Clopton's trustee to Henry Mohrmann, 125 ft. on Gano av., J. G. Bryan's second subdivision and other property; warranty deed	1,700
Alex. A. Kafka and wife to Albert Wenslick, 17 ft. 6 in. on McNair ave., city block 1502; warranty deed	2,400
Patrick Landrigan and wife to Wm. P. Bentley, 25 ft. on Lexington ave., Old Orchard tract; quitclaim deed	5
Wm. P. Bentley to Julia Landrigan, 25 ft on Lexington ave., Old Orchard tract; quitclaim deed	5
L. W. Buschman to Henry Diekkrueger, 70 ft. 4 in. on Carr st., city block 262; warranty deed	1
Hensy C. Kenney and wife to James W. McQuiston, 50 ft. on Cote-Brilliant av., city block 3780; warranty deed	750
Henry Zeiss et al., by Sheriff, to Henry Zeiss, 16-100 acres in block 129 of Carondelet Commons; Sheriff's deed	7
Charles J. Bleecker and wife, by trustee, to Robert S. Brookings, 55 ft. on Page av., city block 1885; trustee's deed	[illegible]
Guy Bryan and wife to Henry Mohrmann, 30 ft. on Gano av.; warranty deed	[illegible]
Henry Fenerbach and wife to Mary J. Leiber, 24 ft. on Montgomery st., city block [illegible]; warranty deed	[illegible]
Albert Wenslick to Alex A. Kafka et al., 17 ft. 6 in. on McNair av., city block [illegible]; warranty deed	[illegible]
Caroline V. [illegible]	[illegible]

LADIES' PET.

THE REMARKABLE CATS, DOGS AND PARROTS OWNED IN ST. LOUIS.

A Polly Which Answers the Telephone and Which Is Up in the Mysteries of "999 Off"—Pet Dogs and Their Mistresses—A Canine That Says His Prayers—Cats and Their Owners—The Laughable Adventures of "Mr. Smith," and the Trouble His Name Caused His Fair Mistress.

MOST women cannot get along without something to love. It is the mother instinct within them no doubt, for they begin with their dolls and run the gamut to sweethearts, husbands, and children. In addition to these natural objects of their affection they have their pets, upon which many of them lavish the most tender endearments even though they may be unsightly, as many of them are. Some of them are fond of horses, others of dogs and of cats, and all of them are fond of birds. A caged canary may be found in almost every household, and also a few mocking birds. These song birds, while the recipients of great care and attention, may hardly be classed among the pets, since they do not encourage any undue familiarity. The parrot, however, is a prime favorite, very jealous in disposition and demanding incessant attention and caresses. There are an unusual number of these knowing birds in St. Louis.

PARROTS OF LOCAL FAME.

Mrs. E. B. Pickett had one presented to her last Christmas as a present. It was very young then and could scarcely articulate at all; now it speaks very well and is able to make itself understood. When it sees her put on her hat it begins to inquire, "Where are you going?" "Come Jack," and the last thing she hears as she goes out the door is, "Oh, Laura!" "Where's Laura!" When she returns it chuckles with laughter and cries, "Kiss me!" "Kiss me!" A month or two ago she went South, leaving the parrot in charge of her sister, and was absent six weeks. The bird recognized its new keeper evidently, but would have nothing to do with her. After she ceased her efforts to make friends with it, it began to call, "Oh Laura!" and chatter and laugh. Of this she took no notice, so it finally climbed down from its perch, and up to her shoulder, where it pecked at her cheek, croaking "Kiss me!" "Kiss me!"

Mrs. H. Clay Pierce has three very fine birds, brought from Cuba. They are probably better trained than any of the others. They recite long Latin prayers and go through with a regular drill, giving the commands quite intelligently. They have learned to watch the telephone, and the moment it rings shout "Hello," "All right," "That you, Pauly?" etc.

Little Mabel Filley has a devout little Polly that sings Sunday school songs with Mabel, besides saying many cunning things taught by its little mistress.

Little Nellie Hull had a Polly which was in the habit of coming to her mistress every night to have a shawl pinned about it and to be put to bed. One night she neglected this little ceremony and next morning Polly failed to say "Wake up, Nellie," as usual. Polly was sick. She had taken a severe cold, and died soon after. Nellie, however, consoles herself with a nice little pug dog, Gipsy, which is very smart. Last summer, during her absence East, it was stolen, and her father was able to reclaim it because of its joyful demonstrations when it met him.

LADIES' DOGS.

There are a great many fine dogs owned by St. Louis ladies, who show great partiality for this species of pet, the pugs ranking first in their affections, and the black-and-tan terrier next. There are, however, several very fine specimens of Newfoundland, collies and hunting dogs.

Mrs. John Whittaker has some very fine collies and coach dogs, which always go with her carriage.

Mrs. J. Cliff Richardson has a pair of beautiful black and white coach dogs that may always be seen with her carriage, keeping exact pace with the horses. She has also a Skye terrier, which is said to have cost $300—an imported dog.

Mrs. Charles Greeley has fine coach dogs, well trained.

Miss Nellie Griffith is always accompanied in her walks by a splendid Newfoundland, which paces in dignified silence by her side.

Miss Fannie Snow has two fine dogs, one of them a large setter and the other a small Chihuahua which she calls "Chita," which means beautiful.

Mrs. Martin has the "blue-ribbon" mastiff, which is an imported dog, brought by Mr. Martin from England.

Mrs. Shaw has a splendid pair of Newfoundlands, said to be among the finest in the city.

Mrs. George Plant has a beautiful greyhound, very beautiful and graceful and kind in disposition.

Mrs. James Patterson has beautiful dogs, one a cute little pug which trots out beside its little mistress every afternoon for an airing.

Mrs. J. T. Long has two small poodles which are very cunning and amusing to the children.

Miss May Edwards has a handsome pug in harness which takes a walk every day with its little mistress.

Miss Belle Billingsley has a fine pug dog which takes its seat with an air of importance beside the coachman and goes out driving with the family.

Mrs. Henry Morgan has a very smart little Scotch terrier. Each morning he follows Mr. Morgan to the news stand, at a corner near by, where Mr. Morgan purchases the morning paper and sends it back to his wife by the dog.

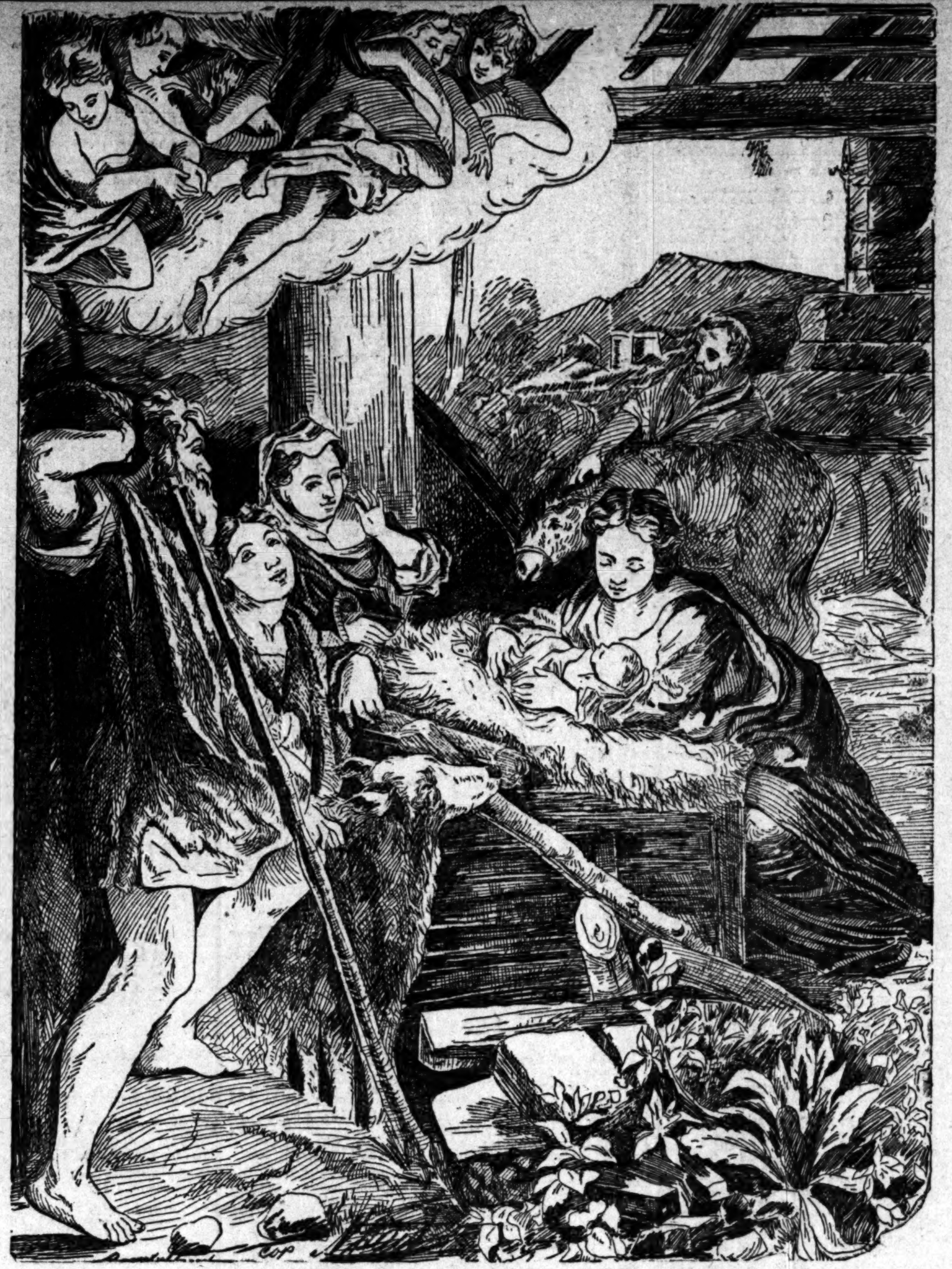
Mrs. Sam'l Gaylord has a Skye terrier, which is said to be the smallest in the country. It weighs only three and a half pounds, and has beautiful, long silken hair of real silvery skeen. Her eyes are very bright and betoken a gentle disposition. She has a bit of carpet, where the dog is fed, and no matter where the dog is when she receives her bone, she carries it up-stairs to munch upon her own carpet. She is rather susceptible to colds, and takes her medicine, sugar-coated pills, like a little lady. This dog is called Sarah Bernhardt.

Mrs. Clarence Jones has a beautiful dog, a tan-colored terrier, with glossy coat, and long sharp-pointed ears. Gipsy is her name, and she is very bright and intelligent. Gipsy is a Democratic little dog, and like most of her sex, is very firm and decided in her own mind. During the last presidential campaign she was interviewed frequently concerning her politics and her opinions were always expressed decidedly. When asked if she was a Democrat she would sit up and clap her paws together. If asked if she would not under any circumstances vote for Blaine she would fall over limp and motionless and close her eyes, signifying that she would rather die first. Poor little Gippy has been displaced by a baby in the household, which she eyes askance herself, but she does not allow anyone else to assume a threatening attitude toward it.

Miss Daisy Dwyer has a very cunning little pug which she calls Toby. Toby sometimes affects illness, and the doctor is sent for, when Toby sticks out his paw for his pulse to be counted and puts out his tongue to be examined. He has found out, like most men, that a little judicious illness insures extra nursing and attention.

Mrs. Lora Horner has a beautiful collie, Gipsy, which has learned to be very obedient to the whims of its fair mistress. When she puts on her bonnet to go out she frisks about her in delight, and keeps it up until she gets outside of the door, when Gyp stops and looks anxiously up into her face. When her mistress says "Gyp, you must go back to-day, but you can go to-morrow," Gyp drops her tail and hangs her head, and turns immediately back into the house. The next day when she starts out Gyp does not stop at the door to question her going, but frisks on ahead, delightfully confident, since she has the promise of her mistress that she may go this time. When Mrs. Horner returns home and pulls off her gloves, her overshoes, or has a package in her hand, the little dog takes each one and stows it away in the closet, or on the bed, then jumps into her lap.

Mrs. Henry Siegrist has a parrot which she purchased in the East last summer; also two or three dogs. One of them a pug, which she calls Booz. Booz is a very affectionate and demonstrative little animal, and is apt to frisk about the visitors of his mistress perfectly regardless of whether they are partial to dogs or not. His mistress has only to say to him "Ah, Booz, that lady don't like dogs!" when Booz looks around with a most incredulous and disappointed air, then gets down and walks sadly away to hide himself beneath the skirts of his pretty mistress. If on the contrary she says to him, "Booz, here is ——; she loves dogs." Booze seats himself in the lady's lap and looks intently into her face, compelling recognition.



THE NATIVITY.

From the Original Painting, by Corregio, in the Dresden Gallery.

Mrs. Moses Fraley has several very fine pugs; one of them she calls Dude. It is not necessary to say that Dude is faultless in his accoutrements, his harness being of the most tasteful and expensive description; and when he walks abroad or takes an airing in the carriage these cold days, he is wrapped warmly in a little blanket of the softest wool embroidered daintily as befits his position.

Mrs. Virginia Minn also has a fine dog upon whom she bestows much attention.

Mrs. Dexter S. Crosby has a black and tan, "Toots" by name. He is a friendly little fellow and very intelligent. His mistress says that his early education was neglected or he would have proved a marvel. At any rate he is smart enough to take care of himself, for at the very first touch of frost, before the fires are made he pretends to be ill and must be wrapped up warmly and nursed. If this is neglected he creeps under the covers of the most convenient bed and curls himself up in the middle, without displacing them, and there he snoozes all day, as snug as a bug in a rug.

The smartest little dog is town is high church in religion, belonging to Trinity Episcopal Church, which he devoutly attends. He is very sanctimonious, makes long prayers and will no doubt go to confessional if his mistress does, as he is her constant companion. She will say to him: "Paul, say your prayers." Whereupon he instantly hops up into a chair, with his face to the back, resting it between his jaws, looking about, as many church people do. Thereupon his mistress gives him a sharp reprimand, as she ought. "Paul, you are not saying your prayers!" Thereupon Paul drops his head devoutly between his paws, closes his eyes and ceases to wag his tail, and maintains this attitude until his mistress tells him: "That will do." This pious little dog is a Skye terrier and belongs to Mrs. Perrine.

Miss Lucille Melton has a dear little black spitz of which she is very fond. It is quite young, but exhibits a great deal of intelligence.

Miss Rebecca Massengale had a beautiful water spaniel, brown and white, with soft, pretty eyes and long hair. Dandy followed his mistress everywhere, and was well known to all of her friends. In an evil hour Dandy partook of a nice dish of meat which had been prepared and set aside for the rats and succumbed to the inevitable. His mistress now has a fine oil-color painting of him adorning her wall.

One of the most interesting dogs in the West End is Mrs. Lawnin's dog "Snyder," and his fame among the children of the West End is quite equal to that which must have been enjoyed by Rip Van Winkle's dog "Schnaider." He constitutes himself guardian for all of the little tots in the neighborhood, and enters heartily into all of their frolics. He also runs errands, and nothing pleases him more than to go to the grocery with an order and bring back the bundle. He is at deadly enmity with the night policeman who offended him in his early youth, when, perhaps, Snyder was a waggish dog and deserved the reprimand at the hands of the policeman. Be that as it may, he has never forgotten or forgiven him, and no matter at what hour he hears the patrolman's rap upon the pavement he greets it with a howl of contempt and aversion. In spite of his faithfulness and fidelity he is a little tricky, but as his tricks are harmless they are overlooked by the family in consideration of his faithful and long service. He is forbidden the house. He therefore stands on the street-corner to watch for visitors, and as soon as he sees one enter the gate he runs after them and enters the front door as soon as it is opened. Some of the visitors he knows a long way off, so does not wait for them, but runs on ahead and waits in the doorway for them. Once in he hides himself until they are gone, then he comes out and busies himself bringing the slippers from up-stairs, striving to show that he can make himself useful, if they will only let him stay inside.

Miss Daisy Powell has a pug dog in which she takes great delight. It is her inseparable companion, and she rarely ever leaves the house without it, unless perchance the dog does not happen to have ribbons and trappings to match her own toilette. Upon one occasion she would not permit it to accompany her to a luncheon on this account. For street in fine weather it has a very fine harness studded with silver, with tinkling silver bells appended. For the present season it has plush wraps of every hue, corresponding with the gowns of its mistress, softly wadded and lined and embroidered.

Miss Florence Hayward has the only high-toned dog in the city, since his name is the only one which appears in the blue book. It is "Peter Hayward."

Mrs. Gen. Henderson always has with her a number of pets at her lodge in the Adirondacks. Among them a parrot, two cats and a skye-terrier, which she has tenderly cared for in her absence during the winter.

Miss Kate Barrnett raises canary birds successfully, and has had a mocking bird for a companion for a number of years.

Mrs. Dr. T. F. Prewitt lost recently a favorite bird which upon a post-mortem examination proved to have died of diphtheria, a malady which often proves fatal to the feathered tribe. The doctor prepared it for burial in a casket covered with glass, and the children played the role of veritable mourners.

Mrs. Dr. William Porter of Twenty-eighth and Locust streets has a dog of great intelligence. It is trained to know every piece of furniture in the house, and fetch and carry in exact obedience to the commands of its mistress.

CATS OF RENOWN.

Cats, though found in every household, do not seem to be so privileged or such established pets as dogs. In fact a great many persons have a great prejudice against them, and some ladies have such an antipathy to them that they are aware of the presence of a cat in the room even if they do not see it, and sometimes are made deathly sick and faint from the mere proximity of the feline pet of the household. Yet there are some cats of note in the city.

Mrs. Halsted Burnet has two little Maltese kittens which she calls Paul and Virginia. They are very playful, and so affectionate in their ways that they compel a certain amount of petting.

There is a funny little kitten in the West End, which was raised by four ladies, along with a whole batch of kittens. When it was old enough it was given to a friend, who sent a boy for it. The kitten fought so against going with the boy that it had to be tied up in a bag. After it reached its destination and the shyness wore off it was very gentle and nice with the ladies of the family, but if a man or a boy came into the room she would fly under the bed or the bureau and no coaxing could bring her out; or if she did come out it was only to arch her back and spit at them or otherwise show her disapproval of men. She had never seen a man before in her life, and it took some time for her to get over her prudish way and allow the men the freedom of the house.

Mrs. Nate Garland has a fine Maltese kitten which she has petted and spoiled so that life is scarcely endurable since the kitten has grown to the dimensions of a great big cat. She used to think it cunning when the little thing would look up into her face and reproach her for leaving her, or beg to be taken up, or jump up of itself, and perch on her shoulder and rub her cheek, or ride upon her tournure about the house, but a Maltese cat of ten or twenty pounds is quite a different matter.

Mrs. Edgar Fleming has an immense gray cat, which delights to stretch itself before the fire, much to the delight of the children, ignoring calmly their assaults upon its ribs and tail.

Mrs. Dr. Webb has a cat, petted for no special reason except that it is an old family cat, which has played with all of the children in turn. It claims and gets the best seat beside the library fire.

There is a little fellow in the West End who has a perfectly white kitten which he has named for Mr. Smith. His father inquired why he called him "Mr. Smith?" The little fellow answered: "Why, because he is here all the time to see sister." The cat being white was obliged to be subjected to frequent ablutions, and since it was not exactly to the cat's taste, the sister had to help the little fellow hold the cat for the scrubbing. One night when Mr. Smith was there as usual the little fellow shocked them all by exclaiming, "Sister, don't you think Mr. Smith is awful dirty? I think he needs a good scrubbing, don't you?" Mr. Smith moved uneasily in his seat, while the sister struggled with her blushes and laughter. "Suppose we wash him to-night?" The anxious look upon Mr. Smith's face called for an explanation, which was satisfactory except in one point, how did they happen to name the cat "Mr. Smith?"

HOTEL PERSONALS.

John McDougall, Denison, Tex.; J. S. Welch, Cincinnati, and W. Wilson, Quincy Ill., are at the St. James.

F. L. Conway, Silver City; C. A. Davis, Philadelphia, and R. Hirschberg, Boonville, Mo., are at the Planters'.

R. J. Wilson, Buffalo; C. M. Miller, New York; D. Hardy, DeSoto, Mo., and H. J. Grafton, Fremont, O., are at the Laclede.

J. A. Reyburn, Iron Mountain; E. May, New York; W. R. Paddock, Washington, D. C., and J. H. Condon, Boston, are at the Lindell.

T. B. Waters, Boston; John D. Lawrence, New York; E. B. Shaw, Philadelphia; A. A. Gallagher, Chattanooga, and B. F. Felix, Chicago, are at the Southern.

A Disabled Steamer.

NEW YORK, December 24.—It is now thought that the disabled steamer sighted by the steamship Albany, which arrived in Liverpool on the 21st inst., is the Waesland, which sailed from Antwerp last Saturday and which had probably turned back when she became disabled.

WHERE WARM BREEZES BLOW.

Civilization at Los Angeles Has Driven Out Adobe Houses.

Special Correspondence of the POST-DISPATCH.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., December 20.—This town is a striking example of Western pluck and enterprise. Where a few years ago there was a village whose population was mainly composed of dark-eyed, indolent Mexicans, and whose narrow, dirty streets and rudely-built houses seemed almost incapable of improvement, there stands to-day a large city with imposing public buildings and handsome residences, a city in which every modern invention has been utilized, while over all is an atmosphere of activity, a healthy, working business spirit, which cannot fail to impress itself upon one. From everything but an artistic standpoint, the city within the last decade has improved beyond recognition. There is nothing progressive about narrow, dirty streets and adobe houses, but dirt is occasionally picturesque and adobe houses are invariably so. But the true American spirit has entered and pulled down the quaint little buildings with their tiny windows and curious red-tiled roofs, and these, with all the other lazy Spanish characteristics of Los Angeles, are fast disappearing and becoming a part of the past, the past of only half a dozen years ago.

The real estate craze, which has been such a feature in the business life of Southern California, is here at its height. For miles around Los Angeles the land is laid out in lots, and so great has been the speculative fever that comparatively few of the many tourists who have been in Los Angeles within the last year or two have gone away without making some investment in real estate. All sorts of devices are resorted to to sell the land, some of them very ingenious and certainly very different from our Eastern methods. On almost every day during the winter, when the city is crowded with strangers, the tourist can hear the strains of a very brassy brass band discoursing some well-known melody, and presently he will see an immense wagon bearing the placard, "Garnd Excursion to Pomona" or "Grand Excursion to San Bernardino; round trip only $3; free lunch; auction sale of lots," while following close behind can be seen one or two crowded omnibuses going to the sale.

One of the first places to which the sight-seer repairs, in Los Angeles, is Washington Garden. Last autumn about forty fine large ostriches were brought here, and they form the chief attraction of the garden. In spite of the injunction, "Do not feed the birds," painted in large letters on the fence outside the inclosure in which they are kept, the temptation to disregard it seems great, for very little attention is paid to the prohibition. When the writer had the pleasure of looking at those birds they had been plucked only a few days before, and a more awkward, clumsy, ungainly set of creatures it would be hard to imagine.

It was rare sport to feed them with oranges; to see them come to the fence, look at you with their curious, snake-like, expressionless eyes, and then, curving their long necks, dextrously snatch an orange from the fingers or umbrella tips of the more timid of their would-be benefactors. The interesting part now comes, as the progress of the orange (which has been swallowed whole) can be traced all the way down the three feet or more of neck that intervenes between the throat and the body of the bird. Round and round goes the orange in true cork-screw style, until it finally disappears beneath the bunch of feathers which grows on the chest of the bird.

There is no end to the ostrich capacity. One man, curious to see how much a bird would eat, selected one, and after gathering from the surrounding trees a number of oranges, proceeded to feed his bird. He gave him thirty-six oranges, which nearly filled the long, slender throat, so that the animal finally looked as if his neck was composed of a succession of tumors. In a short time, however, the oranges had worked and screwed themselves down, and there stood the bird, his long neck stretched out, his whole attitude full of expectancy, and, like Oliver, he wanted "more."

Naturally Los Angeles has many advantages. In the midst of a rich agricultural country, with the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Madra Mountains towering above it, the city lies, fanned by the fresh breezes that blow in from the ocean and warmed by the soft mellowing rays of the Southern sun. It is imbedded in a perfect bower of bloom, which never dies the whole year through. The eucalyptus tree lifts its stately head, and the graceful pepper tree, with its bunches of crimson berries and delicate blossoms, tosses its feathery branches in the wind.

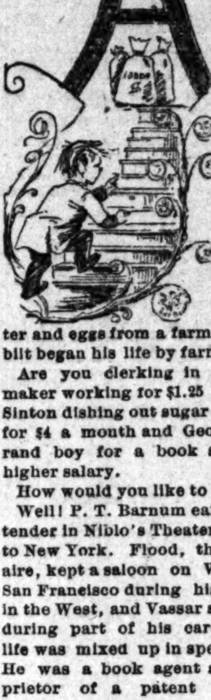
For miles around stretches the fertile valley, dotted here and there with a tiny settlement, while only eight miles distant is Pasadena, with its wide, shaded avenues and beautiful homes. A little farther to the west is Long Beach, washed by the waves of the Pacific, and Santa Monica, another seaside resort, is near, with its famous little hotel and beautiful beach.

Man has done much for all these places, but nature has done far more, and for one to whom the piercing winds and penetrating chill of our Eastern winter is well nigh unbearable, and to whom equality of climate is a boon, this land is a delight, for it is a land of sunshine and flowers.

THEY ALL BEGAN POOR.

THE RICH MEN OF THE UNITED STATES AND THEIR FIRST SPECULATIONS.

Rufus Hatch and His Turkeys—C. P. Huntington's Butter, and Jay Gould's Mouse-Traps and Maps—Adam Forepaugh's Ten-Cent Menagerie, Senator Farwell at $8 a Month and Whitelaw Reid at $5 a Week.



ARE you a farmer's boy? P. T. Barnum, the millionaire show man, ploughed corn when he was your age for 10 cents a day, and after he was 12 years of age earned his own clothes. Senator Joe Brown of Georgia, the richest man in the South, was glad to make his first money by ploughing his neighbors' fields with a pair of bull calves, and Howe, the sewing machine millionaire, sold butter and eggs from a farm. Cornelius Vanderbilt began his life by farming.

Are you clerking in a store? See Wanamaker working for $1.25 cents a week. Dave Sinton dishing out sugar over an Ohio counter for $4 a month and George W. Childs an errand boy for a book seller at a not much higher salary.

How would you like to be a bartender?

Well! P. T. Barnum earned a salary as a bartender in Niblo's Theater when he first came to New York. Flood, the California millionaire, kept a saloon on Washington street in San Francisco during his earlier experiences in the West, and Vassar sold beer and oysters during part of his career. Barnum's early life was mixed up in speculation of all kinds. He was a book agent and was once the proprietor of a patent bear grease for the hair, and he at one time owned a grocery store. He was 24 years of age when he began speculation in shows and his first freak was the nurse of George Washington, an old negress whom he bought in Philadelphia for $1,000 cash. She died seven months after he bought her, but by showing her in New York he made enough to prove to himself that there were millions in the business. Since then he has spent fortunes in this way, and one of his best investments was the Jenny Lind concerts, which brought in $712,000 and which netted Barnum more than half a million in nine months.

GEORGE I. SENEY'S FATHER

was a Methodist preacher and Phil Armour was bound out as a boy, and he got his employer to release him when he went to California. Paul Tulane, the millionaire philanthropist who died a year or so ago leaving a fortune to a number of colleges, was years ago a merchant tailor in New Orleans, and George Law, the great bridge builder, who left $12,000,000 when he died in 1882, spent his life between 8 and 21 in milking cows and working on a farm. His father kept him at work for himself until he was of age and he began his life with just $40, which he had managed to save during this time.

The story of Law's first earnings is interesting and shows the spirit which afterwards made his fortune. He was looking for work in Troy, N. Y., when he saw a hod-carrier fall from a ladder up which he was carrying a load of bricks. The man broke his leg and Law at once applied for his place. He was given it and the foreman as he saw him totter about with his hod on his shoulder told him he would be certain to break his neck. Law said he rather feared such an accident himself, and his greatest anxiety was that he might fall before the day was over and lose his wages. He did not, however, and received $1 after a hard day's work. He kept on the next day and the next and was soon making $1.75 a day. He continued to increase and by lucky investment and hard work laid the foundations for the fortune which he left.

A. T. Stewart, the millionaire dry goods merchant, taught school as industriously as he sold goods in after life, and he kept his hard work up until he left this life for the hands of the body snatchers.

POTTER PALMER

formerly attended to his dry goods store in Chicago as closely as he now does his grand hotel, and "Lucky" Baldwin worked hard years ago on his father's farm in Indiana. Jim Keene once drove a milk wagon in a California town. D. O. Mills kept a green grocery and I am told borrowed the money with which he went to California, and Cyrus Field, the founder of the Atlantic cable, began life as a clerk in a New England store. He worked for A. T. Stewart for $50 a year and left him to sell papers. Moses Taylor once clerked in Water street, New York, at $2 a week, though before he died he had an income of several thousand dollars a day, and Daniel Drew making his first money on a farm added to this by shipping cattle from the country to New York City for a commission. He was the first man to bring a drove of cattle across the Allegheniеs, and some of his first money was made in a drover's hotel, which he founded in the neighborhood of his business.

James G. Fair dug in the mines with pick and shovel. Mark Hopkins, whose wife has a house in a Massachusetts which has cost one fortune and who owns another in San Francisco which cost another, had a hardware store in Sacramento, and C. P. Huntington sold butter and eggs for what he could get a pound and dozen. Uncle Rufus Hatch, one of the boldest millionaires in Wall street, made his first venture as a school boy. I will let him tell the story as he lately told it to me. Said he: "Steel pens had just been introduced into the community. I bought a lot of them and peddled them out among my schoolmates. Pennies at the age of 7 are bigger than $20 gold pieces at 21, and the few cents I cleared made me feel wealthy. My next speculation was turkeys. I was, you know, a farmer's boy in Maine. Shortly before one Thanksgiving day I borrowed $100 of my father and bought a lot of turkeys. I shipped them to Salem, Mass., and sold them, and my profits were just $29."

RUFUS HATCH

was also a surveyor. He helped to lay out some of the first railroads of Michigan, and he got $1.25 a day for his services. He once clerked in a store where it is said he served all prices of tea from one box, and he has served as a locomotive engineer, and boasts that he can take apart and put together any railroad engine now in use.

Speaking of Hatch and the tea recalls how C. P. Huntington, the railway magnate who is now worth $50,000,000, peddled out butter to the miners of California. He had three crocks, and his price was 35 cents a pound. The butter was of the same grade, but when the miners wanted anything better he merely came up on the price and tried a different crock. He tells to-day how a miner paid 60 cents a pound for butter which he would not take at 35, and laughs as he does so at the gullability of mankind. Huntington began his butter operations early. He worked as a boy for a farmer who sold about one hundred pounds a week. One day a clerk came to the farm and said that butter had fallen 20 cents on the pound, and that instead of 40 it was only worth half that amount. Young Huntington here stepped in and said he would give 25 cents a pound for the lot, and from his savings he counted out the price. A day or two later he sold the whole at 50 cents a pound. Butter had gone up instead of going down, and the clerk's story was evidently tinged with fraud.

ADAM FOREPAUGH

was a butcher in Philadelphia when he decided to go into the show business. He had a little circus and a 10-cent menagerie. He paid at one time Dan Rice $25,000 a year for himself and his blind horse, and made a fortune out of it. The Sells Brothers, whose shows are among the best in the country, used to peddle tinware, following a traveling circus and selling to the crowds. One of the circuses that they thus attended failed, and out of their savings they bought it and made a fortune. Jay Gould canvassed Delaware County, New York, with his maps at $1.50 apiece, and these maps are now worth $50 each as curiosities. He was taken in by the surveyor he worked for, and his first trip to New York was to sell a mouse-trap which he had patented. His trap was stolen and he made nothing out of it. His first successful speculation was the tannery which brought him to New York and to fortune.

Senator Farwell, the man who represents Illinois in Congress in Gen. Logan's place, also began life as a surveyor, and his first employment in Chicago was in surveying some school sections near that city. He did the work so well that he was given a job in the County [illegible] $5,000 a year from the Government, and his check is good for a million and more.

Andrew Carnegie, who owns estates and newspapers in England, and who pays one of his foremen in Pittsburg a salary of $25,000 a year, did his first work in a Pittsburg telegraph office for $3 a week. From here he was taken to the offices of the President of the Pennsylvania Railway Company, and through Thomas Scott and his own brain he got the start which made his fortune. Tom Scott's father was a tavern-keeper, and Scott, as a young man, was a collector of tolls on the canal. He was offered a position as station master upon the railroad, and he pitched up a cent as to whether he should take the position or not. "Heads is the railroad, tails the canal," said he, and the penny came down heads. He died at the head of the railroad, leaving a fortune of between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000, and among his charities were several gifts of $50,000 each to educational institutions.

THE LATE VICE-PRESIDENT HOXIE,

the railroad man who was so opposed by the Knights of Labor, was once a hostler in Des Moines, and Geo. Jones of the New York Times once kept a news office in Albany. The newspaper millionaires to-day have generally come from small beginnings. Whitelaw Reid did work as a Columbus correspondent of a Cincinnati newspaper for $5 a week, and the millionaire proprietor of the Baltimore Sun began life poor. Edwin Cowles of the Cleveland Leader, who has now a paper which pays a big interest on a million dollars, can remember the time when the most of the work upon it was done by himself, and Medill of the Chicago Tribune left a partnership with Cowles to go to the metropolis of the lakes and make a fortune there. Every one will remember the beginnings of Horace Greeley and James Gordon Bennett, and I might go on to cite the instances of nearly every newspaper man in the United States to-day.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Looking Back

Twelve years we've been in St. Louis, and this closing year has been the best of all. It's encouraging, very, and our Patrons know that we do our best to reciprocate for the privilege of being a St. Louis Establishment, identified with its industries and proud of its progress.

We seek trade by exchanging the most value that best modern cash tailoring methods can produce. If we've failed to please in a single instance we're anxious to repair.

Thanks for past favors; we're sure to gain more every year.

Our advantages are many; our methods right; cannot be excelled. Perfect satisfaction goes with every garment. Depend on the Material used, the Style, the Price.

Warm Chinchilla Overcoats, Tailored to Order, $15.00 now.

Nicoll the Tailor

The Foremost in the Ranks of Tailoring,

708 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS.

PAT ROONEY'S DRUNK.

The Comedian Paints Quincy Red—Daisy Belmont's Suit—Theatrical Happenings.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

QUINCY, Ill., December 24.—Pat Rooney, the Irish comedian, was billed for two performances to-day. The company got in during the morning and the Irish delineator promptly found his way to a saloon, where he imbibed freely and became beastly drunk and unable to fill his engagement at the opera-house. During the afternoon he threatened to whip the entire town, including the manager of the opera-house, who swore out a warrant for him. Rooney was taken before a Justice of the Peace by force, where he was fined $10 and costs. His condition in the evening was such as to prevent him from playing, and the opera-house manager attached all the company's baggage.

Actor Possart Arrives.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Ernst Possart, the distinguished German actor, arrived this morning by the steamship Aller. Herr Possart went to the Hotel Belvidere. He will be seen in due course at Gustav Amberg's Thalia Theater.

Daisy Belmont's Suit.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

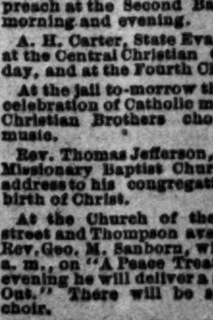
NEW YORK, December 24.—Miss Daisy Belmont, the 16-year-old bareback rider, has brought suit against Adam Forepaugh, for $2,000 damages for alleged breach of contract. Forepaugh dischaged her in August last. She has also applied for an injunction restraining Forepaugh from using her lithographs.

Through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars.
St. Louis to Los Angeles and San Francisco,
via the Iron Mountain Route.
Leave St. Louis at 8:30 p. m., daily.
[illegible]

A NEW PASTOR.

Rev. L. S. Piker of the Fourth Baptist—Dr. Hoyt's Second Visit—Church Notes.

Rev. L. S. Piker, the new pastor of the Fourth Baptist Church, was born in Baton Rouge Parish, Louisiana, in 1858. He attended Mississippi College and Centenary College, Louisiana, and there received a classical education, to which he has added much by close study since his leaving college. He has taken a special course in elocution and taught elocution last year in the Female Institute at Starkville, Miss., which has been the scene of his latest ministerial labors. He has been chaplain in the University of Louisiana and the State Legislature. Before going to Starkville Mr. Piker had a flourishing church at Baton Rouge, from which place he went out and held special revival services in different parts of the State. He was married in 188[illegible] to Miss Belle White, a graduate of Whitworth Female College, Mississippi, and has in his wife an earnest and able coadjutor, she leading the singing during his preaching. Mr. Piker is florid in rhetoric and oratorical in delivery, and his pulpit style is well calculated to bring about an "awakening." He has preached several times for the Fourth Church, which has a personal knowledge of his abilities. He will take up his work in St. Louis very shortly.



Rev. L. S. Piker.

Notes.

Rev. W. B. Elsdon of Englewood, Ill., will preach at the Second Baptist Church to-day, morning and evening.

A. H. Carter, State Evangelist, will preach at the Central Christian Church at 11 a. m. to-day, and at the Fourth Church at 7:30 p. m.

At the jail to-morrow there will be a regular celebration of Catholic mass at 8 o'clock. The Christian Brothers choir will furnish the music.

Rev. Thomas Jefferson, pastor of the African Missionary Baptist Church, will deliver an address to his congregation to-night on the birth of Christ.

At the Church of the Redeemer, Barrett street and Thompson avenue, the new pastor, Rev. Geo. M. Sanborn, will preach to-day at 11 a. m., on "A Peace Treaty in Song;" in the evening he will deliver a sermon on "Crowded Out." There will be special music by the choir.

Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D., of Philadelphia will arrive in the city with his wife, and will be at the meeting of the Second Baptist Church on Friday night, and preach Sunday, January 1, morning and evening. The fact that this will be Dr. Hoyt's second visit to the Second Church within a short time, and the fact that he made a decidedly favorable impression on his first visit, will strengthen the impression that the emptiness of the pulpit is not to continue much longer.

The Benevolent Association of the four Christian churches of the city will give a donation and mite sociable at the First Church, at Seventeenth and Olive streets, Tuesday night. Donations from a pound of anything to a barrel or a sack of flour, orders for coal, clothing, and shoes, old or new, and money, will be most thankfully received by the ladies of the association and distributed among the poor. Mrs. M. A. Younkin of No. 1018 Garrison avenue is the missionary of the association and is the only person authorized to receive donations, a report of which will be made at each meeting of the society.

Skating at Forest Park.

The cold snap has frozen up the ponds at Forest Park, and there was considerable good skating there last week. Several skating parties went out to [illegible]

THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

EVERY EVENING AND SUNDAY MORNING.

SEVEN ISSUES FOR 20 CENTS,

Delivered by Carriers in all Parts of the City and SUBURBS, and in all the principal TOWNS in Missouri and the surrounding States.

BRANCH OFFICES IN THE CITY.

At the following LOCATIONS BRANCH OFFICES have been established, where WANT ADVERTISEMENTS and SUBSCRIPTIONS will be received and where the PAPER is kept for sale:

BENTON ST.—1501	O. Sutter
BROADWAY—2001 N	O. D'Amour
BROADWAY—2613 S	E. Geisler
BROADWAY—3907 S	F. Hemm
BROADWAY—7631 S	L. F. Waibel
CASS AV.—1827	C. W. Tomfohrde
CHOUTEAU AV.—1500	H. F. Spilker
CHOUTEAU AV.—2837	W. E. Krueger
DODIER ST.—2248	A. & B. Vogt
EASTON AV.—3180	F. C. Pauley
EAST GRAND AV.—1923	T. T. Wurmb
ELEVENTH ST.—3701 N	T. T. Wurmb
FINNEY AV.—3837	P. E. Fiquet
FRANKLIN AV.—1600	C. Klipstein
FRANKLIN AV.—3340	J. B. Baseler
GAMBLE ST.—2631	A. Braun
LAFAYETTE AV.—1800	Philip Kaut
LAFAYETTE AV.—2601	C. E. Neubert
MARKET ST.—2031	C. G. Penney
MARKET ST.—2846	St. L. Phar.
MORGAN ST.—2746	Johnston & Bro
MORGAN ST.—3930	J. S. Procter
NINTH ST.—2625 N	O. Claus
N. MARKET ST.—3522	W. D. Temm
OLIVE ST.—1500	R. Riley
OLIVE ST.—2800	J. L. Royston
OLIVE ST.—3500	A. B. Roth
PARK AV.—1937	G. H. Andreas
SIDNEY ST.—1958	E. DuFour
SALINA ST.—2870	A. P. Kaltwasser
TAYLOR AV.—1900 N	G. H. Wagner
WASHINGTON AV.—2338	T. S. Glenn

SUBURBAN.

EAST ST. LOUIS—Mo. Av	O. F. Kresse
BELLEVILLE, ILL	Kaercher & Stolberg

TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to the early departure of the fast-mail train, advertisements for the SUNDAY MORNING POST-DISPATCH must be in the office before 9 o'clock Saturday night to insure insertion.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Temple Israel—Sunday Lecture, Pickwick Hall, corner Jefferson and Washington avs., by Rabbi Sonneschein. Subject: "The Three Main Elements in the American Nationality." Seats free. Begins at 11 a. m. sharp; upper hall.

St. George's Church, corner of Beaumont and Chestnut streets. Rev. Robt. A. Holland, S. T. D., Rector. Holy Communion 7:30 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon by the Rector and Holy Communion at 10:45 a. m. Evening prayer and sermon at 7:45 p. m.

Society for Ethical Culture. The exercises on Sunday, December 25, 1887, at Memorial Hall at 11 a. m., will consist of a lecture by Mr. W. L. Sheldon on "The Main Feature of the New Ethics in the Education of the Young." The children of the Ethical classes will be on the platform and render a short responsive exercise.

Second Presbyterian Church, n. w. cor. 17th st. and Lucas place.—Rev. S. J. Niccolls, D. D., pastor. Divine service, Sunday, 25th December, at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m., conducted by Pastor. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m. in the chapel. "Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor" meet every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the lecture-room. A cordial invitation and welcome extended to all.

Second Baptist Church, corner of Locust and Beaumont (27th) sts. Rev. W. P. Elsdon of Englewood, Ill., will preach at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7:45 p. m. The choir will render special Christmas programme. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m. Young People's meeting at 6:45 p. m. The annual Christmas exercises of the Sunday-school on Monday evening at 6 o'clock. Mid-week services on Wednesday evening. All are welcome.

Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), corner Garrison av. and Locust st., Rev. John Snyder, pastor. Sunday, December 25 1887 preaching at 11 a. m.; subject, "The Light of Asia" and "The Light of the World," a Christmas sermon. Children's Christmas service at 12 m. Mission Sunday-school, at Mission Chapel, corner Ninth and Wash streets, at 2:45 p. m. Everybody invited.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

LODGE NOTICES.

OFFICERS and members of Summit Lodge, No. 277, I. O. O. F., are requested to attend regular meeting Monday eve. the 26th inst. Election of officers and other important business will come before the lodge. WM. K. HOFFMAN, N. G. JOHN B. WILLIAMS, Secretary. 33

CASTLE WASHINGTON, No. 4, K. G. R.—Knights and Ladies of the Castle are respectfully invited to attend the next regular meeting as election of officers will be held and there will be a good time generally. By order of Commander, T. TOPPER. THOS. HETHERINGTON, Recording Secretary. 33

WANT advertisements in the Sunday Post-Dispatch will reach every reader.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALES.

Book-keepers.

THE Sunday Post-Dispatch will secure you the best of help—for 5c. per line.

WANTED—Young man of push wishes situation as book-keeper or salesman with reliable house; best references. Address G 33, this office. 36

WANTED—Gentleman, formerly bank cashier, open for position in wholesale or retail business; thorough book-keeper and accountant; long experienced; satisfactory reference and security. Address O 31, this office. 36

MONEY WANTED—$25,000 wanted for a land and irrigation enterprise; handsome dividends and wonderful increase of value without risk. A. W. Gifford, Room 713, Bank of Commerce Building.

TURKO-AMERICAN BATHS, the ne plus of all baths, at 1601 Olive st.; try one and you will take more; price, 25c, 50c and 75c; also Electric, Sulphur, Sea Salt, Russian, Roman, Vapor and Medicated baths.

The Trades.

THE Sunday Post-Dispatch will secure you the best of help—for 5c. per line.

WANTED—Job by a first-class horseshoer from the East. Address C 34, this office. 38

WANTED—A licensed engineer with very best letters of recommendation, wants a situation in city or some country town. Address E 33, this office. 38

Coachmen.

THE Sunday Post-Dispatch will secure you the best of help—for 5c. per line.

WANTED—Situation as coachman; understands his business; good city reference. Address P 33, this office. 39

WANTED—Situation by a competent coachman or houseman; understands furnace; not afraid of work; best of reference. Address F. W., 2923 Olive st. 39

Boys.

THE Sunday Post-Dispatch will secure you the best of help—for 5c. per line.

WANTED—Position in an office by an intelligent, industrious youth 17 years of age. Address B 33, this office. 42

Miscellaneous.

IF you want a good place the Sunday Post-Dispatch will secure it for you.

WANTED—Position by architectural draughtsman by January 1. Address D 33, this office. 43

WANTED—A situation as telegraph operator at any office or station. Address K 33, this office. 43

WANTED—Young man desires a position of any kind; best of reference. Ad. N 32, this office. 43

WANTED—A young man of 19 wants a situation to drive, or work of any kind. Address T 22, this office. 43

WANTED—Situation to drive one or two-horse wagon; good driver and acquainted with the city. Address M 32, this office. 43

WANTED—Situation in or out of city by man and wife to work in a nice family; the best of reference. Wm. F., 2825 E. Bell st. 43

HELP WANTED—MALE.

Boys.

IF you want work, advertise in the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

WANTED—A boy to attend pool tables at the St. Louis Club, 29th and Locust.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

Book-keepers.

IF you want work, advertise in the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

WANTED—A bookkeeper. Call at 409 St. Charles st. 53

JONES'

Commercial College, Day and Night School, Bookkeeping in all its applications to business purposes, Business Writing, Commercial Arithmetic, Business Correspondence, Commercial Law, Spelling, Reading, English Grammar, Shorthand, Type-writing, Telegraphy, etc., thoroughly and practically taught. For information call at the College office or address J. G. BOHMER, Principal, 307, 309 and 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. 53

Clerks and Salesmen.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—Gentlemen desiring to economize in clothing the coming year to go to Oesterreicher, the tailor, 904 Market st. 54

WANTED—Youths and gentlemen to buy stylish and serviceable clothing and overcoats on time payments, without extra charge, at the general credit house of the Straus-Emerich Outfitting Company, 1121, 1123 and 1125 Olive st. Open at night. 54

MONEY WANTED—$25,000 wanted for a land and irrigation enterprise; handsome dividends and wonderful increase of value without risk. A. W. Gifford, Room 713, Bank of Commerce Building.

TURKO-AMERICAN BATHS, the ne plus of all baths, at 1601 Olive st.; try one and you will take more; price, 25c, 50c and 75c; also Electric, Sulphur, Sea Salt, Russian, Roman, Vapor and Medicated baths.

Martin & Hayward's

Short-hand and Business College, 618 and 620 Olive st. Day and night sessions. 54

Short-hand.

THE MACHINE AND PENCIL SYSTEMS are both taught at Bryant & Stratton's Business and Short-hand School, corner Broadway and Market st. Our methods of instruction will save to the pupil one-third the time and expense of learning short-hand. Graduates are successful in obtaining employment. For circulars address Dr. W. M. Carpenter, Principal.

The Trades.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—A cutter. Call at 409 St. Charles st. 58

WANTED—Workingmen in the interest of labor and the general welfare to create, adjust and maintain an equitable balance between capital, labor, producer, consumer, land rent, tariff, surplus. Upon a basis as truly in accord with natural laws as the balance maintained by the law of gravity. Pamphlet mailed free. Address Henry E. Coffey, St. Louis, Mo.

UPDIKE & Co., plumbers, 2603 Washington av. 58

ELECTRO-MASSAGE,

Manual and mechanical electro-massage for nervous exhaustion, general debility, dyspepsia, chronic rheumatism, chronic constipation, sluggish liver, inactive kidneys, spinal complaints, neuralgia, nervous and sick headaches, paralysis, uterine diseases, etc.
58 Anchor Medical College, 1601 Olive.

FOREMAN PAINTER WANTED.

A first-class man who is an all around carriage and wagon painter and can do scrolling and fancy work; must be sober and a good manager; to the right man we will give steady employment and good wages. Call between 9 and 12 a. m. to-morrow at Dugan & Sauerbrunn Carriage Co., cor. 17th and Clark av. 58

Cooks.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—Order cook at 616 Morgan st. 56

Miscellaneous.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—A man to take care of cows and horses at 5145 Spaulding av., 4 squares north of Christian Brothers'. 62

WANTED—Man with established trade to drive laundry wagon; good chance to right party. Address O 34, this office. 62

WANTED—First-class stock man in wholesale hat house. Address stating salary wanted, age and references H 34, this office. 62

WANTED—For December 26, three young men to engage with Union Telegraph Company and learn telegraphing on our lines and take situations paying from $65, $75, $85, $95, $100 to $125 per month. Apply to Superintendent, 102 N. 3d st. 62

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALES.

Dressmakers and Seamstresses.

WANTED—Situation by an experienced dress-maker, work in families by the day; good fitter and draper. Address R 33, this office. 46

Housekeepers.

WANTED—A widow lady of 38 wishes to be house-keeper for a widower, or take charge of furnished house; no objection to the country. Address L 34, this office. 47

General Housework.

WANTED—Families can get good girls, and girls good places at 1116 Brooklyn st.

WANTED—A German girl wishes a situation to do housework. Call for two days at 3021 Franklin av.

WANTED—Situation to do general housework in a plain, quiet family of adults. Address P.-O. box 13, Cuba, Mo. 48

WANTED—Situation by German girl to do general housework in plain family without children; ref. given. 1120 Cass av. Call Monday. In store. 48

THE Sunday Post-Dispatch will secure you the best of help—for 5c. per line.

STOVE REPAIRS!

For every stove or range made in the United States to be had at A. G. Brauer's, 219 Locust st. 48

Cooks, Etc

WANTED—Situation by middle-aged German woman to cook, wash and iron. Call Monday. 1427 N. 12th st. 49

HOTELS, boarding-houses and private families supplied with reliable help; viz.: Cooks, laundresses, chambermaids, housekeepers, etc., at Mrs. Ampleman's, 409½ Lucas av. 49

Nurses.

WANTED—Middle-aged German girl wishes place to nurse; can give reference. 1427 N. 12th st. Call Monday. 50

Laundresses.

WANTED—Situation by a young lady in a laundry office. Address M 31, this office. 51

WANTED—Laundry work by first-class laundress; reference if required. A 2745 Wash st. 51

Miscellaneous.

WANTED—Situation; a young girl desires a situation in a private family; best of reference. 1444 N. 12th st. 52

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Clerks and Saleswomen.

IF you want work, advertise in the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

WANTED—All ladies wishing to purchase a neat, serviceable and stylish wrap, dress or Newmarket, and not having the ready cash, can buy same at cash prices on easy time-payments at the general credit house of the Straus-Emerich Outfitting Company, 1121, 1123 and 1125 Olive st. Open at night. 63

Teachers, Companions, Etc.

IF you want work, advertise in the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

WANTED—Telegraph teacher. Call or address, with particulars, at 1518 Papin st. 78

Stenographers.

IF you want work, advertise in the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

WANTED—Lady stenographer to exchange reading for dictation practice with lady employed in lawyer's office, near Custom-house. Address F 34, this office. 64

Housekeepers.

IF you want a good place the Sunday Post-Dispatch will secure it for you.

WANTED—A good housekeeper for general housework. Call to-day or Sunday. 1809 Montgomery st. 65

Laundresses.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—At 616 Morgan st., woman for restaurant washing. 67

WANTED—Good-looking young woman for laundry office; widow preferred. Address W 34, this office. 67

Dressmakers and Seamstresses.

WANTED—A dressmaker who can give satisfaction in a good-fitting waist, at reasonable rates. Address or call on Mrs. C. C., 2945 Gamble st., city. 69

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

General Housework.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—Good girl for general housework. 601 Hickory st. 66

WANTED—A girl for general housework at 1308 Grattan st. 66

WANTED—A good girl for general housework at 2709½ Cass av. 66

WANTED—A good girl to do general housework. 1018 S. 9th st. 66

WANTED—A German girl for housework. No. 1121 N. 19th st. 66

WANTED—A good girl for general housework in small family. 2807 Thomas st. 66

WANTED—A girl for general housework; small family. Apply at 3831 Finney av. 66

WANTED—Girl for general housework; two in family. 2723 Wash st. Call Sunday. 66

WANTED—A quick, smart girl about 14 years old, to do light housework. Apply 2722 Randolph st. 66

WANTED—A German girl about 14 years of age to do light housework in a small family. 905 S. 10th st. 66

WANTED—A neat, competent German girl for general housework. Call Monday and Tuesday at 3612 North Market st. 66

Cooks, Etc.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—A cook. Inquire at 120 N. 13th st. 68

WANTED—Girl to cook, wash and iron for small family. 3449 Laclede av. 68

WANTED—A competent German girl to cook, wash, and iron. Apply at 3437 Franklin av. 68

WANTED—A cook; no washing nor ironing, at 2320 Whittemore place, half block west of Lafayette Park. 68

WANTED—Good woman cook and laundress in country hotel. Call as soon as possible at 409½ Lucas av. 68

WANTED—A good woman cook (white) for small country hotel. Address, stating wages, to J. G. Everett, Norborne, Carroll Co., Mo. 68

Nurses.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—An experienced nurse for lady during confinement; refs. req. Address, stating terms, W 32, this office. 70

Miscellaneous.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—Bohemian scrub girls at Moser Hotel. 71

WANTED—Girl to help around the house, one who can sleep at home. 1405 Monroe st. 71

WANTED—Two dining-room girls and two chambermaids for country hotel. Mrs. Ampleman's 409½ Christy av. 71

WANTED—For December 26, three young ladies to engage with Union Telegraph Company and learn telegraphing on our lines and take situations paying from $65, $75, $85, $95, $100 to $125 per month. Apply to Superintendent, 102 N. 3d st. 71

DRESSMAKING.

MRS. DUDLEY, 3573 Olive st.—Artistic dressmaking; novelties in New Year reception costumes and evening dresses. 72

LADIES—If you want your dresses made stylish and fit perfect, call on Bernard Jacoby, 2719 Lucas av., formerly of Rue Rivolli, Paris. 72

WANTED—AGENTS.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—A local agent to handle our patented time and labor-saving railroad and steamboat shipping books; also our patented carbon-holder, etc., etc. Reference required. B. Loewenbach & Son, Milwaukee, Wis. 73

WANTED—Every agent in the country to begin the new year right by selling the Mme. Williamson Health Corset. Big money for every one. For terms and territory apply to Williamson C. & B. Co., 18 S. 6th st., St. Louis, Mo. 73

THEATRICAL.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

OLYMPIC THEATER.

WANTED!

For Imre Kiralfy's grand spectacular production of Lagardere, the Hunchback of Paris, 50 young ladies and 30 children. Apply at stage door Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock. 75

MONEY WANTED.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—To borrow $1,500 on good real estate security. P. O. Box 670, St. Louis. 25

MONEY WANTED—$25,000 wanted for a land and irrigation enterprise; handsome dividends and wonderful increase of value without risk. A. W. Gifford, Room 713, Bank of Commerce Building.

BUSINESS WANTED.

WANTED—To buy a good news and cigar store. Address K 34, this office. 3

WANTED—A gentleman with means and extensive acquaintance among the best merchants in Missouri and the Western states wishes an interest in some live jobbing or manufacturing business. Add. N 34, this office. 3

WANTED—PARTNERS.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—Partner in coal-yard. Apply 817 N. 17th st. 23

WANTED—Partner with $2,000 for Galveston, Tex. Address E 34, this office. 23

WANTED—Active partner in depot lunch counter and restaurant; single man preferred; one that understands cooking and baking. Call or address A. F. Delano, Chapin, Ill. 23

BOARD AND LODGING WANTED.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—By two young gentlemen, a comfortable and nicely furnished room, with board; must be centrally located. Address, stating terms, M 33, this office. 20

WANTED—Two well-furnished adjoining rooms (ground or 2d-floor front) by four young gentlemen, with good board for two; prefer nice homelike private place within at least 1½ miles of Court-house; we are country-bred gentlemen, hence neither saints nor ruffians, but a reasonable mean between the two. Address W 33, this office. 20

HOUSES, ROOMS, ETC., WANTED.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—Room in quiet locality for transient use. Address H 33, this office. 21

WANTED—Comfortably-furnished room; light and fire; state price. Address D 34, this office. 21

WANTED—Three or four unfurnished rooms down town, for housekeeping. Address T 34, this office.

WANTED—One or two furnished rooms for light housekeeping; quiet for man and wife. Address B 34, this office. 21

WANTED—Clean, comfortable room by quiet elderly gentleman, with use of kitchen; private family; English preferred. Address T 33, this office. 21

MISCELLANEOUS WANTS.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

WANTED—500-gallon iron tank. American Steam Laundry, 21st and Morgan sts. 26

WANTED—A counter, shelving, and sink for a bar; also, a second-hand safe. Address N 33, this office. 26

MONEY WANTED—$25,000 wanted for a land and irrigation enterprise; handsome dividends and wonderful increase of value without risk. A. W. Gifford, Room 713, Bank of Commerce Building.

Addington's TRADE MARK NAME & DESIGN **CHAPS** FOR HANDS, Face and Lips, at Addington's Drug Store, 700 Olive st.

ECONOMY LEADS TO WEALTH.

Weather strips applied to doors and windows promotes domestic comfort, excludes dust, baffles the wintry blast and reduces coal bills. Do not delay till spring, but buy at once, as with the increasing demand, we still hold the price at only 1 cent per foot. Call soon. HYNSON & CO., Dealers in Hardware, etc., 4th and Franklin av. 26

BOOKS.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

EVANS BOOK CO., 11th and Olive sts., sell the Century and Harper's Magazine for 25 cents. 28

PROFESSIONAL.

REMOVED—Dr. C. H. Hughes to 3860 Pine st. 34

PERSONAL.

Advertisements under the head of "Personal" are received subject to revision or rejection entirely. The money paid for rejected advertisements will be refunded when address is given, or by calling at this office with ticket. All personals not of a business nature, ten cents a line; nothing less than two lines.

PERSONAL—Cannot come in Saturday; will be in Monday. Nin. 1

PERSONAL—The Indian will find Flora by addressing L 33, this office. 1

PERSONAL—Wanted, to form the acquaintance of a young lady; object social amusement. Address P 34, this office. 1

PERSONAL—A young man desires the acquaintance of a nice young lady; object, social amusement. Address F 32, this office. 1

PERSONAL—Wanted, to get acquainted with a young lady; object social amusement; one not over 25 years old; no street appointments. Address R 34, this office. 1

PERSONAL—Wanted, Merchant's Exchange membership. Apply Room 511, Chamber of Commerce 1

PERSONAL—Young couples and parties starting housekeeping can buy their furniture, carpets, stoves and all house-furnishing goods at cash prices and on easy weekly or monthly payments at the Straus-Emerich Outfitting Company's, 1121, 1123 and 1125 Olive st. The largest stock, the lowest prices and the easiest terms. Open at night. 1

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—Dog, small black Italian hound; answers to the name of Snyder. Liberal reward if returned to J. W. Reilly, 1219 Franklin av. 30

LOST—Pair of eye glasses yesterday going from Pine to Washington av., to car from there to Crawford's; suitable reward if returned to 2627 Pine st. 30

LOST—Or stolen the night of the 18th, yellow female pup, with white spots; had small brass chain and lock around neck; liberal reward if returned to 1227 Chestnut st. 30

LOST—On the evening of Friday, the 16th inst., near Lucas st. and Leffingwell ave., a roll of money wrapped in a white handkerchief. Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning same to 2953 Easton ave. 30

LOST—A pair of solitaire diamond ear-rings by a lady going from Morgan st. and Ware av. down Ware av. to Olive st., and thence west to 39th st. and Washington av. A suitable reward will be paid if brought down to the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., 307 N. 4th st. 30

FOUND—Thursday evening at Union Market, a pair of gold spectacles; owner can have them by calling at 3310 Caroline street and paying for this advertisement. 30

$25 REWARD—Lost small black Newfoundland dog on Wednesday morning, 7th inst., from 928 N. 13th st. Finder please return to above number and receive reward 30

OXYGEN TREATMENT, by inhalation, for all chronic diseases, is a natural process of revitalization. Free trials at Anchor Medical Institute, 1601 Olive st. 30

STORAGE.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

STORAGE—For furniture, pianos, carriages, trunks, etc.; inspection solicited; get our rates; money advanced; careful moving, packing and shipping, etc. R. U. Leonori, Jr., & Co., 1005 Olive st. 81

STORAGE—For furniture, pianos, trunks, stoves and household goods of every description; cleanest and safest warehouse in the city. Careful moving, packing, shipping, etc.; estimates furnished. Worsley, Brandon & Co., 905 to 913 N. 20th st. 81

STORAGE-MOVING!

Furniture, Pianos, Household Goods.

The largest, safest and best storage rooms in the city for furniture, pianos, boxes, trunks and valuable goods of all kinds at lowest rates; cash advances made on same when desired; moving furniture, pianos and household goods from house to house done by experienced men. Packing furniture, pianos, pictures, china, glassware, etc., for shipping a specialty. WM. O. LANGAN & CO.,
81 1003 and 1005 Morgan st.

BUSINESS FOR SALE.

STORES advertised for sale in the Sunday Post-Dispatch have new owners the next day. 4

FOR SALE—Corner grocery; good location and good chance for right man. Ad. J 33, this office. 4

FOR SALE—Half of Post-Dispatch route west of Grand av. Apply to Carrier 43, after 3:15 p. m., at this office. 4

FOR SALE—One of the most favorably located drug stores in the city well stocked and doing a good business. Address S 32, this office. 4

OWING to sickness I would like to let out my route to a good man for a month or more. Apply after 3 p. m. to Carrier No. 30, this office. 4

RARE Chance for Business—A first-class drug store for rent, with two good rooms for family above store; no other drug store in the place; town of 1,000 inhabitants. Apply to Mrs. J. D. Harris, Wentzville, Mo. 4

MUSICAL.

MUSICAL instruments of all kinds are bought and sold, after advertising in the Sunday Post-Dispatch 27

BUYERS of pianos for Christmas presents will find it to their advantage to examine the complete new stock at J. A. Kieselhorst's warerooms, 1111 Olive st.; pianos to suit any purse and on any terms desired. 27

FOR SALE—Cheap—A good piano. 2810 N. Broadway. 27

GUITAR lessons; ladies, 25 cents; gents, 35 cents. 208 N. 14th. 27

GUITAR lessons 25 cents; needle work, china painting and paper flowering taught. Mrs. Hutchison, 1815 Wash st. 27

MILLER, Emerson, Harrington and other pianos at very low prices and on terms to suit any customer. J. A. Kieselhorst, 1111 Olive st. 27

REMOVAL—P. G. Anton, first-class pianos. 1110 Olive st.; old pianos taken in exchange. 27

WANTED—Position, by an organist of 20 years' practical experience, by January 1. Address O 27, this office. 27

WANTED—To teach inst. and vocal music by a first-class lady teacher in exchange for furnished room. Address A 34, this office. 27

ALL SORTS.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

FIFTH National Bank Receiver's deposit certificates bought. Simon Steiner, 306 N. 4th st. 32

OXYGEN TREATMENT, by inhalation, for all chronic diseases, is a natural process of revitalization. Free trials at Anchor Medical Institute, 1601 Olive st. 32

TURKO-AMERICAN BATHS, the ne plus of all baths, at 1601 Olive st.; try one and you will take more; price, 25c, 50c and 75c; also Electric, Sulphur, Sea Salt, Russian, Roman, Vapor and Medicated baths.

ELECTRO-MASSAGE,

Manual and mechanical electro-massage for nervous exhaustion, general debility, dyspepsia, chronic rheumatism, chronic constipation, sluggish liver, inactive kidneys, spinal complaints, neuralgia, nervous and sick headaches, paralysis, uterine diseases, etc.
32 Anchor Medical Institute, 1601 Olive.

DIPHTHERIA

Prevented and Cured by Ozonized Vapor Compound, prescribed at Anchor Medical Institute, 1601 Olive st. 32

Addington's TRADE MARK NAME & DESIGN **CHAPS** FOR HANDS, Face and Lips, at Addington's Drug Store, 700 Olive st.

Peter Cooper

Building and Loan Association has located at No. 313 N. 3d st., grade floor. Those wishing shares in the first series should make orders early as possible. Begin now to save means for a home. The "Installment Permanent Plan" adopted by this association has shown the best results to the history of the business. For particulars apply to J. B. Tollett, Sec'y.

PANTS TO ORDER $5

—AT—

E. M. HARRIS & CO.'S, TAILORS,

74 512 PINE ST.

HORSES AND VEHICLES.

Wanted.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

EVERY horse-owner can be a Christian after looking in next Sunday's paper. 11

WANTED 10,000 HORSES to cure. See next Sunday's issue for particulars. 11

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Horse and buggy at your own price. 704 S. 22d st. 12

FOR SALE—Top buggies, park, grocery, baker, butcher and dry goods wagons. 1604 N. Broadway.

FOR SALE—A span of well-matched black horses, 6 and 7 years old, half brothers, and can pole in 3 minutes. For particulars address M. Mynes, 523 Kansas av., Topeka, Kan. 12

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

25 S. 7TH ST.—(n. w. cor. Walnut)—One large furnished room for light housekeeping; cheap.

103 S. 14TH ST.—Two rooms for light housekeeping, cheap. 13

112 S. 6TH ST.—Warm, nice rooms $1, 50 and 75 cents per night; transients a specialty. 13

121 N. 7TH—Nicely-furnished room; gas and fire; suitable for two or three gentlemen. 13

205 S. 15TH ST.—Nicely-furnished rooms for light housekeeping; rent low. 13

211½ N. 8TH ST.—One furnished room for rent. 13

214 N. 13TH ST.—Nicely-furnished rooms and nice furnished front parlor. 13

303 N. 12TH ST.—Nicely-furnished rooms with fire and gas; rent reasonable. 13

304 S. LEVEE.—Rooms for rent. A. Schields. 13

318 MARKET ST.—Unfurnished rooms, single or en suite, $6 and $10 per month. 13

420 S. 6TH ST.—Furnished rooms; one room for light housekeeping; transients accommodated. 13

603 WALNUT ST.—(Opposite People's Theater.) Nicely furnished rooms for gentlemen. 13

811 S. 9TH ST.—Three nicely-furnished rooms for gents or light housekeeping; rent cheap. 13

907 S. 8TH ST., second door north of Chouteau av.—Rooms, with water. 13

910 WASH ST.—One neatly-furnished room, suitable for two gents, with fuel and gas. 13

924 LOCUST ST.—Nicely-furnished second-floor front; terms reasonable. 13

1009 N. COMPTON AV.—Two rooms and kitchen in rear. 13

1103 CHOUTEAU AV.—Two rooms and kitchen, 2d floor, at $11. 13

1111 GLASGOW AV.—One or two nicely furnished front rooms, second floor; all conveniences; convenient to cars; private family; for man and wife or gents. 13

1114 CHOUTEAU AV.—Nicely-furnished front parlor, also rooms on 2d and 3d floor, for gents or married couple. 13

1116 CHOUTEAU AV.—Nicely-furnished back parlor cheap. 13

1120 PINE ST.—Newly furnished parlor with connecting bedroom; also hall room for gents or married couple. 13

1125 PINE ST.—Furnished rooms complete for housekeeping; room for gentlemen; $2 per week; respectable only. 13

1209 ST. ANGE AV.—4 rooms, 1st or 2d floor; nice rooms. 13

1310 OLIVE ST.—Large furnished front room; no objection to housekeeping. 13

1316 PINE ST.—Furnished rooms for gents or gent and wife. 13

1402 OLIVE ST.—Nicely-furnished rooms for gents; also rooms for light housekeeping. 13

1424 MORGAN ST.—Nicely furnished, second-story front, for one or two gents. 13

1427 PAPIN ST.—Nicely-furnished second-story front room; southern exposure; suitable for two single gents. 13

1520 LUCAS PLACE—Nicely furnished rooms with board on 1st and 2d floor. 13

1601 OLIVE ST.—Furnished rooms, 2d and 3d stories, gas, bath and all conveniences. 13

1604 OLIVE ST.—Front parlor, nicely furnished, suitable for physicians or two gents. 13

1606 OLIVE ST.—Neatly-furnished and unfurnished rooms; low to good tenants. 13

1618 WASHINGTON AV.—Pleasant nicely-furnished rooms; all conveniences; one or two gentlemen. 13

1801 WASH ST.—Nicely furnished front room for gents or light housekeeping. 13

1802 OLIVE ST.—Furnished or unfurnished rooms on first and second floor. 13

2104 CHESTNUT ST.—Three nice unfurnished rooms, second floor, with water and all conveniences. 13

2234 WASHINGTON AV.—Furnished room; private family; references. 13

2318 PINE ST.—Comfortably furnished hall room; rent low; also unfurnished room; hot water. 13

2334 OLIVE ST.—Two or three first-class rooms, also alcove and closet, suitable for light housekeeping; nicely-furnished; rent reasonable. 13

2600 LOCUST ST.—Elegant lodging rooms in Dr. Mudd's new building; steam, heat and light furnished; hot and cold water. Apply CARR & GREENWOOD,
13 16 N. 8th st.

2623 PINE ST.—Furnished room for one or two with or without fire; rent cheap. 13

2624 OLIVE ST.—Large elegant front room; newly furnished; every convenience; elegant meals; reasonable terms. 13

2641 OLIVE ST.—Parlors completely furnished for housekeeping; $18 month; back room $6 month. 13

2644 CHESTNUT ST.—Nicely furnished room for two gents or man and wife, $8. 13

2649 OLIVE ST.—Four unfurnished rooms on 1st floor, two L rooms on second; rent cheap. 13

2719 LUCAS AV.—Nicely fur. parlor suitable for gents or married couple, $8 per month. 13

2719 RUSSELL AVE.—4 elegant large rooms, first floor, $20. 13

3332 LOCUST ST.—Four rooms, first floor. 13

FOR RENT—Gent with comfortable bedroom would like a room-mate. Apply 1221 Chouteau av. 13

FOR RENT—Handsome furnished room; fire, gas, bath; $40 per month; gents or married couple. Address G 34, this office. 13

FOR RENT—Three or four nice rooms, with water, gas, grates and closets, in new stone-front house, $14 to $16. Apply at 1534 Bacon st., north of Cass av.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished front room, second floor; suitable for two gents; detached from other rooms by hall; light and cozy; on Clark av. west of Compton. Address S 33, this office. 13

ROOMS are quickly rented by advertising in the Sunday Post-Dispatch. 13

BOARDING.

913 N. JEFFERSON AV.—Second-story front, nicely furnished for gent, and wife or two, with board, $35 per month; no other boarders; private family. 18

1107 CHOUTEAU AV.—Furnished rooms with or without board. 18

1121 DOLMAN ST.—Furn. room, board, bath and fire, 1 or 2 gents, at $4.50 per week each. 18

1209 CHOUTEAU AV.—Furnished rooms with or without board. 10

1518 PAPIN ST.—Beautifully-furnished front room cheap; also day boarders wanted. 18

1519 OLIVE ST.—Splendid board with or without room for gentleman or lady. 18

1521 OLIVE ST.—Nicely-furnished rooms on first and second floors, with or without board. 18

1601 WASHINGTON AV.—Comfortable, bright rooms and excellent board. 18

1714 CARR PLACE—Nicely-furnished rooms, with or without board; private family; pleasant location. 18

1804 LUCAS PLACE—Elegant rooms; fire, gas and bath; with or without board; very cheap rates. 18

1834 LUCAS PLACE—Desirable rooms with first-class board. 18

2113 LUCAS PLACE—Elegantly furnished second-story front room; first-class board. 18

2120 OLIVE ST.—Elegant room, 2d floor, for one gent; breakfast and 6 o'clock dinner; only $30. 18

2335 OLIVE ST.—One nicely-furnished room, second floor, suitable for two gents or light housekeeping, $8. 18

2606 LOCUST ST.—Two handsome-fur. sunny rooms; good board; hot bath; furnace, etc. 18

2630 LOCUST ST.—Fine second-story room, with board. 18

2635 OLIVE ST.—Newly and handsomely furnished second-story front room, so. ex.; also other rooms, at low rates, with board. 18

2723 THOMAS ST.—Desirable second-story front and back rooms; southern exposure; all conveniences; first-class table board and attendance; good neighborhood; private family; terms reasonable. 18

2735 OLIVE ST.—Well furnished rooms, with bath, fire and breakfast, if desired. 18

2923 CHESTNUT ST.—Neatly-furnished front and back rooms, with board. 18

3056 SHERIDAN AV.—Handsomely furnished rooms; large grounds; near cable; first-class board. 18

3122 LUCAS AV.—Very desirable rooms on second and third-floor front, with excellent board for gent and wife or party of gents; new house, heated by grates and furnace, gas, hot and cold bath; every accommodation; parties seeking a pleasant home for the winter will find all they desire; good location, near three lines of cars; reference exchanged. 18

3137 CHESTNUT ST.—Furnished room, with or without board; references exchanged. 18

BOARD—The St. James Hotel will make a very low rate for guests by the week or month; see their rooms and get prices before locating for the winter. 18

FOR RENT—with board, in private family, a back parlor, with use of front parlor and piano; suitable for young married couple or two gentlemen; terms to suit agreeable party. Address L 32, this office. 18

BOARDERS are secured by advertising in the Sunday Post-Dispatch. 18

SUBURBAN PROPERTY FOR RENT.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

FOR RENT—100-acre farm, with six-room house, barns, etc., at Jennings Station, St. Louis County; also two places, each with good houses, barns and cisterns and with from 15 to 30 acres of ground, to suit tenant; suitable for market gardeners, being highly manured and near Rock Road, six miles from city. Apply to Robert L. McLaren, 511 Pine. 18

FOR RENT—DWELLINGS.

1009 N. COMPTON AV.—Seven-room house, laundry and bath-room. 14

1105 ST. ANGE AV.—10-room, stone-front, gas fixtures; all conveniences; suitable for two families; $40. JNO. MAGUIRE,
14 519 Walnut st.

1108 STODDARD AV., bet. Chouteau av. and Hickory st.—Six-room house in good repair; water license paid and rent reasonable; key at 1101, same street. 14

1708 WASH ST.—Two story, 6 rooms, bath, front and side yard, in good order; reasonable rent. H. L. CORNET & CO.,
14 110 N. 8th st.

1807 OLIVE ST.—Three-story 10-room house, all conveniences, $40.
14 JOHN MAGUIRE, 519 Walnut st.

FOR RENT—2839 Franklin av.; six rooms, hall, bath, gas; just decorated in fine style; all in good order; $27 month. J. E. KAIME & BRO.,
14 610 Olive st.

CONSULT your interests by advertising in the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

RENTS COLLECTED. REAL ESTATE BOUGHT AND SOLD. LOANS NEGOTIATED.

BUSINESS SOLICITED.

Thomas F. Farrelly,

Real Estate and Financial Agent,

No. 812 Chestnut St. St. Louis Mo.

FOR RENT.

1708 Wash st., 2-story, 6-room, bath; all conveniences.
4328 Vista av. (terminus Market st. line), 2-story 6-room house in fine order; good neighborhood; $22.50.
1109 Mt. Vernon av., 3-room cottage, $8.

FLATS.

2124 Clark av., nice 5-room flat, 2d floor, all conveniences; $22.50.
1636 Helen st., 3 rooms, 2d floor; $13.
1903 Blair av., 2 rooms, 1st floor; $7.

STORES.

408 N. Main st., 3-story building; $40.
213 Chestnut st.; $35.
1033 N. Second st., blacksmith shop; $25.
823 O'Fallon st., store; $15.
1004 Pine st., neat, new stores; $30.
1003 Pine st., store; $25.
719 Chestnut st., store; $40.

H. L. CORNET & CO.,
14 110 N. 8th st.

MULLANPHY BOARD

HOUSES FOR RENT.

These houses are kept in thorough repair without cost to the tenant.

712 North Levee—Three stories, suitable for warehouse or manufacturing purposes; $40.
2418 Dickson st.—Stone front, 6 rooms; attic and laundry, hall and gas, bath, hot and cold water; $30.
1508 N. Twelfth st.—Six rooms; $18.

JOHN D. FINNEY,
Secretary Mullanphy Board,
14 307 Locust st.

HOUSES FOR RENT.

J. E. KAIME & BRO.

610 OLIVE ST.

Very desirable 8-room houses, corner of Washington av. and Cabanne st.; every convenience, furnace, etc.

1509 Webster av., 6-room brick	$22 50
3650 Olive st., 8 rooms, stone front, bath, etc.	40 00
1448 N. Seventh st., 10-room brick, hall, gas.	35 00
3116 Chouteau av., 5-room brick	13 00
1114 N. Sixth st., 6-room brick house	20 00
3404 Franklin av., 9-room stone front	45 00
Very desirable 8-room brick house in Shaw av. place, with 80 feet of ground.	
1506 Lafayette av., 9-room brick house	$30 00
2941 Manchester rd., 2-story brick, 6 rooms	20 00
1119 Foster st., 4-room brick	10 00
2119 Eugenia st., 3-story brick house, 12 rooms	......
3512 Olive st., 2-story stone-front, with mansard roof; 12 rooms	65 00

☞ All the above houses will be put in No. 1 order, and most of them have every convenience.

J. E. KAIME & BRO.,
14 610 Olive st.

STEPHEN PECK & CO.

No. 811 Chestnut St.

HAVE FOR RENT—DWELLINGS.

2565 BENTON ST.—Six rooms, $20; water paid.
1414 OLIVE ST.—Eleven rooms.

FLATS.

2616 LACLEDE AV.—Four rooms, 2d floor, $16.
2620 LACLEDE AV.—Four rooms, 3d floor, $14.

ROOMS.

1424 SINGLETON ST.—Three rooms, $10; water paid.
1412 MARKET ST.—Three rooms, $11; water paid.

STORES.

221 S. MAIN ST.—Three-story, with four rooms on 2d and 3d floors, $30.
1335 POPLAR ST.—$15.
436 S. FOURTEENTH ST.—$12.
2618 LACLEDE AV.—$16.65.
1412 MARKET ST.—$20. 14

DELOS R. HAYNES & BRO.

211 N. EIGHTH STREET,

Have for rent the following:

DWELLINGS.	
2622 Washington av., 11 rooms	$83 35
3024 Bell, 12 rooms, large stable and yard	80 00
2818 Washington, 10 rooms	75 00
3133 Lucas av., 9 rooms	60 00
3006 Laclede, 8 rooms	35 00
1935 Papin, 6 rooms	25 00
2817 Russell, 6 rooms, large yard	25 00
2943 Gamble, 9 rooms	35 00
FLATS AND ROOMS.	
3510 Easton, 6 rooms	30 00
1404 Garrison, 5 rooms	20 00
1410 Garrison 4 rooms	17 50
2659 Arsenal, 4 rooms	8 00
2947 Gamble, 5 rooms	20 00
OFFICES AND STORES.	
2955 Sheridan av., large new store.	
113 Vine st	80 00

F. W. KEFERSTEIN & CO.

115 NORTH EIGHTH ST.

4118 WASHINGTON AV., 6 rooms; yard, etc.
1305 GRATTAN ST., 6 rooms, etc.; $27.50.
1304 CHOUTEAU AV., 8 rooms, etc.
1308 ST. ANGE AV., 8 rooms, etc.; $30.
1736 PARK PLACE—9 rooms, etc.
26 S. 16TH ST.—10 rooms; $33.50.
3242 OLIVE ST.—10 rooms, etc.
3915 N. 9TH ST.—New, 6 rooms, water, etc.
1309 PARK AV.—8 rooms; all conveniences; $30.
1213 GRATTAN ST.—7-room brick; h., g., b.
1402 HICKORY ST.—8 rooms; h. and g. bath, etc.; $35.
1325 DILLON ST.—9 rooms; all conveniences,
1004 CHOUTEAU AV.—Stone-front, 10 rooms; all conv.
1558 CALIFORNIA AV.—New, 6 rooms; all conveniences.
1421 MISSOURI AV.—3-story, stone-front; all modern conveniences
2106 WALNUT ST.—3-story, stone-front; all conv.
1911 HICKORY ST.—8 rooms; h., g. and b.
813 S. 9TH ST.—6 rooms; all conveniences.
1600 PARK AV.—6 rooms; all conveniences.

FLATS.

NORTH side of Geyer av., east of Jefferson av., new flats, 5 rooms each; all conveniences.
22 S. 20TH ST.—3 rooms; $11,
509 S. 23D ST.—3-room flat, 2d floor, bath, etc.; $14.50.
703 S. JEFFERSON AV., 5 rooms, 1st floor; $12.
321 CONVENT ST.—3 rooms, etc.; $12.
904 S. 4TH ST.—5 rooms, etc.; $20.
1711 LAFAYETTE AV.—5 rooms; $25.
2509 SPRING AV.—Second-floor flat, $15.
2656 SCOTT AV.—Three rooms, etc., $12.50.
3915 N. 9TH ST.—Three rooms; water, etc.
3319 S. 9TH ST.—Six rooms, h., w. c., etc.
1206½ GRATTAN ST.—Four rooms, h., g. and b.

STORES.

313 WALNUT ST., store, etc.
1607 PARK AV., store and cellar.
906 S. 8TH ST., store and cellar.

FOR RENT—DWELLINGS.

KERNAN & FARIS,

112 N. EIGHTH STREET,

HAVE FOR RENT:

DWELLINGS.

18 N. 11th st., 8 rooms, etc.; $35.
1524 Park av., 6 rooms and water; $20.
2110 Chestnut st., 6 rooms; bath, etc.; $25.
2917 Morgan st., 9 rooms; bath, etc.; $40.
2710 Gamble st., 7 rooms, bath, etc.; $27.50.
421 S. 15th st., 6 rooms, large yard; $20.

STORES.

306 N. Main st., 4 floors and elevator.
110 N. Sixth st., two upper floors; cheap.
214 N. 11th, just completed.
413 N. 7th, good location; $25.

FAMILY ROOMS.

S. e. cor. 11th and Olive sts., 7 rooms; $35.

OFFICES AND SLEEPING-ROOMS.

710 Olive st., 2 rooms, third floor, front. 14

FOR RENT—FLATS.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

1002 ARSENAL ST.—New flat, 3 or 4 rooms, 1st or 2d floor. Apply 933 Wyoming st.

1636 HELEN ST.—Between Mullanphy and Madison sts., new 3-room flat, 2d floor; $13. H. L. CORNET & CO., 110 N. 8th st.

3332 LOCUST ST.—Four rooms, first floor.

FOR RENT—5-room flat, No. 727 N. Vandeventer av. P. G. GERHART & CO., 114 N. 8th st.

FOR RENT.

New flats for small families, 3 rooms each, with modern conveniences; the cheapest flat in town; 1832 and 1834 O'Fallon st.; $14.
CHAS. H. GLEASON & CO.,
720 Chestnut st.

FOR RENT.

MARSHALL FLATS

GRAND AND EASTON AVS.

Three suites of 5 rooms, just completed; isolated; separate bath-rooms, hot and cold water, electric bells and door-openers, with all modern conveniences; janitor carries up coal and keeps building in order. The most elegant and convenient flats in the city. Also three fine large stores with dry cellars. Apply to janitor, on premises; or to
JAMES P. KERR,
509 Olive st., Room 16.

TO LET FOR BUSINESS PURPOSES.

THE merchant always looks in the Sunday Post-Dispatch if he wants a new store. 17

205 N. BROADWAY—Two upper floors; large office on first floor. TERRY & SCOTT.

FOR RENT—Store, 718 Lucas av., 22x75; $65. CHAS. H. GLEASON & CO.,
17 720 Chestnut st.

FOR RENT—Elegant loft; suitable for sample-room or small wholesale business. 308 and 310 N. Broadway. 17

FOR RENT—Fine new offices or store-rooms. 1004 and 1006 Pine st. Rent low.
17 H. L. CORNET & CO., 110 N. 8th st.

FOR RENT—719 Chestnut st., store-room well located for real estate office.
17 H. L. CORNET & CO., 110 N. 8th st.

FOR RENT—Store and cellar, cheap, 602 S. Second st. Apply to P. G. GERHART & CO.,
17 114 N. 8th st.

FOR RENT OR LEASE—Will alter a three-story building on the north side of Pine st., between 11th and 12th sts., to suit tenant; reasonable rent.
17 HENRY HEIMENZ, JR., 614 Chestnut st.

FOR RENT—Three new large stores, under Marshall flats, with light, dry cellars, Grand and Easton avs., at junction of Fair Grounds and Franklin avenue cable. Apply to
17 JAS. P. KERR, 509 Olive st., room 16.

SECOND STREET STORES—For Rent—Those two very substantial and dry stores. 19 to 25 S. 2d st., 32 ft. front each. Apply on premises. 17

Notice! Notice! Notice!

FOR RENT!

Cheap Stores and Warehouses.

We will rent you at bed-rock prices the following

STOREHOUSES:

No. 18 N. 3d street.
No. 716 N. 2d street.
No. 718 N. Main street.
No. 412 N. Main street.
No. 607 & 608 N. Levee, suitable for warehouses.

Call, if you want something good and reasonable.

FARRAR & CO.,

624 Chestnut Street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

COAL—9 bu. $1; 19 bu, $2; 25 bu. $2.65. By the large load 10c. per bu., at Thos. F. Carroll's, 2021 Franklin av. Send postal. 5

FOR SALE—Wood—One-horse loads, $1; two-horse loads, $2. Apply at 2800 De Kalb st. 5

FOR SALE—Parrots, pugs, St. Bernard, Newfoundland pups; open Sunday. 320 N. 8th st 5

FOR SALE—Billiard-table; also second-hand pool-tables, in first-class repair, at Walter & Son, 2615 Franklin av. 5

FOR SALE—No. 56 Radiant Home heating stove, bed-room set, dining-room and kitchen furniture. 1903 Bacon st. 5

FOR SALE—A No. 13 Van's pat. wrought-iron range for $35, a Bridge & Beach hard-coal self-feeder for $10, a Climax soft-coal self-feeder for $10; cannon stoves from $2.75 up; No. 7 cooking-stoves from $8.50 up, at Condon Bros.', 1026 and 1028 Market st. All kinds of stoves, furnaces and ranges repaired. St. Louis depot for the Magee Steel Dome, Boston Furnaces, and Hart's Royal Furnaces.

FOR SALE—
One 40 inch by 36 inch by 10 feet iron planer.
One 32 inch by 30 inch by 8 feet iron planer.
One 24 inch by 24 inch by 6 feet iron planer.
One 19 inch by 11 feet Lodge, Davis & Co. lathe.
One 18 inch by 6 feet Gleason lathe.
One 18 inch by 10 feet screw cutting lathe.
Two bolt cutters, second-hand.
One emory stand.
One 12 inch Cordesman hand planer.
Three Frich's sensitive drills; $50 each.
One 20 inch back grand Prentice drill.
Taft blacksmith and power drills.
Cleveland and Hardwick engines; 6 to 90 horse-power.
A single saw-mill with 52-inch saw, wrought head blocks, 24-foot carriage; best bargains yet offered.
A second-hand double Kingsland & Ferguson mill with 30-foo carriage; 3 Parkhurst head blocks; a new 60-inch saw; top saw 30-inch; log wagon, etc. Will sell whole or part at your own price. A. B. Bowman, 823 N. 2d st. 5

MONEY WANTED—$25,000 wanted for a land and irrigation enterprise; handsome dividends and wonderful increase of value without risk. A. W. Gifford, Room 713, Bank of Commerce Building.

SINGER Sewing Machines from $5 to $12, all in perfect order, at Dunn's Loan Office, 912 Franklin av. 5

O. K. COAL DEALER delivers coal to any part of the building. Eight bushels, $1. Fourth and fifth floors extra. Order by mail or telephone No. 3181. Office, 922 N. 12th st.
C. F. WUESTENEY, Proprietor.

1,000 UNREDEEMED gold and silver watches, 2,000 rings, 500 clocks and large quantities of gold and silver chains, bracelets, jewelry, etc., for sale cheap at Dunn's Loan Office, 912 Franklin av. 5

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

All the personal estate of Bernard Smith, deceased, consisting of horses, mules, wagons and household furniture, will be sold at his late residence, southwest corner of Vandeventer and St. Ferdinand avs., on Monday, December 26, at 10 o'clock a. m.
GEORGE DENISON,
Administrator of Bernard Smith. 5

E. A. SKEELE WILL CUT

prices, for cash or on time, till March 1, on Furniture, Stoves and Household goods of every description. Call before buying. 210 and 212 North 7th st.

ON TIME PAYMENTS.

I will furnish your house with good or medium furniture cheaper than any other furniture house in the city. Call and be convinced for yourself. H. Walker, 206 N. 12th, between Olive and Pine. 5

FOLDING BED! MIRRORS.

One upright mirror front $5 folding walnut bed, with mattress and springs, $35. French plate pier glass $20, do do wardrobe $20, worth $45; Mantel Mirror do do $10, fine inclosed Remington Sewing Machine $10, twelve imported German chairs, cane seat and back $2, 100 new wash-tubs 30c to 75c, chamber sets from $100 to $8, parlor sets $50 to $8, bed lounges $16 to $4, top buggy $18, covered three spring wagon $25. E. A. Skeele, 210 and 212 N. 7th.

SUBURBAN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

FOR SALE—Five-acre tract, situated on the north side Missouri Pacific Railroad, between Benton and Ellendale stations; suitable for subdivision; will be sold at a bargain. JAMES CUMMISKEY,
12 N. 8th st.

EDUCATIONAL.

ADVERTISE your wants in "Sunday Morning Post-Dispatch."

A TEACHER of arithmetic, writing, [illegible]

IMP'D CITY PROPERTY FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—2116 Division, 6-room house; will pay 15 per cent; $1,500.
CHAS. H. GLEASON & CO.,
720 Chestnut st.
7

FOR SALE—3711 and 3713 Kossuth av., 6-room bricks, 4 tenements; rented; will sell to net 10 per cent; $4,500. CHAS. H. GLEASON & CO.,
720 Chestnut st.

FOR SALE—2747 Wyoming st., 6 rooms, finished basement and laundry, hall and bath; lot, 40x125; $3,600. CHAS. H. GLEASON & CO.,
720 Chestnut st.
7

FOR SALE—Northeast corner Angelica and Ninth st., 50x109, is offered at a bargain for a few days; only $27 a foot. CHAS. H. GLEASON & CO.,
720 Chestnut st.
7

FOR SALE—Walnut near 21st st., 10-room stone-front, brick stable, lot 29x135; $5,000. 7
JOHN McGUIRE,
519 Walnut st.

FOR SALE—We have a 50-foot lot south side of Page av., 46 feet east of Prairie av., which can be had at a bargain if taken at once.
CHAS. H. GLEASON & CO.,
720 Chestnut st.
7

FOR SALE—Cheap, new 4-room cottage; one square from Franklin av. cable; will sell on monthly payments; small amount down. W. F. Sydnor, 4582 Cote Brillante av. 7

FOR SALE—Fine corner lot 110x120, n. e. corner Lafayette av. and Dolman st. This well situated corner, well situated for flats or business houses, can be had very low. H. L. CORNET & CO.,
110 N. 8th st.
7

FOR SALE—House and 50-foot lot, 2939 Dickson st., contains 10 rooms, every convenience; been occupied by owner since built; is in good order; convenient to churches, schools, and cable car lines; parties desiring nice resident property cheap would do well to call and inspect. 7

FOR SALE—At a bargain—Southeast corner of 7th and Marion, three 2-story brick dwellings, renting for $648 per annum. I am instructed by owner to sell; it is one of the best investments ever put on the market; it is within one block of the Soulard Market; a fine point for future business prospects. Apply to JAMES CUMMISKEY,
12 N. 8th st.
7

FOR SALE—2501 and 2503 N. 10th st., at northwest corner of Benton st., two new 2-story brick dwellings, stock brick fronts, each having 6 rooms with modern conveniences; never vacant, yielding an annual rent of $600. These houses are offered at a considerable reduction below the cost of their erection. Price, $5,500. JAMES CUMMISKEY,
12 N. 8th st.
7

FOR SALE—On monthly payments—One very pretty six-room stone front, just finished: hydrant water and also cistern; front, side and rear yards; fine location; price $2,600; a small cash payment and remainder to suit purchaser; must be sold; open Sunday from 12 m to 5 p. m.; Vista av., between Mount Vernon and Tower Grove avs., end of Market st. car line. Apply at next house as above, or T. F. Marley, 202½ N. 8th st. 7

WE have some good investments on Franklin av. between Broadway and Fourteenth st.
CHAS. H. GLEASON & CO.,
7 720 Chestnut st.

3942 MORGAN ST.—A nice 5-room house, with lot 30x155; cable road goes right to it; $2,300.
CHAS. H. GLEASON & CO.,
7 720 Chestnut st.

10 PER CENT INVESTMENT.

Clark av., near Compton, two 6-room dwellings, well rented. JNO. MAGUIRE, 519 Walnut st. 7

RENTS COLLECTED. REAL ESTATE BOUGHT AND SOLD. LOANS NEGOTIATED.

BUSINESS SOLICITED.

Thomas F. Farrelly,
Real Estate and Financial Agent,
No. 812 Chestnut St. St. Louis, Mo.

$6,500 WILL BUY
3537 Lindell Av.

A first-class, detached 3-story, stone-front house and lot in fine order. Open for inspection to-day (Sunday) from 2 to 4 p. m.
TAAFFE & GAY, Agents,
7 710 Chestnut st.

Chas. H. Bailey,
304 N. Seventh St.
Real Estate and Loans

You have the opportunity still to give your family a Christmas gift of 4089 Delmar av., 40 ft. front, built by Mr. Marc Holmes for his own use, elegantly arranged, substantially built, and offered very cheap.

Improved central property, $25,000.

Ninety-nine year straight lease; two pieces, near Seventh and Washington av. and Eleventh and St. Charles sts.; pays better than buying, and will fix price to purchase at any time during the lease.

I can offer a row of houses, new, well located; will pay 10 per cent clear.

Washington av., corner, double stone front, stable; no better location; offered at a bargain.

Manufacturing property—168x135, with buildings, corner Third and Barton, at half cost.

A home and ten acres, at Benton.

Vandeventer place—I can offer some lots cheaper, probably, than you will ever get the chance again, at Vandeventer place.

Money to loan; any amount; very lowest rates.
Telephone 202. 7

A SPECIAL BARGAIN
FOR THREE DAYS.

2813 GAMBLE ST.—A 2-story, 8-room **$5,100** brick house, with hall, gas, bath, hot and cold water, laundry, etc., all in good order. Also a good brick stable; side entrance to rear yard.

FISHER & CO.,
714 Chestnut St.

CITY REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Northwest corner of Bell av. and Whittier st., lot 90x150 to alley.
P. G. GERHART & CO.,
114 N. 8th st.

FOR SALE—UNIMPROVED.

SECOND ST.,
Formerly Columbus, 150x168 feet, between Louisa and Harper sts. Good manufacturing site.

MICHIGAN AV.,
127x125; corner of Itaska; $10 per foot.

LAFAYETTE AV., N. S.,
Between Ohio and California avs., 50x124; $40 per foot.

Nine acres on west side of Gravois road; 100 feet west of Oak Hill & Carondelet R. R., suitable for factories, or can be conveniently subdivided into lots. Situated high, with frame dwelling, stable and cistern. A side track runs through this property. Price, $9,000.

HEBER ST., E. S.,
Between John and Gano av.; lot 357x125; $12 per foot.

STOCKTON ST., W. S.,
Between John and Gano av.; lot 357x150; $12 per foot.

52½x125, on Compton av., south of Osceola, fine level lot at bargain.
JAMES CUMMISKEY,
8 12 N. 8th st.

FINANCIAL.

$10 TO $1,000 worth of furniture, carpets, stoves, and all house-furnishing goods for sale or rent; no interest; no charges; weekly or monthly payments taken. Straus-Emerich Time-Payment House, 1121, 1123 and 1125 Olive st. Open at night. 31

BORROWERS are found by advertising in the Sunday Post-Dispatch. 31

MONEY loaned on clothing, diamonds, watches, chains, guns, pistols, musical instruments, etc., at Dunn's Loan Office, 912 Franklin av. 31

MONEY LOANED—$5 and upwards, on furniture without removal; also on any good personal securities. My terms are the best in the city. M. E. Dougan, 719½ Pine st., upstairs. 31

A GENTLEMAN wishing to invest some surplus funds will loan $25 and upwards on household furniture and other security; parties wishing advances will be treated fairly and can secure loans on satisfactory terms. Call at 1017 Morgan st. 31

LOANS on furniture in residence; lowest rates; no commission. Call at 804 Chestnut st. 31

FOR SALE—Real estate notes, $3,000 or $4,000 6 per cent; double security.
13 JOHN MAGUIRE, 519 Walnut st.

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate at lowest rates of interest.
E. H. PONATH & CO.,
Real Estate and Financial Agents,
515 Chestnut st.

FURNITURE LOANS.

$20 and upward to loan on furniture at residence, without removal; lowest rates; business strictly confidential. C. F. Dorn, 208 N. 8th st. 31

PERSONAL SUNDRIES.

UNFORTUNATES look in the Sunday Post-Dispatch for those who can relieve them. 74

IF you need a suit of clothes call and see the fine misfits at Dunn's Loan Office. 74

LIGHT, light, light, light, light, light. Come and see the wonderful Meyrose Electric Lamp and buy one for a Christmas or New Year's present. Cheaper than any other place in the city. J. H. Willmans, Agent, 808 Pine st. 74

MRS. WUNDERLE, fortune teller, tells past, present and future. 810 Wash, formerly of 1919 Victor st. 74

MRS. KEADING—Midwife; receives ladies in house for confinement at 1510 Biddle st.; business strictly confidential; terms reasonable; call or write.

MONEY WANTED—$25,000 wanted for a land and irrigation enterprise; handsome dividends and wonderful increase of value without risk. A. W. Gifford, Room 713, Bank of Commerce Building.

NOTICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS—Parties declining housekeeping and wishing to sell their household goods for cash would do well to call on or address
74 R. U. LEONORI, JR., & CO., 1008 Olive st.

OXYGEN TREATMENT, by inhalation, for all chronic diseases, is a natural process of revitalization. Free trials at Anchor Medical Institute, 1601 Olive st. 74

PERSONAL—Mrs. E. King receives ladies to board during confinement. 2033 Franklin av. 74

PERSONAL—Oesterreicher, the tailor, 904 Market, acknowledges no equal in fit, finish and price. 74

PERSONAL—Ladies you can make more money during your leisure hours selling the Mme. Williamson Health Corset than on any other article you could handle. Call for terms at office, 18 S. 6th st. 74

SLATE writing and business medium; ladies 50c, gents $1. 208 N. 14th. 74

STRANGERS visiting the city must not fail to try one of Mrs. Dr. Silva's Magnetic and Massage Baths; also her refreshing baths. Baths $1 and $2. 1425 Pine st. 74

TAILOR-MADE SUITS at half price for the next two weeks. Mrs. E. H. Bryant, 1220 Olive st. 74

WILL some kind person assist a sick widow in destitution with a few dollars for Christmas? Address W 31, this office. 74

1,000 BUSINESS cards or tags for $1. H. B. Crole & Co., Printers, 813 Locust st. 74

CENTENNIAL Dental rooms; removed to same old block, 822 Washington av.; satisfaction guaranteed; open at night. DRS. WICKERSHAM. 74

ELECTRO-MASSAGE,

Manual and mechanical electro-massage for nervous exhaustion, general debility, dyspepsia, chronic rheumatism, chronic constipation, sluggish liver, inactive kidneys, spinal complaints, neuralgia, nervous and sick headaches, paralysis, uterine diseases, etc.
74 Anchor Medical Institute, 1601 Olive st,

SUITS TO ORDER
$ AT
E. M. HARRIS & CO.'S,
74 512 Pine st.

DIPHTHERIA

Prevented and Cured by Ozonized Vapor Compound, prescribed at Anchor Medical Institute, 1601 Olive st. 74

BOSTON STEAM DENTAL CO.,

No. 615 Olive st., next to Barr's (formerly 802 Washington av.). The only place in the city where they make the very best sets of teeth for $7, and no charge for extracting. Gold fillings from $1.50 to $2; silver, platina and other fillings, 75c. Extracting teeth with vitalized air or gas, 25c. All work guaranteed first-class. DR. J. H. CASE, Manager.

Addington's TRADE MARK NAME & DESIGN **CHAPS** FOR HANDS, Face and Lips, at Addington's Drug Store, 700 Olive st.

THOSE who wish a wide circulation for their wants should try the Sunday Post-Dispatch.

MRS. MARY DAVIS, M. D.—Ladies' physician; female complaints treated and board during confinement. 1605 Carr st. 74

MRS. RIENER—Lady's physician and midwife, receives ladies at the house during confinement; business confidential; charges reasonable. 501 Rutger st. 74

MRS. PESELL—Truest of all fortune-tellers, 3809 Manchester road, between Theresa and Grand av.; your past, present and future foretold; open Sundays. office hours between 9 a. m. and 9 p. m. 74

PERSONAL—Mrs. Dossen, practical and competent midwife; business strictly confidential; attended to with board; charges reasonable. 115 S. 14th st. 74

MRS. ROS.
SABINE!
BEYOND COMPARISON THE GREATEST LIVING
FORTUNE-TELLER,
BUSINESS ADVISER
AND
Only Genuine Spiritual Healer.

Gives positively successful advice and luck in all matters of love, matrimony, business, lottery, races, journeys, lawsuits, contested wills, divorce, speculation, etc. She unites friends and lovers; causes speedy marriages, removes family troubles, recovers stolen, mislaid or buried property; treats diseases spiritually only; female complaints a specialty; positive cure of drunkenness guaranteed. Come and read SWORN testimonials. 801 N. 15th st., n. w. cor. Morgan st.

MRS. G. LUBY,
THE GREAT
FORTUNE-TELLER,

Can be consulted on business matters, marriages and losses of every description; tells name and age of sweetheart and future husband, bringing separated together, and causes speedy marriages; gives lucky charms and breaks evil influence, and those who forsake you to return. 502 N. 15th, between St. Charles st. and Washington av. 74

ELECTION NOTICES.

ELECTION NOTICE.—The Third National Bank of St. Louis, December 7, 1887. The regular annual election for nine (9) Directors of this bank will be held on the second Tuesday, January 10, 1888, at the banking rooms. Polls open from 12 o'clock m. until 2 o'clock, p. m. T. A. STODDART, Cashier.

ELECTION NOTICE—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Rock Spring Loan and Building Association of St. Louis for the election of thirteen directors to serve during the ensuing year, will be held at L. Freimuth's Hall, corner of Clayton road and Manchester road, on Thursday, January 12, 1888. Polls open from 3 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. JOS. FREIN, President.

THE tenth annual meeting of the Western Commercial Travelers' Association will be held at the Lindell Hotel on Tuesday, December 27, 1887, at 9 o'clock a. m., at which time there will be an election for President, six Vice-Presidents and six Directors; also for Secretary and Treasurer and Medical Director. Poll open at 11 a. m., and closes at 2 o'clock p. m. THOMAS RYAN,
Secretary and Treasurer.

DISSOLUTION NOTICES.

NOTICE is hereby given that the firm of Hartlage & Linnenbringer has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. J. H. Hartlage is to collect all bills due the firm and pay all debts owing by it.
St, Louis, December 19, 1887.

NOTICE is hereby given that the firm of Hartlage & Linnenbringer has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. J. H. Hartlage is to collect all debts owing to it.
St. Louis, December 19, 1887.

TRUSTEES' SALE—Whereas John Lady and his wife by their certain deed of trust, dated September 30, 1881, and recorded in the Recorder's office of the City of St. Louis, State of Missouri, in book 660, page 347, conveyed to the undersigned the following described real estate situated in the city of St. Louis, Mo., to-wit:

Lots No. fourteen (14), fifteen (15) and sixteen (16) in the subdivision of part of block No. twenty-six (26) in Peter Lindell's second addition, being in city block No. 3919 west. said lot fourteen (14) has a front of forty-three feet (43') on the south line of Laclede avenue by a depth of one hundred and seventy-seven feet six inches (177'6") to an alley: said lots No. fifteen and sixteen have an aggregate front of eighty-three feet and one inch (83'1") on the north line of Forest Park boulevard by a depth of one hundred and seventy-seven feet six inches (177'6) to an alley which said conveyance to the undersigned was made in trust to secure the payment of certain notes in said deed of trust described; and, whereas, default has been made in the payment of the principal note; now therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said note and in pursuance of the conditions in said deed of trust the undersigned will on

FRIDAY, THE 6TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1888,

between the hours of 10 o'clock, a. m., and 5 o'clock, p. m. of said day at the East front door of the Courthouse in the City of St. Louis, Mo., sell the above-described real estate at public vendue, to the highest bidder, for cash, for the purposes of satisfying said note and the costs of executing this trust.
AUGUST GEHNER, Trustee.

—SILURIAN—
VICHY.

Aids digestion, neutralizes acid secretions, regulates the stomach and bowels; is an excellent diuretic and mild aperient; tones the nerves and eradicates malaria from the system; it cures dyspepsia and constipation. Experienced physicians recommend it. On draught by leading druggists.
LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
1160 Pine st., Telephone No. 460, St. Louis, Mo.
Wholesale Agents for Silurian Spring of Waukesha, Wisconsin.

TIME TABLE
Of Trains Running Into the
Union Depot.
ST. LOUIS TIME.

*Except Sunday; †Daily; ‡Except Saturday; ‡Except Monday; ¶Monday.

	Depart.	Arrive.
CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS RAILROAD.		
Chicago Express Mail	* 8:30 am	* 7:25 pm
Kansas City Mail	† 8:45 am	† 6:00 pm
Through Chicago Express	† 4:50 pm	†10:35 am
Jacksonville Accommodation	* 6:00 pm	* 2:00 pm
Chicago Lightning Express	† 7:55 pm	† 7:35 am
Kansas City Night Express	† 8:30 pm	† 7:15 am
CAIRO SHORT LINE RAILROAD.		
New Orleans Express	† 7:35 pm	†10:10 pm
Memphis Express	† 7:35 pm	† 8:10 am
Cairo and Jackson Express	* 7:45 am	* 6:45 pm
Cairo and Texas Express	† 8:35 pm	* 6:45 pm
OHIO & MISSISSIPPI RAILWAY.		
10 hours to Cin. & Lou. 4 Solid trains. Sleepers to Cin., Lou., Wash., Balt., Phil. and New York.		
Cincinnati & Louisville Accom.	*6:25 am	*7:22 pm
Cin'ti, Louisville, Wash., Balt. Phil. & New York	†8:00 am	†6:40 pm
Cincinnati Express	†7:00 pm	†7:20 am
Cin'ti, Louisville, Wash., Balt., Phil. & New York	†8:00 pm	†7:45 am
Salem Accommodation	5:15 pm	8:45 am
MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.		
Houston & Galveston	† 9:00 am	† 5:35 pm
San Antonio	† 8:20 pm	† 6:40 am
WABASH RAILWAY.		
Chicago Local Mail	* 7:05 am	* 7:30 pm
Chicago Fast Express	* 7:55 am	* 7:30 pm
New York Fast Express	† 7:55 am	† 6:15 pm
Decatur and Jacksonville Accommodation	* 5:05 pm	*11:00 am
New York and Boston Fast Exp	† 7:28 pm	† 7:45 am
Chicago Night Express	† 8:10 pm	† 7:30 am
Peoria Night Express	† 8:10 pm	† 7:30 am
WABASH WESTERN RAILWAY.		
Through Mail and Express	† 8:25 am	† 6:15 pm
Kansas City, St. Joe and St. Paul Fast Line	* 9:00 am	* 7:10 pm
Montgomery Accommodation	* 5:00 pm	*11:55 am
Omaha, Des Moines and St. Paul Express	† 8:25 pm	† 6:50 am
Kansas City and St. Joseph Express	† 8:35 pm	† 6:40 am
ST. LOUIS & SAN FRANCISCO RAILWAY.		
Through Mail	† 8:40 am	† 6:00 pm
Through Express	† 8:25 pm	† 6:30 am
LOUISVILLE, EVANSVILLE & ST. LOUIS R. R. (The Air Line.)		
Louisville Day Express	†7:20 am	†8:00 am
Louisville Night Express	†7:20 pm	†7:25 pm
LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD.		
Mt. Vernon Accommodation	....	†9:00 am
Southern Fast Mail	†7:20 am	†8:00 pm
Mt. Vernon Accommodation	†5:00 pm	....
Belleville Accommodation	†9:45 am	†12:05 pm
Southern Fast Line	†7:20 pm	†7:35 am
MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY.		
Fast Mail	‡ 3:00 am	....
Local Express	‡ 7:05 am	* 5:35 pm
Washington Acc. Sunday only	8:10 am	7:25 pm
Day Express	† 9:00 am	† 6:00 pm
Fast Line daily	8:20 pm	6:40 am
MOBILE & OHIO RAILROAD.		
New Orleans and Florida Express	‡ 7:00 am	‡ 8:00 pm
Murphysboro Accommodation	* 4:15 pm	* 9:45 am
VANDALIA LINE		
Indianapolis Acc. exc. Sunday	7:15 am	5:00 pm
Fast Line, daily	9:00 am	7:30 pm
Chicago Express, exc. Sunday	9:00 am	7:30 pm
N.Y., Balt. & Wash. Exp., daily	8:00 pm	7:00 am
Chicago Night Express, daily	8:00 pm	7:00 am
Effingham Accom., exc. Sunday	5:30 pm	8:00 am
Cincin. Day Exp., exc. Sunday	7.15 am	7:30 pm
Cincin. Night Exp., daily	7:30 pm	7:00 am
ST. LOUIS & HANNIBAL.		
Bowling Green and Hannibal	* 5:00pm	....
Local Accommodation	† 8:25pm	....
St. Charles and St. Louis Mail and Express	....	* 11:55am
ST. LOUIS, IRON MOUNTAIN & SOUTHERN RAILWAY.		
Houston & Galves L'd Fast Mail	† 8:10pm	† 7:30am
Texas Express	† 9:10am	† 5:25pm
New Orleans, Nashville and Atlanta Express	† 8:15am	† 4:35pm
Memphis Fast Line	† 8:00pm	† 7:05am
California Ex	† 8:30pm	† 6:45am

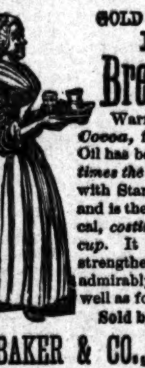
SAM'L A. GAYLORD. JOHN H. BLESSING.

SAM'L A. GAYLORD & CO.,
Stock and Bond Brokers,
NO. 307 OLIVE STREET.
Granite Mountain, Small Hopes, Hope and Adams mining stocks bought and sold.

BONDS.

We offer for sale Citizens' (Franklin av.) Cable Railway 6-PER-CENT BONDS, being a first mortgage on the entire line of road—17½ miles—also, franchise, equipments, and all real estate now owned by the company, or that may hereafter be acquired. Bonds are dated July 1, and run 20 years straight; interest coupons payable January and July in GOLD.

Rufus J. Lackland, President of Boatmen's Bank, and Thos. E. Tutt, President of the Third National Bank, are the Trustees.
SAM'L A. GAYLORD & CO.,
307 Olive st.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

DOCTOR
WHITTIER
617 St. Charles St., St. Louis, Mo.

A Regular Graduate of three medical colleges, has been longer engaged in the treatment of Chronic, Nervous, Skin and Blood Diseases than any other physician in St. Louis, as city papers show and all old residents know. Consultation at office or by mail, free and invited. A friendly talk or opinion costs nothing. When inconvenient to visit the city for treatment, medicines sent by mail or express everywhere, securely packed, free from observation. Curable cases guaranteed; where doubt exists it is frankly stated. Hours: 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.; 3 p. m. to 8 p. m.; Sunday, 11 to 1.

Nervous Prostration, Debility, Mental and Physical Weakness, arising from Indiscretion, Excess, Exposure or Indulgence, producing some of the following effects: Nervousness, Debility, Dimness of sight, Perverted Vision, Defective Memory, Pimples on the Face, Aversion to Society of Females, Want of Pleasure in Life, Want of Ambition, Unfitness to Marry, Melancholy, Dyspepsia, stunted Development, Loss of Power, Pains in the Back, etc., are treated with unparalleled success. Safely, privately. Curable cases guaranteed.

Blood Impurities and Blood Poisoning, Mercurial and other Affections of Throat, Skin and Bones, Blotches, Eruptions, Old Sores and Ulcers, Painful Swellings, Bone Pains, Falling Hair, from whatever cause, positively and forever driven from the system, by means of safe, time-tested remedies. Stiff and swollen joints and rheumatism, the result of blood poisoning, positively cured.

Unnatural discharges promptly cured without nauseous drugs, privately, safely.

Catarrh, Throat, Nose, Lung Diseases,
Constitutional and Acquired Weaknesses of Both Sexes treated successfully; also Piles.

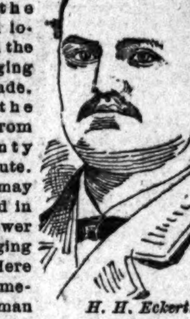
It is self-evident that a physician paying particular attention to a class of cases attains great skill. Age and Experience are Important. In this oldest office in America every known help is resorted to, and the Proved-Good Reme- dies of all ages and countries are used. My charges for medicines are as low as can be made. I use only the best. Very cheap medicines are dangerous and useless; avoid them. On account of the great numer of cases applying, the charges are kept low, often lower than is demanded by others. And knowing what to do, NO EXPERIMENTS ARE MADE. If you secure the skill and get a speedy and perfect cure, that is the important matter.

TAPPING THE KEYS.

AN OCCUPATION BY WHICH THOUSANDS EARN THEIR LIVING IN THIS CITY.

Clerks and Copyists Who Operate Typewriting Machines—An Art in Which Perfection Only Comes After Years of Practice—The Salaries Paid—Expert Operators—A Talk With a Fair Operator on the Trials and Romance of the Business—Typewriting and Telegraphy.

NIMBLE fingers, a ready eye and a clear head are the requisites for a typewriter at the outset. Practice, patience and persistence must be the motto of the student. Speed and accuracy are the ends to be attained. Few start out to tap the keys with the necessary qualifications, few bring to the arduous work of mastering the machines, the necessary virtues, and few indeed are the expert operators. The New York representative of one of the machine manufacturers said that there were 5,000 persons in New York earning their livelihood at this work, but in this number not more than one hundred expert writers could be found.



H. H. Eckert.

The experience of the type-writing student is very like that of the short-hand reporter in mastering stenography. After the key board is well located in the mind the most encouraging progress is made. Within a day the speed is raised from fifteen to twenty words per minute. Thirty-five or may be forty is reached in a month by slower but still encouraging improvements. Here it seems that the mechanical and human capacity has almost been reached. Dozens of ink ribbon are used and thousands of keys are tapped without evidence of any progress. The novelty has worn off, the practice has become tedious, apparently unprofitable, and disheartening. At this stage heavy drafts are made upon the aspirant's continuity of purpose and patience. At this point

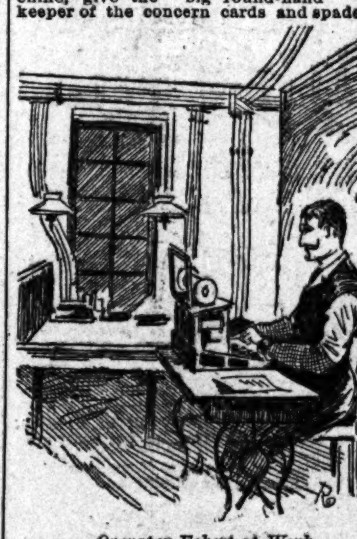
THE SWEETEST-TEMPERED GIRL

will often find herself biting her pretty lips and thumping the key-board with vicious vindictiveness. Boys give less mistakable indications of the conditions of their feelings. After many months, by exceedingly slow gains, a speed of fifty-five or sixty words a minute is reached, and the student is graduated for business. The positions of correspondence clerk in mercantile or commission houses or railroad offices are counted the most desirable. The salaries are higher than in most other lines, the hours shorter, and the work of a kind that has little variety, and is soon learned so that "copy" can be rattled off the machine at a rate of seventy-five and eighty words per minute by a writer who, on varied matter could only make forty words per minute.

Situations in lawyers' offices are also counted good, though the work requires a more general store of information than a mercantile house. The commercial agencies employ more typewriters than any other concern, as all "reports" are now made out on the machines, which in this line have proved wonderful labor-savers. The larger part of the 3,000 persons operating the machines in this city are of the female sex.

TYPEWRITING AND STENOGRAPHY

have opened up one of the widest avenues into the commercial world for the sex. The machines have equalized things in the matter of handwriting. The girl who writes her acceptances to theater invitations in just the sweetest, oddest, angular English and most unbusiness-like hand can sit down at her typewriting machine, give the "big round-hand" bookkeeper of the concern cards and spades and beat him on a piece of commercial correspondence. The girl whose chirography looks like the trail of a rheumatic spider which has had the misfortune to fall into an ink-well can master one of the mechanical writers, and take a position without that humiliating apology: "I write such a poor hand."



Operator Eckert at Work.

As a stepping-stone to independent positions typewriters usually enter

COPYING OFFICES

where there is an abundance of practice. There are several such places in the city where a manuscript play can be printed in the course of a couple of hours, or a long brief be prepared for presentation before Court hours in the morning. These firms employ from ten to twenty typewriters to do copying or to send them out to offices where a typewriter is not kept permanently, or to a business house during a busy season. The scene presented in a copying room when a big job is brought in to be written in an hour or two is an animated one. Each operator receives his or her take of the manuscript and in a few moments the tpyes are striking the ribbons all over the room, sounding like a faint report of a distant battery of gattling guns. As type writing is always studied in conjunction with stenography, and a number of recommendations are to be considered in employing an operator the scale of salaries is not fixed accurately. That peculiar prejudice against women shows itself in this business as in many others. The salaries paid ladies are rarely as high as those paid male operators of only equal skill.

THE HIGHEST SALARY

is $150 per month. This is only received by a few, who occupy important positions. As scaled by one firm employing a large number of typewriters, the salaries are as follows:

30 words per minute	$30 per month
30 to 45 words per minute	40 per month
45 to 60 words per minute	50 per month
60 to 75 words per minute	$60 to 80 per month

The pay of beginers in all lines is far below what is a just compensation for the amount of work usually done by a thirty-word operator. To learn some of the points of the business, a fair operator of several years' experience was engaged in conversation.

"You are not going to publish all I've said," she said pleadingly on learning the object of the inquiries. "I know a half dozen operators who would say I meant them if you were to use my name. The fact is there are precious few operators who can write over sixty words a minute, no matter what they claim. The pay is small and the places not always pleasant. A girl is often compelled to bear with considerable annoyances at the hands of the nobler sex at our work."

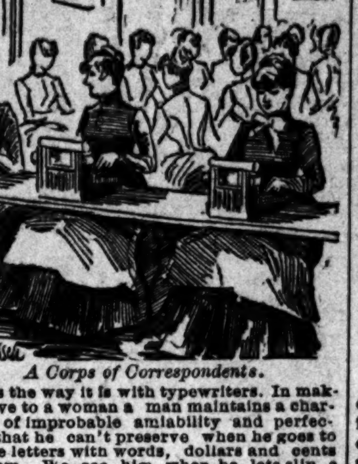
"Does this account for the scarcity of romantic experiences among typewriters?"

"What do you mean—poor girl, supporting aged mother, marries senior partner or general manager?"

NO ROMANCE IN THEIR LIVES.

"Yes."

"Oh, the rarity of that kind of thing is easily accounted for. I've just been reading a story in which a jilted lover, writing to his sweetheart, says in a postscript: 'Dearest Hilda, you can judge the condishun of my feelins from my spellin'. I haven't the heart to spell.' I don't think he could have made a worse plea. You can't love a man that can't spell.



A Corps of Correspondents.

That's the way it is with typewriters. In making love to a woman a man maintains a character of improbable amiability and perfection that he can't preserve when he goes to dictate letters with words, dollars and cents in them. We see him when he lets slip a true sentiment, revealing his character or more likely his lack of character, in a business transaction and then saves himself from all eyes, but ours by saying: "Oh, scratch that out please." After a girl gets these insights into characters it's no wonder that it leaves little room for romance. If a statute compelled marriagable young ladies to work one month as typewriters, like compulsory military service in Germany, there would be fewer marriages than there are at present.

"But to come back to typewriting. The highest speed I have ever known was seventy-five words on new matter. Of the hundreds of typewriters in St. Louis, no matter what speed they claim, there are not over twenty-five who can write over sixty words a minute except for a spurt. The average speed is about 40 words a minute. From three to five years' practice is required to get a speed of 60 words a minute."

EXPERT WRITERS.

Several stenographers in this city have become expert typewriters. Among these is Mr. George Baldridge, who is counted at the head of the list.

Nat Parker attained a speed of 80 words per minute.

C. E. Weller, Frank Nevins and L. L. Walbridge, the professional stenographers, are all rapid writers.

Mr. J. A. Arnold, Bank of Commerce building, and Roper Kiebaugh of Parker & Ritter, reel off copy at the rate of 60 words per minute.

Miss Wilson, who has an office in the Insurance building, Broadway and Olive streets; Miss Dickey of the Missouri Pacific General Passenger Agent's office; Mrs. Howard, at Simmons' hardware store; Miss Lena Lichenstein, Miss Ella O'Reilly, Miss Annie Fagen, Miss Susie Phillips, the operator at the Lindell Hotel; Miss Nora Fortune, at the Southern; Miss Jessie Cassidy of the United States Railway Mail Service at the Government Building, and the typewriting operators in the offices of General Manager S. H. H. Clark of the Missouri Pacific, and the Wabash law department, at the Gould Building, are counted among the most expert lady typewriters in the city.

Benton Quick of the Louisville & Nashville freight office, as his name denotes, is not slow. A. J. Jones of the Wabash East freight-office can rattle off letters at sixty words per minute.

IN CONNECTION WITH TELEGRAPHY.

Harry J. Eckert of the force of operators in the POST-DISPATCH telegraph-room was one of the first to use the machine in connection with telegraphy. Two years ago he discarded pen and ink and has since used a machine, with which he takes Associated Press reports, the most rapid matter sent over the wires. While reports were written with pencil or pen and ink the most rapid report taken was forty words per minute, but since the introduction of the machine the receiving operators have been able to "take" sixty to seventy words per minute, and the sending rate could accordingly be increased. A code was necessarily introduced abbreviating words, so that the sending rate has been increased to fifty words per minute. The code is now generally understood by expert telegraphers, who are enabled, by the introduction of typewriting machines, to attain a speed that was not possible under the old methods. A "coded" sentence would require serious study on the part of an outsider before its meaning could be deciphered. For example, the following sentence and its literal transcription would read as follows:

As spelled in full on the typewriter by the receiving operator:

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 23.—The President sent the following appointments to the Senate and House of Representatives this morning, and it is presumed their early confirmation will follow in time to notify the fortunate appointees before the approaching holidays;

As sent by the operator using the code:

Washn 23—T Prest snt t folg aptmts t te Sen & Hu. o Reps ts mng & it is presmd tr erly confmtn wi folw in tme to ntfy te fortnate aptees bef t appchg holidas.

Operator Eckert has became so expert that sitting at his type-writing machine he can take a fifty-word per minute "coded" report from the wire, transfer it to paper on his machine and carry on a running conversation on base ball averages or prize-ring records simultaneously.

HOTEL BEERS, Grand avenue and Olive street. Grandest family hotel in the country. Most handsomely-appointed suites of two and three rooms can be secured for the winter if application is made at once. Finest of accommodations. Superior location.

OUR QUESTION TOURNEY.

The Winners of the Prizes for Last Week and the Week Before.

The prize for the week that closed December 17 in the POST-DISPATCH question contest was won by Miss Helen Bender of St. Louis and Mr. Marcus Lane of South Evanston, Ill., each of whom answered six out of the ten questions for that week. Miss Bender and Mr. Lane will therefore divide the $5 prize. The prize for last week belongs to four competitors—Mr. Marcus Lane of South Evanston, Ill.; Miss Ada B. Taylor of Stanberry, Mo., and Messrs. Isaac Stern and Wm. Cummins of this city, each of whom correctly answered seven of the fourth set of questions.

The last ten questions will be published in to-morrow's POST-DISPATCH. The following are the names and marks of competitors who sent answers this week and who have tried the forty questions already published:

A. L. C., Morgan street, 22.
Stella Abston, 2.
Le Roy P. Curtiss, 15.
R. Laughlin, 5.
Florence Rickart, 11.
Mrs. S. H. Munroe, 9.
Alvine Rehbein, 7.
Richard L. Furth, 18.
M. V. H., Morgan street, 18.
Mrs. W. S. Haddaway, 12.
Helen Bender, 27.
Belle Chaney, 14.
Stephen Sheldon, 15.
Le Roy Baker, 15.
Mrs. Shaw, North Seventeenth street, 16.
G. C. C., Lucas avenue, 14.
Susan Brown, 7.
Mrs. F. S. Roper, 15.
J. Francis, 16.
Isaac Stern, 21.
B. J. L., 14.
M. Flaherty, 17.
Wm. Senn, 18.
Josie Stolle, 8.
Wm. Cummins, 23.
Mrs. Chas. Pascoe, 24.
Katie Rabenberg, 9.
J. C. Stephens, 21.

The following is the record of competitors who reside outside of St. Louis:

H. H. Matteson, Seville, O., 13.
Lucy Keller, Edwardsville, Ill., 24.
Ada B. Taylor, 28.
Wm. Truckenmiller, Knob Noster, Mo., 16.
M. Lane, South Evanston, Ill., 29.
Miss C. S. Goodman, Ferguson, Mo., 17.

The SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH *will publish on Sunday, January 1, its list of ladies receiving on New Year's Day. Ladies who intend to receive will confer a favor by sending notice to that effect to this office, addressed to the Society Editor of the* POST-DISPATCH.

Will Recover.

Advices received from the City Hospital last night were to the effect that Louis Prentice, the negro shot by Frank Dickson, also colored, at 1106 Carr street, was resting quietly and doing well and that he would probably recover. Dr. Dalton performed an operation on him, extracting the ball, which had passed through the liver.

CHRISTMAS IN ST. LOUIS.

THE CHANGES THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN THE CELEBRATION.

French, American and German Influences—The Festival as It Was Honored During the War—Children Have Changed the Aspect of the Day—The Slaves' Holiday—Old Christmas Customs Recalled.

THE mode in which Christmas has been celebrated in St. Louis has undergone a number of changes; more, perhaps, than have occurred in any American city. During the early days of its existence the French Catholic influence was predominant, and the mode in which the day was observed was governed by European rather than by American ideas. To the French Creole Christmas was a feast day prescribed by the Church, and its religious significance was never lost sight of. It occupied a position differing in degree but not in kind from that of Easter, and was devoted rather to religious observances than secular enjoyment. In the days preceding the cession of the Louisiana Territory to the United States this spirit held supreme sway. Christmas Eve Mass no one missed; the morning was spent in visiting the various churches, and the mere social features of the day occupied a subordinate position. Presents were given, and family reunions held, but in all its essential features Christmas among the Creoles was a holy day rather than a holiday in the modern acceptance of the term. The religious origin was never forgotten, and festivities were reserved for the New Year, which, until the present century was well under way, corresponded far more closely to the present Christmas of St. Louis than the 25th of December, and was distinctively the day devoted to family reunions and festivities.

AS TIME WENT ON,

and the French character of the city gradually became subordinate to the American, Christmas began to lose its exclusively religious nature, even among the Catholics, and the devotional observances grew less characteristic. The change was first observable among the lower grades of society, the Creole voyageurs uniting with the American trappers and hunters in making the day one of hilarity and noisy rejoicing. The American influence was also felt in the upper classes, and by the time that the first quarter of the century was completed Christmas had assumed many of the characteristics that mark it at the present time. All Americans, however, did not unite in honoring the season as is now the custom. The emigrants from the Southern States almost universally considered it the festive season of the year, and celebrated it in good old English fashion. Everyone kept open house, presents were bestowed upon members of the family and intimate friends, and more dances took place on Christmas night than on any other evening in the year. Christmas Eve was also universally observed, and old books were ransacked for

SPORTS AND GAMES,

suitable to the season, which had been played in England for generations. At no season of the year would an Englishman have felt so much at home in the St. Louis of fifty years ago as on Christmas Eve and Christmas night, for the general effort seemed to be to copy as closely as possible the observances of the mother country.

But while this spirit was manifested by the natives of the Southern and Middle States, the New Englanders, who about the year 1830 began to settle in St. Louis in large numbers, attached far less importance to Christmas. They had not outlived the old Puritan sentiment that Christmas was more or less of a Popish holiday, and among them it was not nearly so generally observed as by the French and Southerners. To the New Englander Thanksgiving was the great feast day of the year, that was the season chosen for family reunions and social intercourse, while Christmas was regarded as of far less relative importance. As the two circles mixed, the Eastern indifference to Christmas gradually gave way, and after a few years the day was generally observed among all classes.

BETWEEN 1835 AND 1850

a new element began to make itself strongly felt in the community, and to exercise a very emphatic influence upon the observance of Christmas Day. Probably no nation in the world attached such importance to this festival as the Germans. Among the emigrants of this race the celebration was carried to an extent unknown in America, and especially was it a day of delight to the children. For weeks and months they looked forward to the arrival of Santa Claus, and the Christmas tree and the "Christkind" filled their minds with anticipations of delight. The contact between the children of different nationalities incident to the public school system soon spread the fame of the German Christmas throughout all the families of the city, and the pleading of the children induced the parents to take more note of this season and to share the festivities in which the adult element had decidedly prevailed with the younger members of the families. As is often the case in a country where children occupy so prominent a position

WITHIN THE FAMILY CIRCLE

as they do in America, the older people gradually became subordinated to the younger, until in probably the majority of instances the day was practically a children's day, the fathers and mothers only participating in the festivities as far as it was necessary to secure the enjoyment of the children. In one section of the community, however, the day was one of universal rejoicing, both among the young and old. To the negroes Christmas was the one great holiday of the year, and the season of all others for free and unstrained hilarity. Scarcely a master could be found in the city who refused to grant this day to his slaves, and it had become almost a prescriptive right that they should be allowed to amuse themselves without let or hindrance at this season. For weeks the coming of Christmas was prepared for, dainties were carefully saved to add to the Christmas dinner, masters and mistresses were importuned for cast-off finery, a 'possum hunt was inaugurated to supply the dish most relished by this race, and a double supply of food, together with many unaccustomed delicacies, was always provided. The Christmas dinner was prepared with almost reverential care and furnished a subject not only of long anticipation, but also of long retrospection.

THE GREAT FEATURE

of the day, however, was the dance in the evening. The most suitable house was selected, and to this young and old repaired, each bringing some contribution to the supper, which was served during the entire evening. The best fiddlers were in great demand and much jealousy and many quarrels arose in the endeavor of various parties to secure their services. At these balls all the old plantation dances could be seen, and as the evening progressed all varieties of the heel-and-toe breakdown and the double-shuffle were exhibited by the dusky dancers, and occasionally, when negroes from the far South were present, the famous "juba" was given, to the delight of the lookers-on. At no other time could the negroes be seen to such advantage; all the merriment, joviality and sociability of their natures came out at this season and no one who has witnessed a negro dance on Christmas night in the days before the war will ever forget it.

DURING THE WAR.

One feature of Christmas day in St. Louis has never been sufficiently dwelt upon, and that is the influence it exercised during the rebellion. In a community as divided in sentiment as that of this city, no other national holiday could be entered into by all. Thanksgiving was regarded by the Southern sympathizers as a purely Yankee festival, and unreasonably enough the Fourth of July was placed by them in the same category. But Christmas was a holiday free from the remotest suspicion of partisanship, and in its celebration all united. On this day many who had been formerly friends, but who had been divided by the passions engendered by the rebellion, came together, drawn by a single sentiment, and many resentments were buried and breaches healed that would otherwise have been incurable. In a great measure, unconsciously, but no less effectually, the influence of Christmas was manifested in the reunion of old friendships and the composition of partisan quarrels, and the celebration of the day may be said to have taken a new lease of life during the rebellion, and so have served a more truly Christian end even than during the period when the religious nature of the occasion occupied a position of far greater prominence.

A GREEN CHRISTMAS, ETC.

There is a proverb which is widely quoted and generally believed to the effect that a green Christmas makes a fat church-yard. The variations in climate to which St. Louis is subject and the carefully prepared mortality statistics furnish a ready means of testing the truth of the saying. Before the year 1870 the records of the temperature are not obtainable in a reliable form, but the statistics of the Signal Service Bureau since that date are complete. A comparison of these with the records of the Health Department, will give a result diametrically opposed to the proverb. The lowest temperature recorded on Christmas day was in 1872, when the mercury registered 2 deg. below zero, and the mortality of the succeeding year was the highest ever known, amounting to 26.5 to the thousand inhabitants. The highest recorded temperature occurred in 1875, when the thermometer marked 59 deg. above zero, with a minimum, however, of 36 deg. In the following year the mortality was but 19.4 to the thousand. Christmas of 1877 was in reality the warmest 25th of December since 1870, as while the maximum was 57, 2 deg. lower then in 1875, the minimum was 50. In the succeeding year the death rate was but 18.[illegible] one of the lowest on record, while the year succeeding 1884, when the range of the thermometer was between zero and 10 degrees above, the record showed a death rate per thousand of 19.02. From these figures it would appear that a mild Christmas precedes a healthy year rather than the reverse, and that as far as St. Louis is concerned the proverb is highly unreliable.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

The Forms and Customs Sanctioned by Polite Society.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:

Is it improper for a young lady who is engaged to give her intended a present first.
OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Certainly not. Christmas gifts are timed to reach the persons for whom they are intended Christmas Eve, so that there cannot be much firstness about one, unless somebody's clock is slow or calendar out of order.

A PARTY CALL.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:

Supposing a lady friend of mine gives a reception to a friend of hers (whose card she incloses) with whom I am acquainted, but have never called up on, neither has she called upon me? Is it right that I should pay her a party call also? H. Y. H.

Your statement of the case is a little involved, but if you want to know whether or not the young lady in question is entitled to a party call the answer is this, she is.

INTRODUCTIONS.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:

I am a bachelor of 35; have spent most of my life in the far West, and know but little of society, having had little opportunity of meeting the better class of people, particularly ladies. Having accumulated a fortune I desire to spend part of my time in the city, where one can live more comfortable and have better social advantages; hence I find myself here, but without friends or acquaintances. Now if I should see a lady whom I greatly admire, would it be ungentlemanly to write and solicit her acquaintance; and do you think the chances would be largely against me? Please answer and oblige. Yours truly,
MONTANA.

If you see a lady and make up your mind that you greatly admire her, Mr. Montana, and further, if you feel that she is worthy of your respect and affection, seek an introduction to her in the proper way—through a mutual friend. Any other route to the lady's attention is wrong and reprehensible.

The Bridal Bulletin.

The following marriage licenses were granted after 3 p. m. yesterday:

Name.	Residence.
William Ward	2325 Franklin
Lula Black	1423 Chestnut
Herman Henninger	702 S. Main
Pauline Wunsch	1814 S. 3d
Frederick Ernst	2616 Stoddard
Anna Oswald	Cape Girardeau
Charles Ellenberger	3124 S. Compton av
Wilhelmine Nast	2094 S. Compton av
Louis Bleikamp	2119 N. 15th
Amelia Brooker	1520 N. 17th
Willard E. Von Darant	City
Emma Schaerf	2309 Lynch
Thos. Potoski	101 S. 16th
Ellen McBride	101 S. 16th
John Carroll	3928 N. 25th
Emma Meyer	3926 N. 25th
Louis M. Cook	Chicago, Ill.
Lucy J. Sparver	Clinton,
John Niggemeyer	905 N. High
Augusta Mussan	905 N. High

PURE 18-KT. gold WEDDING-RINGS, Wedding invitations, the finest, lowest prices. *Mermod & Jaccard Jewelry Co., Cor. 4th & Locust.*

Births.

The following births were recorded at the Health Department after 3 p. m. yesterday:

Clara, daughter of Emanuel and Theresa Meier, December 19; 3808 Guy street.

——, daughter of Robert and Louise Moses, December 19; 604 Elm street.

Johanna, daughter of Joseph and Gertrude Kettermann, December 17; 2241 North Market street.

Walter Hugo, son of Arthur I. and Louise M. Courte, December 18; 719 Lami street.

——, son of Wallace and Emma Leonard, December 19; 4649 Claggett avenue.

William, son of John and Kate Kilcullen, December 7; 2112½ Division street.

Robert F., son of Henry and Mathilda Franklin, November 27; 1915 Division street.

John, son of Patrick and Margaret Egan, December 14, 2345 Market street.

John, son of John and Mary Kilcullen, December 1; 2413 Biddle street.

Maria Tina, daughter of Ludwig and Tinne Hoffmann, December 21; 1228 Geyer avenue.

——, son of H. and L. Clark, December 18; 21[illegible] Hebert street.

Anna, daughter of William and Lena Saving, December 20; —— Newstead avenue.

Alice, daughter of Otto and Charlotte Griesbach, December 15; 4145 Peck street.

Hannah, daughter of William and Louise Steinkampf, December 15; 3404 Blair avenue.

Barbara, daughter of Chas. and K. Hacke December 18; 3719 North Twenty-first street.

Max, son of Max and Theresa Schmidt, December 16; Jefferson and Dodier street.

John, son of Stephen and Anna Gerhardt, December 16; 1430 Perry street.

Pius, son of Pius and K. Rotter, December 16; corner of Blair avenue and Salisbury street.

Theresa, daughter of Joseph and Mary Dorloescher, December 15; 2513 Hebert street.

George, son of Peter and Lizzie Reinert, December 18; 2516 Hebert street.

Augusta, daughter of Frank and Augusta Landzettel, December 16; 4304 North Nineteenth street.

Fritz, son of Fritz and Mary Schroen, December 1[illegible]; 3432 Blair avenue.

Clara, daughter of Charles and Mary Krister, December 18; 1902 Angelica street.

Nellie, daughter of William and Nellie Overdeck, December 20; 1522 Mallinckrodt street.

——, son of W. B. and L. S. Stutzebacker, December 18; 2712 Thomas street.

Arthur, son of Samuel and Josie Schweitzer, December 20; 2323 North Market street.

Leo, son of Wm. A. and Maggie Murphy, December 15; 1811 Coleman street.

Fred, son of G. Phil and Lomsee Hoffman, December 17; 2817 North Grand avenue.

——, daughter of John and Julia Hacker, December 18; 2546 Benton street.

Kate, daughter of Michal and Katie Lawton, December 22; 2606 Cass avenue.

John, son of Michael and Minnie Kildea, December 22; 2205 St. Charles street.

——, son of D. A. and Josephine Mason, December 24; 1219 Dolman street.

Laura, daughter of Wm. and Mary A. Burk, December 16, 1921 Bacon street.

Dina, daughter of George and Katie Fisher, December 12; 2226 North Market street.

William, son of Eugene and Tillie Schelton, December 22; 1800 Madison street.

John, son of John and Minnie Meyers, December 22; 1205 Chouteau avenue.

Grace, daughter of Thomas and Lizzie Grace, December 24; 1115½ Leonard avenue.

Deaths.

The following deaths were reported at the Health Department after 3 p. m. yesterday:

Wm. Ipser, 2 years, 3010 North Ninth street; diphtheria.

Annie Holbert, 10 years, 2509 North [illegible] street; diphtheria.

Fannie Tummins, 7 years, 2723 Eugenia [illegible]; pneumonia.

James Hefferman, 32 years, City Hospital; consumption.

Cornelia Stewart, 11 [illegible]; trismus nascentum.

Willie Templeman, [illegible]; croup.

Charles Thone, 2 [illegible]; [illegible]ditis.

Robert Ringhofs, 2 years, [illegible]; croup.

August Miller, 63 years, [illegible]; softening of the brain.

Henry Groh, [illegible]; dental.

Mr. W[illegible] Simmons [illegible] Glee and [illegible] to study a woman's [illegible] city. [illegible] ally learn a great deal, [illegible] is apt to be high.

HUNTERS AND FISHERS.

FIELDS AND STREAMS FREQUENTED BY LOCAL EXPERTS WITH ROD AND GUN.

The King's Lake Club and Its Big List of Members—Tendencies of the Members of the Grand Pass Club—Something About the Jumbo Fishing Club—Merchants Who Go to Murdock Lake—The Biggest Bag of Game and the Heaviest Haul of Fish.

A MAN that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils, and a man that will not go hunting or fishing occasionally is not much better, even if Shakspeare or Bacon has not set a mark upon him by which the world may gauge his true value. Many a man, and haply the very reader of this screed, even, has gone out of a night with his dog and his gun or his hook, line and fly, and has returned to the bosom of his family loaded down to the guards with the spoils of his sport, merely to be put down as an extravagant prevaricator and a deceiver of the deepest dye. Who has not, in his day, been accused of hiring a man to do the shooting or of purchasing a string of scales on his way homeward? The unanimous answer will be "No one." But has that ever interfered in the slightest with his doing the same thing again, again and again? Not a bit of it. The last question is not an insinuation that the majority of hunters and fishers are hunters and fishers by proxy, but simply refers to the starting out part of the affair. The pleasure, pure and simple, to be derived from sports of the field and from a quiet day with rod and line are ample compensation for the "guying" that a man is made to suffer for his success in either direction.

THE SPLENDID FACILITIES

for these kinds of sport in the vicinity of St. Louis is responsible for the fact that there are no less than 5,000 men in this city who find that the most profitable relaxation from their business life consists in the pleasure they derive from a week's hunt or a two days' fishing expedition and this accounts for the existence of so many clubs here, the avowed purposes of which are expressed in the two words, hunting and fishing. In fact, St. Louis has one of the largest game and fish associations in the country, due notice of which will be found below and some very fair records have been made by local fishers and hunters. The record in the fishing line is given elsewhere and to Messrs. John D. Johnson, Joseph P. Card, Tom Burtt and another local shot is given the credit of having made the largest bag of game in one day on the local books. These four sportsmen took a trip some seven years ago to Dardenne, in St. Charles County, Mo., and between them they are credited with having "shot and killed" no less than six hundred duck. This record is really worthy of preservation.

THE LARGEST CLUB.

By far the largest hunting and fishing club in the city is the St. Louis Game and Fish Preserve Association, more commonly known, perhaps, as the King's Lake Club. Its membership, somewhere in the neighborhood of two hundred, includes a large number of well-known and prominent St. Louis gentlemen, and its grounds are a regular garden for sport with either the rod or the gun. King's Lake is a long and narrow body of water in Lincoln County, Missouri, near Hurricane. Barring the mosquitos, it is a pleasant place withal and its club-house near the lake has been the scene of many a convivial meeting of a night when the moon cast long shadows in the park and made a silver band of ripples over the surface of the lake. The club is a regularly organized affair with stock to the amount of $4,000 paid up. In a prospectus or a circular recently issued by the club for the use of its members, the information is given that as high as $40 per share has been paid for the stock, but the membership list is now full.

The property of the club consists of twenty-seven acres of land, for which the club holds a warranty deed, and which is quite valuable, the total cost of the property being in the neighborhood of $10,000. In addition to its own property the club has rented the exclusive privilege of hunting on 8,000 acres of land adjacent, 3,000 of which have been fenced in by the association at a cost of some $2,000. The lake itself is about 300 yards wide and about nine miles long.

IN THEIR SEASONS

there are plenty of duck, jack-snipe, goose and quail, and one member of the club has recorded an entry in the record book kept by the club in which it appears that he, on this occasion, bagged 135 ducks. Bags of from 80 to 100 snipe have been made in one day by various members of the club and it was not considered a remarkable performance either. The list of officers of this most enviable organization are as follows: President, L. D. Dozier; Vice-President, Henry Hitchcock, Jr., Secretary, H. C. West; Treasurer, J. C. Van Blarcom; Directors, Edwin Hayden, F. G. Ziebig, J. B. C. Lucas and Mark Taylor. The club is a somewhat young body and for that reason its property has not the finish which the members of the Association intend that it shall have. During the past fall have been added to its other attractions, a brilliard hall, sleeping accommodations for sixteen members, a boathouse with capacity for storing fifty boats, a ferry boat, and a large cistern. Other improvements will follow. The members of the club number some of the finest shots and some of the oldest and most celebrated, as well as expert, anglers in the city, and no member of

THE KING'S LAKE CLUB

has ever been known to drop in at the fish and game stands at Union Market on his way home. The following is a full list of the members as furnished by Mr. H. C. West, the very accommodating Secretary:

Hon. E. B. Adams, Fred Able, Jos. B. Ambs, Wm. A. Albright, W. T. Anderson, John C. Atwood, Hon. Geo. W. Allen, C. B. Burnham, Sol Bauman, Dr. A. S. Barnes, Thos. Booth, I. L. Bevis, D. I. Bushnell, Hon. Thos. P. Bashaw, August H. Blanke, Capt. John N. Bofinger, Hon. Shepard Barclay, Howard A. Blossom, W. H. Blodgett, S. L. Boogher, Chas. H. Bailey, Jr.; Adolphus Busch, Frank E. Bradford, Edward W. Braisted, J. A. Bartlett, Jr.; Col. William Bull, Paul Bakewell, T. C. Brockman, Fred A. Cline, J. B. Case, W. F. Cale, Ephron Catlin, Jos. L. Chambers, H. D. Cleveland, N. C. Chapman, B. F. Cable, L. Collins, C. J. Chapin, Owen G. Cates, Geo. W. Cale, Dan Catlin, J. G. Chandler, A. Clifford, W. H. Clopton, H. H. Cabot, L. H. Conn, D. W. Caruth, Given Campbell, C. A. Cunningham, Wm. H. Collins, Jr., L. D. Dozier, H. Duncker, Frank P. Day, J. O'F. Delaney, G. F. Durant, Wallace Delafield, John W. Donaldson, Charles L. Dean, E. C. Dameron, Lawrence W. Day, W. C. Douglas, Capt. J. T. Dozier, A. Eichele, John W. Ellwanger, W. H. Etter, Lucien Eaton, Hon. F. F. Espenschied, Maj. C. P. Ellerbe, August Frank, R. H. Floyd-Jones, O. L. Garrison, F. S. Greene, Benj. Gratz, Jr., Dr. F. A. Glasgow, T. J. Gibbons, J. W. Gates, J. Girardi, Chas. R. Goodin, Geo. H. Goddard, Charles Green, A. Gratz, E. Hayden, A. H. Hebard, Geo. Hoffman, J. F. How, F. W. Humphrey, Capt. R. L. Henry, Augustus B. Hart, Edwin Harrison, S. E. Hoffman, W. D. Harrison, E. Halliwell, Henry Hitchcock, Jr., rd Hospes, D. M. Houser, Wilson P. James Hogan, W. H. Horner, P. Hebard, J. K. Hayward, Jackson, Jr., Breck Jones, Chas. J. Silas B. Jones, Hon. Wm. C. Jones, Capt. John P. Keiser, P. F. Kele- mbrough, A. Q. Kennett, A. Hon. G. W. Lubke, Hon. Hy. B. C. Lucas, Jos. D. Lucas, r., Wm. Lemp, J. E. Love, Edward Mallinckrodt, Jr., George J. Mook, Hon. G. A. Madill, McGrew, C. F. Mathey, mitt, S. T. McCormick, r. Chas. E. Michel, I. udd, Wm. H. McMil- ett MacDonald, Gen. ggeman, N. O. Nel- ns, J. C. Orrick, C. Parsons, H. C. Frank G. Pratt, Hon. Thos. J. Portis, Alf. A. Paxson, C. H. Peck, Jr., David R. Powell, F. A. Pratt, Geo. W. Powell, J. C. Richardson, L. M. Rumsey, A. C. Reynolds, F. W. Rockwell, Matt. G. Reynolds, J. H. Riefsnyder, Irwin Z. Smith, J. W. Scudder, A. F. Shapleigh, Jr., Louis Spelbrink, C. D. Smiley, A. E. Stewart, Geo. H. Shields, C. H. Sampson, John A. Scholten, B. F. Stephens, W. A. Stickney, Joseph Specht, J. A. St. John, Capt. D. P. Slattery, Dexter Tiffany, Col. I. C. Terry, Capt. R. P. Tansey, Logan Tompkins, Mark Taylor, M. F. Taylor, John R. Thomas, J. C. Van Blarcom, Dr. Jules F. Valle, Capt. H. C. West, Julius S. Walsh, Hunt P. Wilson, J. Sibley White, Rolla Wells, John Whittaker, E. Walsh, Jr., Marcus A. Wolff, Edwards Whitaker, P. R. Wagner, W. D. Waters, T. K. Wormer, Daniel E. Walsh, George W. Wilson, Fred G. Zeibig.

THE GUN CLUB.

Every one who has ever heard of a gun or a shooting tournament has heard of the St. Louis Gun Club. This organization, which was founded some twelve years ago by gentlemen who, by practice, desired to become expert with the gun, has turned out some of the best shots in the city. Among its members who occasionally hunt, and whose territory is unlimited by the way, are Messrs. R. P. McClure, J. G. Parrish, G. J. Plant, S. L. Nidelet, D. A. Marks, C. B. Greeley, J. C. Addington, Joseph P. Card, S. C. Edgar, J. D. Malin, J. D. Johnson, R. P. McCollum, G. K. Andrews, C. R. Chambers, T. W. Jones, L. M. Kennett, Geo. S. Meyers, Henry Rhorer, William Clark, Alexander Euston, J. W. Morton, George K. Mook, David Ranken, Thomas Ranken, Jr., J. W. Gates, Robert Benecke, J. G. Chandler, W. E. Field, J. H. McCluney, James Hopkins, Richard Hospes, John Holmes, C. A. Bragg, J. H. Farrar, J. H. McDonough, F. S. Green, C. W. Bates, Paul Francke, John Coles, J. S. LaMotte and A. Clifford. There are many other members of the club whose names are mentioned above as being members of the King's Lake Club.

OTHER CLUBS.

Besides these two clubs there are numerous others the members of which devote more or less of their time to the invigorating or pleasant pastimes of hunting and fishing. Among these may be mentioned the Quiver Club, which has a membership of sixteen, and the hunting-grounds of which are located in St. Charles County, Missouri, near King's Lake. The Quiver Club, as its name would lead one to believe without much investigation, is a body organized for the sole purpose of hunting. Its grounds are well stocked with snipe and duck. Then there is the Brevatore Club, with a membership of a round dozen and with fine snipe and duck grounds in St. Charles County.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR

hunting clubs in the city is that extremely jolly organization known as the Grand Pass Club, the splendid grounds of which lie along the Illinois River opposite Pearl, and abound in game, such as duck, snipe and, now and then, woodcock, which are hard too shoot, but which, when they are brought down, make the finest eating in the world.

The club has a membership of about twenty-five, and recently erected a $2,000 club-house, which is really a dream of ease and comfort, and has every accommodation that a hunter could possibly wish. The officers of the club are: John F. Shepley, President; D. A. Marks, Vice-President; J. D. Malin, Secretary, and Messrs. Frank Pratt and Frank Carter are Directors. Other members of the club not prominently connected with many other hunting clubs in the city are: James Hopkins, who can take down a goose off-hand without posing longer than a single second of time to do it. W. L. Scott, who is a good general all-around shot, and who will nip anything, duck, snipe, or woodcock, that comes within range; John D. Johnson, who is particularly fond of bringing a bunch of quail home on the end of his gun; George J. Mock, who has a penchant for duck, and the bigger they are the better he likes them; Judge James A. Seddon, who is

NOT PARTICULAR

about the kind of game he goes at provided he can find it; John Tennent, who is not fond of any species particularly; John B. Morris, who takes anything he can get and is thankful for the same; S. C. Edgar, who believes in Mr. Morris' sentiments, and Frank H. Thomas, Alfred Clifford, C. F. Mathey and I. R. Smith, who are good sportsmen withal and with no special fancy for particular kinds of game. Mr. Shepley, the President of the club is a good snipe shot, Mr. Marks watches for a duck and Mr. Pratt prefers snipe and woodcock. The members of the Grand Pass Club make three excursions every spring and fall and never fail to bring home an abundance of game for themselves and their friends. Mr. T. W. McManus was a member of the old Dardenne Club, on the ashes of which the Grand Pass Club arose and he is a good trap shot, being considered as quick and accurate as any local shot.

Mr. H. C. Pierce is fond of hunting also and spends a good deal of his spare time at Dardenne in St. Charles County, and Quiver, which is nearby the latter place.

Mr. John W. Holmes and Mr. John T. Davis are among the numbers of the Quiver Club, and do good work at the grounds of that name.

FISHING CLUBS.

The Murdock Fishing Club, with a membership of sixty, helps considerably to deplete the waters of Murdock Lake. The Greeley—Burnham Club is composed exclusively of fishermen, and their waters lie in St. Charles County, and have no lack of fine fish.

The Lincoln Lake Fishing Club is an organization including in its membership list some of the most honest fishermen in the city, men who were never known to tell a fish story in the course of their lives without proofs of the story most ample in their nature. Lincoln Lake, Illinois, abounding in croppie, bass and sunfish, is the body of water selected by this club in which to do its angling, and when the season is good and the day cloudy there is no limit to the number and the weights of fish which have been caught by them in its liquid depths. Among the members of the Lincoln Lake Club are John W. Peckington, John Taylor, Jas. McCluskey, R. P. McClure, T. McMahon, James Fitzgibbons, Frank Greene, Edward Matthews, Walter Coddington, James M. Sullivan, Judges E. A. Noonan and Charles Cady, J. C. Conrades, David Thomas, Joseph Barker, George Milford and about twenty-five others.

THE JUMBO.

It would be altogether impossible while speaking of fishermen to forget to mention the organization known as the Jumbo Fishing Club, some of the members of which are also members of the Lincoln Lake Club. The members of the Jumbo are James McCluskey, John W. Peckington, R. P. McClure, Wm. Brummage, Robert Adams, Robert Humber, Wm. Clark, Benj. Mesker, Isaac Taylor and Frank Greene. Every year, as regularly as the month of October rolls around, the Jumbo Club goes on a fishing expedition. Its members prepare themselves for a two-weeks' seige at the least, and when they arrive at Peach Orchard, in the State of Arkansas, they travel eight miles into the interior with oxen. When they have accomplished this journey they have arrived at Yerker's Point on the Black River and they are ready to begin the work of slaughter and fish-capturing. On the occasion of their last campaign in the vicinity of Yerker's Point the members of the Jumbo Club did fine work with their guns and fishing tackle, and this is what they brought home with them as fruits of the journey: Seven deer, four turkeys (wild), and 2,000 pounds of bass, croppie and pike.

THE BIGGEST HAUL OF FISH.

Two members of the Jumbo Club are credited with having made the biggest haul of fish in the annals of the sport in this city.

It was twelve or thirteen years ago that Messrs. Brummage and Adams started out on a fishing expedition to their favorite waters, the Black River. They began to angle as early as 5:30 in the morning, and did not cease the work until darkness called a halt to their efforts at 7 o'clock in the evening. At that hour they had captured 173 fish in all, among which were able-bodied specimens of pickerel, pike, bass, croppie and jack salmon. The largest pickerel in the lot weighed 8½ pounds, the largest bass, 5 pounds 3 ounces; the largest croppie, 2¾ pounds (3 pounds being considered very large), and the largest jack salmon turned the scale at 4 pounds, which, while somewhat light, made a very good showing when the big sizes of the other fish are taken into consideration.

Justice Henry Smythe, who died some time ago, was one of the oldest and most honest fishermen in St. Louis. He was accustomed to go on weekly expeditions to Chouteau's Slough, the only water in which the Judge ever cast his cork. It is said of him that he knew every corner and cranny in the long stream, and even knew at what places the best croppie in the water were to be found and what hour of the day. In these waters there was no one who ever hoped to compete with the Judge as a fisherman, and he never failed to bring home a splendid lot of fish.

ONE OF THE BEST.

Judge P. S. Lanham is one of the best fishermen around this section. He uses flies as bait exclusively and fishes for nothing but bass. If the Judge happened to bring up a croppie on his line he would pull out the hook and throw the croppie back into its watery home. He never angles in any water but Murdock Lake, but there is no one in any four adjacent counties who is as familiar with the habits of the particular fins that ply in those very waters as the Judge.

Among those who occasionally fish at Murdock Lake is Alex Smith. He uses sunfish and the trolling-spoon to a considerable extent.

George Bain is not over-particular as to the kind of bait he uses, being satisfied if he can make any kind of a showing at all, and he generally does.

C. O. Dutcher uses sunfish exclusively. He does a great deal of bushwhacking, as the fishermen call it.

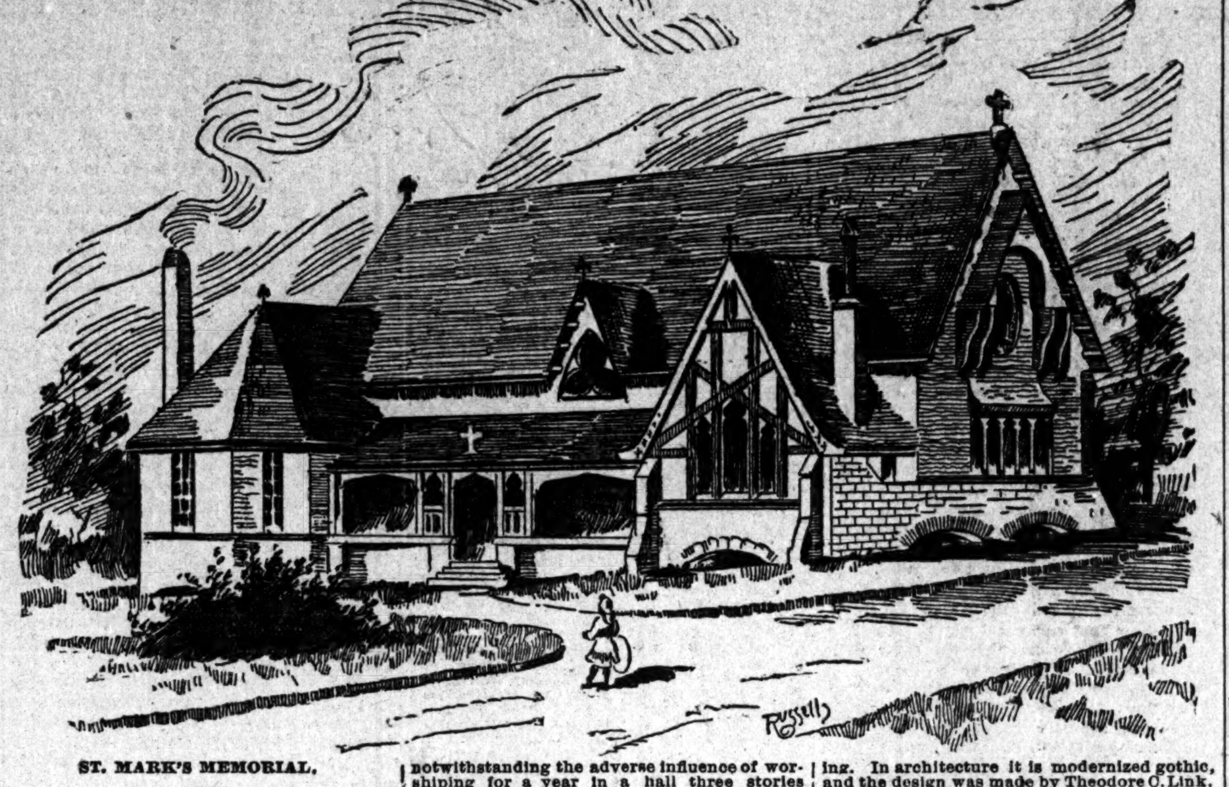
J. R. Bull uses sunfish and minnows altogether.

Fred Hugunin is a "fly" fisher in the full sense of that term.

Seth Cobb is a minnow man exclusively.

The Ivy Club is made of fly fishers exclusively, and many of its members have made large catches at Kid Lake, where the club does its angling. It has a membership of about twenty, and Wm. Field is its President and E. O. Chamberlain its Secretary.

ST. MARK'S MEMORIAL.

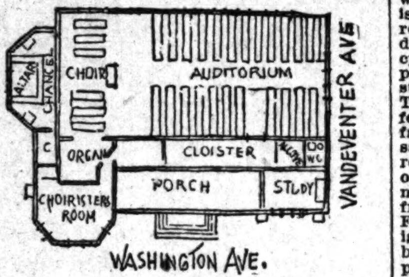


ST. MARK'S MEMORIAL.

Opening Service To-Day in the New Episcopal Church.

The first service in the new edifice of St. Mark's Memorial Episcopal Church, at Washington and Vandeventer avenues, will be held to-day at 11 a. m., when Bishop Tuttle will give them greeting, also celebrating the Holy Communion. The music of the occasion will be rendered by the surplice choir and will be appropriate to the festival. The anthem selected for the morning service is "Behold I bring you good tidings," by Danks. In the evening there will be the usual children's festival service, at 7:30 o'clock, conducted by the chorister boys.

The parish is an offshoot from St. Peter's, the separation having occurred in the summer of 1886. It was called Memorial after the late Bishop Robertson, who was a warm friend of the church. Since its organization it has worshipped in Vandeventer Hall, but notwithstanding the adverse influence of worshiping for a year in a hall three stories above the pavement, the parish has more than doubled its communicant list. Its pastor is Rev. W. Herbert Assheton.



Ground Plan.

The new edifice was built with a view to its accommodating the addition of a larger building. In architecture it is modernized gothic, and the design was made by Theodore C. Link. The auditorium is 29x50 and the choir 29x50, with room for thirty choristers. The chancel is 20x10 and the study is 16x14. The chorister room is 16x16, with closet for music and individual lockers for robes. The wood-work is cypress, with oak finish. The roof is yellow pine, open timber. All the furniture and stained glass windows were special designs. The height of the walls is eighteen feet to plate, and the roof from wall plate to apex is the same height. The cross and vases upon the reredos are the gift of the parish in memory of the late Bishop Robertson and were also manufactured in St. Louis, the cross being from the design of one in Rouen Cathedral, France. The credence is also of French origin, being a copy of one in Toulouse. This beautiful chapel is intended to serve the purposes of the parish until the church is built, which will occupy a large portion of the spacious lot owned by St. Mark's at the corner mentioned. In the meanwhile the lot will be sodded and shrubbery planted, making this corner one of the prettiest on Washington avenue.

The SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH *will publish on Sunday, January 1, its list of ladies receiving on New Year's Day. Ladies who intend to receive will confer a favor by sending notice to that effect to this office, addressed to the Society Editor of the* POST-DISPATCH.

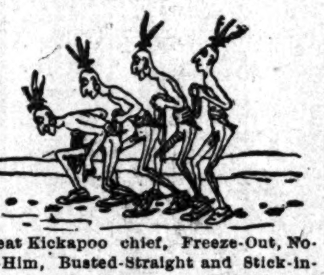
A PHOS-FERRONE VICTORY.

W. B. and D. F. Addington Win Their Suit Against Makers of Sas-Ferrone.

On Tuesday, December 20, the Court of Appeals decided the case of Phos-Ferrone vs. Sas-Ferrone in favor of the former. As this decision is from the highest court to which the case can be appealed, it establishest the ownership of the trade-mark with the Addington's. Under it, all parties who have been using the trade-mark are liable to prosecution, bu the Addingtons will use their discretion in this matter. This case has been pending a few years. It has been tried several times, all the decisions being in favor of the proprietors of Phos-Ferrone. As a last resort the Sas-Ferrone men took it to the Court of Appeals, only to receive another and final knock-out. The decision in the case is rather gratifying to the public as since its introduction Phos Ferrone has been very popular as a drink, and it is but just that the men who invented it should reap the benefits of their ingenuity.

HUNTING THE BEAR.

A Christmas Episode in the Far Northwest.

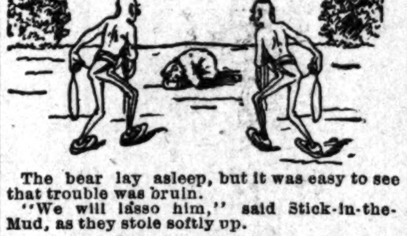


The great Kickapoo chief, Freeze-Out, No-Flies-on-Him, Busted-Straight and Stick-in-the-Mud go hunting for meat. With the unerring sagacity for which the red man is famous, they follow a trail in the snow.

"It is the trail of a bear," said No-Flies-on-Him, observing that animal itself in the middle distance.

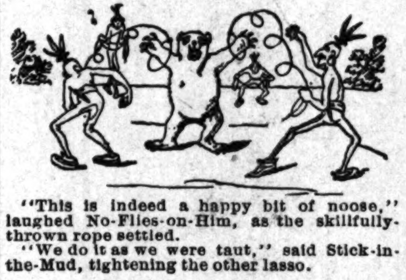
Freeze-Out and Busted-Straight stopped.

"This trail is getting too darned fresh," they remarked, in their simple, untutored way.



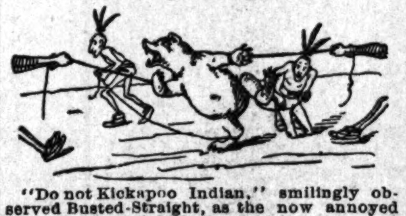
The bear lay asleep, but it was easy to see that trouble was bruin.

"We will lasso him," said Stick-in-the-Mud, as they stole softly up.



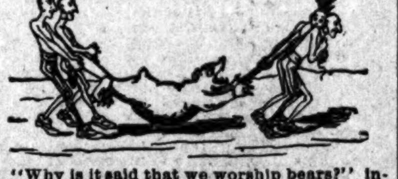
"This is indeed a happy bit of noose," laughed No-Flies-on-Him, as the skillfully-thrown rope settled.

"We do it as we were taut," said Stick-in-the-Mud, tightening the other lasso.



"Do not Kickapoo Indian," smilingly observed Busted-Straight, as the now annoyed bear raised his right foot.

"It is a cold day when I get left," said Freeze-Out, slipping the knot on the other.



"Why is it said that we worship bears?" inquired No-Flies-on-Him, as they journeyed homeward with glee.

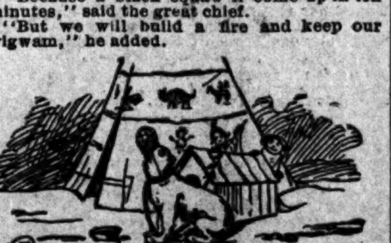
"Because we tote 'em," replied Stick-in-the-Mud.

"We are going to have a storm," said Busted-Straight, as they rested from their labors within the lodge.

"Why do you think so?" asked Freeze-Out.

"Because a black squaw'll come up in ten minutes," said the great chief.

"But we will build a fire and keep our wigwam," he added.



Signed by the Mayor.

Last evening Mayor Francis affixed his signature to the bill vacating a portion of Eleventh street in favor of Mr. Adolphus Busch. The part of the street vacated was between Mr. Busch's house and his stable. No objection to the vacation was made before the Mayor. Mr. Busch offered, while the bill was pending, to give the worth of the property in charity or to the city, if that were legal, to secure the ground. The latter course was not legal, however. By signing the bill last evening Mayor Francis gave Mr. Busch the desired property.

WILD MOUNTAIN DOGS.

GEN. BRISBIN TELLS ABOUT A HUNTING EXPEDITION AGAINST THEM,

But Before the Savage Brutes Are Found Out the Hunter Incidentally Run Into Six Bears—A Glorious Fight Against Three of the Monsters—Wounded Bears Make for the Lair of the Wild Dogs and Trouble Ensues.

Special Correspondence of the POST-DISPATCH.

FORT MCKINNEY, Wyo., December 15.—"I want to borrer a gun and some ammunition, sir."

The speaker was a rusty-looking old farmer with a sorry pair of old horses and dilapidated wagon. He had come thirty miles to get the gun and a few cartridges with which to defend his home.

"I can't loan you a gun or any ammunition," I replied. "Our good Government at Washington will not allow me to do so."

"The former commanding officer here," he said, "let my neighbor have a gun for a year."

"That was all right, but the Government has shut down on it and I can't let any more guns go out."

"Dear, oh, dear," he said, "I don't know what I shall do."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Well, you see," he began, "I live far up in the mountains, and the bears have got so bad they are killing all our hogs and cattle. We didn't mind it so much about the hogs, but only the night before I left a big cinnamon came right into my barnyard and killed the best cow I had."

"Did you kill him?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I had nothing to kill him with, but I took the ax and went out and drove him off. He will be back, and that's why I want the gun."

"Well, old man," I replied, "I can't give you a gun, but I have got some of the best bear hunters here you ever saw, and I will send them up to kill off all your bears."

My young son, who was home from college, had been thirsting for a bear fight, and I called him and made the old fellow relate to him all about the bears.

"Now, young man," I said, "you have been wanting a bear fight, and here it is. Get you horses and wagon and some fellows to go with you, and go up and kill off the bears that are troubling this old man and his neighbors."

The old farmer looked rather contemptuously at the slender youth, but was pleased to get any assistance he could.

A HALF-BREED SCOUT,

Caldwell, a noted bear hunter, and the boy were ready in half an hour, and with all sorts of guns, ammunition and five dogs set off, piloted by the old man. It was ten days before I heard from them again, and when I did they had one of the strangest stories I ever heard to relate.

"After leaving you," said Caldwell, "we went straight to the old farmer's place. It was late the next day when we got there, and his old wife and two boys said the bears had been there all the night before eating at the cow. We went out and examined the carcass and found it about half consumed. The farmer's wife said the bears came about 10 o'clock, and as we had plenty of time we sat down to supper and then smoked. When we first came the dogs were just crazy and wanted to start right off on the trail, but I called them back. Old Tom and Buck and Tiff just cried with vexation, but we shut them up in a room, and I had to flog Tom to make him behave himself and keep quiet. At 9 o'clock the moon came up, and we all got ready. It was to be a square stand-up fight and no quarter. If we got the worst of it we were to retreat to the house and bar the door. The farmer and his old wife and boys were much excited, and the boys undertook to watch for the bears and let us know when they came. They kept running in and out all evening, and it was nearly 11 o'clock before one of them said the bears were coming, and he thought he could see them in the clearing beyond the fence. We loaded our guns and the farmer went out, cautioning us to wait and he would let us know when the bears were well at the cow. He stayed so long we thought the bears had got him, but at last he came in and said three bears were eating at the carcass of the cow. We at once started out, agreeing to stand together and fight as long as we could, and then if charged retreat to the house.

TWO BEARS KILLED OUTRIGHT.

"The bears were so busy snarling and fighting over the beef they did not notice us at all. There was good moonlight and we could see distinctly. They were the largest kind of grizzlies, and one fellow was a monster. Creeping up behind a fence, I said, 'Now, boys, take them in order from right to left.' Frank had the right, the boy the center and I the left, so I got the big bear. 'Ready,' I whipered. 'Aim! Fire.' There was a crash of the three guns all together, a yell of pain at the carcass, and then we just poured it into the bears, each one loading and firing as fast as he could. At first they were confused and did not know where the bullets came from, but pretty soon the old fellow located us and made right for the fence. One of the bears fell by the cow and another made off, but that old fellow just came for us. We ran for the house and got in and closed the door. I could see the old bear was lame and acted as if one of his fore-legs was broken. He charged around the house three or four times and then made off for the mountain. I thought it was now time to let the dogs in, and I turned them all loose but old Tom and opened the door. You should have heard old Tom cry when he found he was to have no hand in that bear-fight. He tried to break his chain and then his neck and to hang himself, but at last he just sat down and looked sick at his stomach.

The dogs caught the bear before he had got three hundred yards from the house, and we could hear them fighting. We followed up and came as near as possible, thinking to get in some shots and help the dogs out. It was as pretty a fight as you ever saw, and over and over they went. Sometimes the dogs were on top and sometimes the bear. Pretty soon I heard one of the dogs yelp, and I knew from the way he cried out he had got his death. It was Tip, the big yellow dog, and he just rolled over and died right there, his whole side being torn out and his entrails falling on the ground. The other dogs stuck to it and held on until the bear got Buck, the black dog, in his well paw. Buck cried out, but it was too late, for the bear crushed him like an eggshell. The other dogs then let go, but kept so close they made the bear sit up to defend himself. This was our chance, and cautioning the boys to fire high and not hit the dogs, we let into his majesty with three guns. He started for us, but those two dogs were true as steel, and grabbed him by both hams as soon as he came down on all fours. They raised him again, and, seeing he was weakening, we went a little closer and aimed at his heart. It was soon over, and as he went down on his side the old farmer just yelled for joy. The dogs woolled him, but he was dead, and when the old farmer came up he kicked and kicked him, saying 'Take that, and that, and that, for coming and killing my best cow, you big rascal!'

A THIRD BAGGED.

"It was all over now, and we went up to the cow's carcass to see the other bear. It was a she grizzly and lay dead about forty yards from the cow. This was the boy's bear, and he had shot her in the heart, head and through the fore-shoulder—breaking it. He had done the best shooting of any of us and was very proud of his marksmanship, as he certainly had a right to be. Next morning we skinned the bears and buried the dogs. The old he fellow dressed about one thousand pounds and the female bear eight hundred. We gave the meat of both bears to the old farmer, and the skin of the female bear, but we have brought you the hide of the old monster."

Here he unrolled a pelt that would easily have inclosed a good-sized horse and something to spare.

"The meat of the bears will keep the old farmer and his family all winter, and the hide will bring him easily $24, while the bounty is $8, which the boy will draw from the county and send to him. So the old farmer does not regret the loss of his cow, especially as he says he got vengeance on the old scoundrel that killed her.

"After that," said Caldwell, "we went out to trail the wounded bear, taking old Tom, the other dogs being too much used up to go. The trail was plain enough, being marked by blood all the way. Old Tom pitched along, straining his rope, and I had to kick the old fellow once or twice to make him behave himself. He was kind of disappointed with the proceedings of the night before and seemed to say by his actions: 'I will show you fellows how to hunt bear.'

"After following the trail for about four miles we came on the bear, or rather his carcass, for it had been killed and eaten up all but its bones and hide. Even the bones were licked clean, and the tracks showed an immense pack of wolves had attacked, killed and eaten the wounded bear. So we thought at the time and went back to the old farmer's house.

COMPLAINING OF WILD DOGS.

"Just as we had packed up and were about ready to start home, two other old farmers came up on horseback and informed us that the night before an immense pack of wild dogs had attacked their sheep herds and destroyed over forty sheep for them.

"They had heard of us and begged us to come over to their place and destroy the wild dogs. They lived only five miles from the old farmer, and so we went.

"We got the men to gather up all the dead carcasses of the sheep and bring them into the corral. Then we divided the live sheep off from the carcasses of the dead ones by building a stone fence through the middle of the inclosure. Next we opened the gates of the corral, the sheep being prevented from going out by the fence, and then we barricaded a small shed in the corner and got into it. We did not occupy the shed until long after dark, as we knew the dogs would not come until near midnight. We could get into the shed from the outside of the corral, and so took it easy at the house. The moon came up at 9:30 o'clock and made everything almost as plain as daylight. Every once in a while some one would go out to reconnoiter, but all continued quiet. Twelve, 1 and 2 o'clock came, and still no wild dogs. We were getting awfully tired and sleepy and began to give up hope of seeing the wild dogs that night, when all at once we heard the sheep bleating and a great racket in the corral where the live sheep were confined. 'They have got among the sheep,' cried the farmer, and grasping our guns we all ran as fast as our legs would carry us to the corral. The sheep were huddled together at one end of the corral and piled on top of each other in their terror to get away from something that had frightened them. We were about to climb over the fence and get into the corral when the old farmer called out:

"'Look out! there's a bear.'

"Sure enough, a bear had a sheep down by the fence and was killing it.

"Bang! bang! bang went the guns, and there was a big roar of pain. Then the farmers called out: 'Here are two more bears,' and moving around to the shed I saw two bears in where the carcasses of the dead sheep had been left. The boy was right behind me and we opened on them mighty lively. All three bears were badly wounded, but they all got away. Not a wild dog was seen, and when we went back to the house we began to chaff the old farmers on their wild dog story.

BUT IT WAS BEARS AFTER ALL.

"'You will see,' said one of the farmers. 'It was bears to-night, but it was wild dogs last night, and it will be wild dogs again before we get through with this job.' The old farmers agreed to watch and call us up if needed, and thoroughly tired out with our two nights of adventure we laid down to sleep.

"'It was nearly 8 o'clock next day when the farmers shook us awake and told us to get up. They said they had let us sleep as long as possible, knowing how tired we were and hoping we would arouse ourselves, but seeing we were going to sleep all day, they thought they would call us. We were soon up and dressed, and all felt thoroughly refreshed by our sound sleep.

"No dogs had come to disturb the sheep, and the farmers had gone out at daylight and followed the trail of the bears. There was lots of blood, and the trail led straight to the canyon. All three bears were evidently badly wounded, as the trail was plainly marked by their blood.

"After a hearty breakfast it was proposed we should follow the bears. The farmers said they could not have gone far, as there was so much blood; even if they had succeeded in reaching the canyon they would lie down as soon as they got to it, and would be easily found. Old Tom was put on the trail, and all we had to do was to lope along behind him. He led straight to the canyon, which was about four miles distant. Just as we entered the mouth of the canyon Old Tom began to give tongue, as he always does when nearing his game. We whipped up and were soon going over logs and rocks at a fearful rate. Pretty soon the canyon became so rough we had to dismount and tie our horses; then we kept on on foot. We had gone about two miles up the canyon, when we heard a great noise ahead, and on rounding the bend and coming out from behind some big rocks we saw a sight the like of which we had never seen before and no doubt never will again.

AT LAST THE DOGS.

"The bears had run into the lair of the wild dogs, and a dreadful battle was going on. Not only three bears, as we supposed we were following, but five huge grizzlies were in the fight. There were about twenty dogs, and the battle was at its height when we came in sight. We paused, for the scene was so novel and unexpected we at first were struck dumb with astonishment. Old Tom dashed forward and plunged into the thickest of the fight. The bears were evidently getting the worst of it, and the wounded ones were literally covered with dogs.

"We looked on for some time and listened to the yells, howls, shrieks and growls of the combatants and then began firing. Almost at the sound of the first shot the dogs took to their heels, and all that were not disabled were soon out of sight up the canyon. The two bears that had not been wounded also ran up the canyon, but only one of the three wounded bears made any attempt to get away, and he soon fell from a shot sent by the boy. It took but a few minutes to finish the bears up and then we looked over the battlefield.

"Five dogs had been killed outright, three by the bears and two by our rifles. Unfortunately one of the dogs killed by bullets was poor old Tom. He was shot through the body, and, although still alive, was mortally wounded. So we had killed our own dog, but Tom died as he would have wished to die could he have spoken—in a big bear fight."

So ended Caldwell's strange tale of a hunting adventure in the Big Horn Mountains, and it was perhaps as remarkable as ever befell any hunter in this country.

JAMES S. BRISBIN.

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* Wild dogs of late years have become quite numerous in the Big Horn and Wind River Mountains. They are mostly found in the Wind River country, but occasionally a gang of them is met with in the Big Horn. These are not the wolf dogs so common in earlier times on the plains, bred from she wolves crossing with native dogs, but they are regular wild American dogs, very large and ferocious. Little is known of them, but it is supposed they are the descendants of native dogs lost by hunters and trappers or dogs that ran away into the mountains when Indians killed their masters. Many of them came, too, from the forts, being left behind when the troops marched and forced them to find their living like wild animals. A few years ago when Forts Reno, Phil Kearny and C. F. Smith, in the Powder River country, were abandoned, many dogs were left behind and went wild, and some of them are occasionally yet met with in the Powder River Mountains. Some years ago a large Scotch staghound and a bulldog bitch ran away from Fort Washakie and took to the mountains and never came back. They were both yellow, and now there is a large pack of ferocious wild yellow dogs in the Wind River Mountains. They are no doubt the descendants of the staghound and bulldog bitch, and are most troublesome in killing sheep, hogs and sometimes attacking the cattle and horses of farmers and herdsmen. B.

DOINGS IN THE COURTS.

Programme for the Conference of the Judges of Missouri—Legal Notes.

The nisi prius judges of the State will assemble next Thursday morning in this city at 10 o'clock for the Judicial Conference. The conference will extend over two days and it will be held at the Court-house. The following will be the order of business:

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1887, 10 A. M.

The judges are requested to meet in the consultation room of the St. Louis Circuit Court at the above-named hour.

1. Address by the President, Hon. George H. Burckhartt, of Huntsville, Mo.
2. Secretary's report.
3. Call of the circuits for submission of written suggestions of omissions, uncertainties and incongruities in legislation, referred to in section 1066, Revised Statutes.
4. Discussion and action upon the suggestions submitted.

At 6 p. m. the members of the conference are invited to a complimentary dinner at the St. Louis Club by Mayor David R. Francis.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1887, 10 A. M.

5. Call of the circuits for reports on the practical operation and effects of the Uniform Rules of Court recommended by the conference in 1885.
6. Paper by Hon. John L. Thomas of De Soto, Mo., on "The Status of a Nisi Prius Judge During the Trial of Causes Under the Code System of Practice."
7. Miscellaneous business.
8. New business.
9. Call of the circuits for reports of singular cases or novel questions of law or facts that have arisen since the last meeting.
10. Election of officers.

In the evening the visiting judges will be informally entertained by the St. Louis judges.

Notes in Court.

There will be no court in session to-morrow and business under the dome will not be resumed until Tuesday morning. The Court of Appeals stands adjourned until Tuesday, January 3.

The Sixth street belt line injunction matter was taken under advisement yesterday by Judges Dillon and Seddon. There will be no decision until January 3. A full report of the proceedings was published in the POST-DISPATCH of yesterday.

Judge Lubke yesterday afternoon went through the farce of hearing expert testimony of attorneys as to the value of services of the referee in the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph Company's suit against the St. Louis Bridge Company. A comfortable margin was given by all the witnesses.

The dog-bite damage suit of Adam Schaffel against John Neibert was given to the jury at a late hour last evening in Judge Seddon's court.

The jury in the Wilson damage suit against the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, another case of loss in a sleeping car, failed to agree upon a verdict, and they were discharged last evening by Judge Seddon.

THOSE who contemplate change can secure best of accommodations at Hotel Beers, Grand avenue and Olive street, for the winter in suites of two and three rooms, if applied for at once. Rare opportunity for families. Everything first-class.

Ethical Culture for Children.

The exercises this morning at Memorial Hall of the Society for Ethical Culture will illustrate the spirit of the teaching in the ethical classes for children. They will appear on the platform and render a responsive service with the lecturer, Mr. Sheldon. The following is the order of the exercises:

Organ Solo.......Mr. C. W. Ohm
Music—The Golden Year.......Tennyson
Music by Henry Leslie; Sung by Quartette.
Song by the Children—Sunbeam.
Responsive Exercise Between the Lecturer and the Children.
Song by the Children—Evening Song.......Schuman
Music—Solo "Incline Thine Ear".......Himmel
Sung by Mr. Saler.
Address by Mr. Sheldon.
Music—Ring Out, Wild Bells.......Tennyson
Music by Damrosch; Sung by Quartette.

Miss Alice E. Mitchell is spending the winter with her cousin, Mrs. Wm. C. [illegible], of [illegible] Morgan street.

MEN'S SHOES

LEGITIMATE PRICES! BEST VALUES

The Best Men's Calf Shoe in the World for $2.50, Button, Bals & Congress.

WAUKENPHAST SHOES

Solid Leather, extra heavy soles....$2.00
Oil Grain Waukenphast, calf-lined, $2.50 to $5.00
Best Calf Waukenphast, $3.50, $4, $5.00
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FAMOUS

See Our Great Line of Rough Weather Boots in Oil Grain,

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Make your selections of New Year Slippers and Warm-Lined Shoes from our UNRIVALED STOCK.

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THE POST-DISPATCH--PAGES 17 TO 20.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1887.

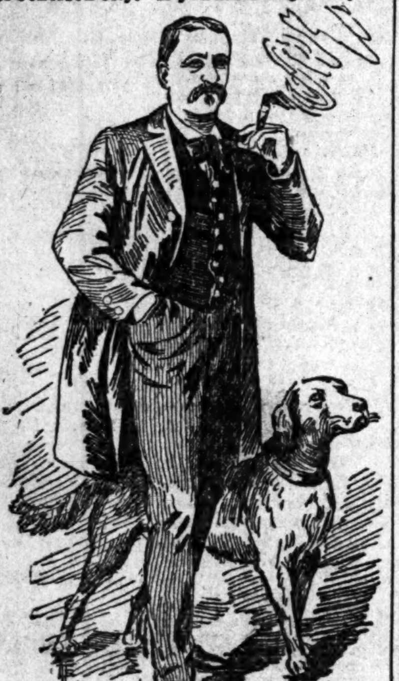
THE GOVERNOR'S HOME.

A VISIT TO THE MANSION OF MISSOURI'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE.

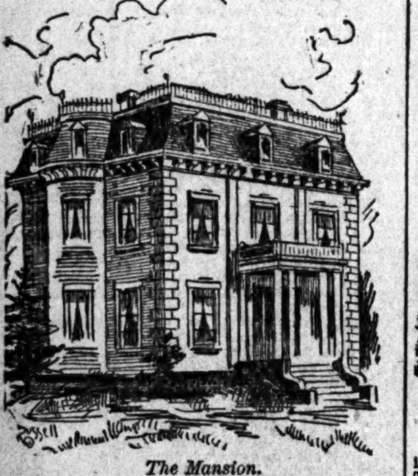
Jefferson City's Palace—Furnishing, Plate and China—A Carpet Atrocity—The Governor's Bed—His Servants and Their Quarters—A Bridal Chamber—How the Executive Entertains—Keeping Open House—His Annual Treat to the Children—Gubernatorial Routine.

EVERY city has its standards. The executive mansion at Jefferson City is a palace; it would be a second-rate house in St. Louis. That is the advantage of location. Its present occupant, John S. Marmaduke, has made it very much of a home in the few years he has had control of it, and either Mrs. David R. Francis or Mrs. John M. Glover will find that it has been kept as cleanly and tidy as the most hatchet-faced old maid in the world could have kept it. Mr. Marmaduke is a bachelor—a fact he does not let his friends forget. He seems satisfied, and, having good servants, has contrived to live through this much of his gubernatorial term in comfort.

The mansion is known to every inhabitant of Jefferson City. If you ask a negro boy in a cornfield a mile from town, he will direct you to the mansion. Small boys loiter in the street to gaze at the big brick pile, and regard it an especial stroke of good fortune to see the Governor come out and walk over to the Capitol. The house is really worth looking at, and so is the Governor. Many a great big man with ambitions similar to those choking in little Jefferson City boys' throats, has his eyes set that way. The mansion occupies a block, its grounds running to the edge of the bluff which trembles 100 feet above the Missouri Pacific Railroad tracks. Standing on this bluff a man could toss a stone into the many-barred Missouri River. Madison street begins at the bluff; meeting there a street that has crawled laboriously up the grade from the station, it passes the mansion, and at the southern limit of the grounds intersects with Main street, a thoroughfare beginning at the Capitol grounds and ending in a gully south of the penitentiary.

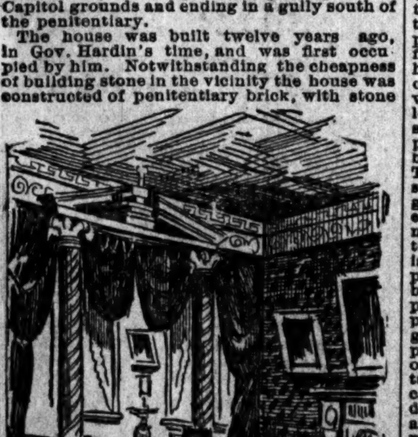


The Governor and His Dog Bruno.

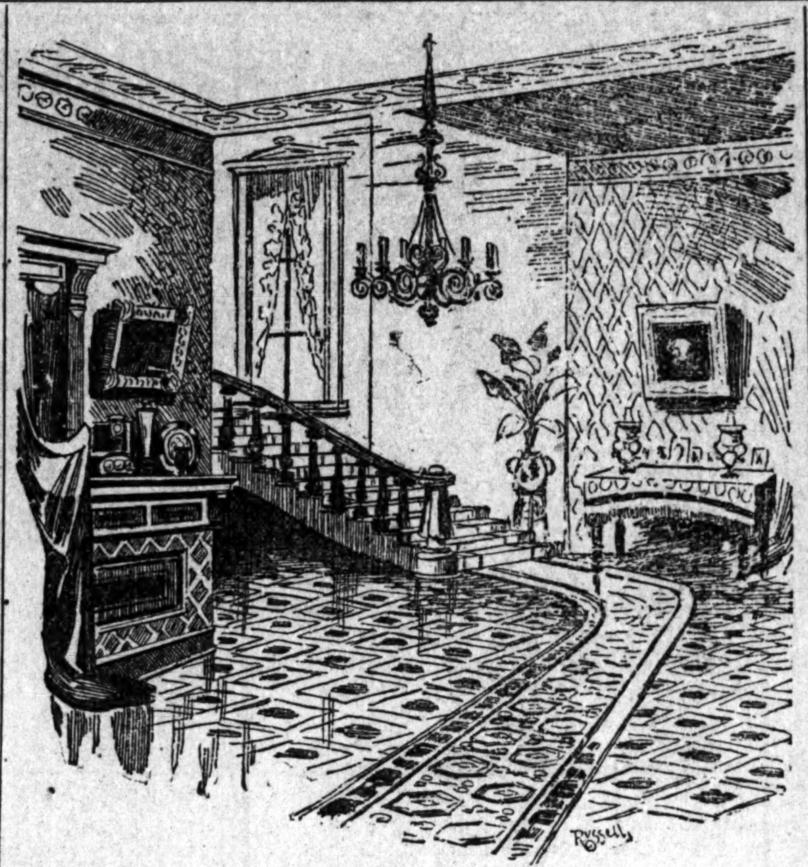


The Mansion.

The house was built twelve years ago, in Gov. Hardin's time, and was first occupied by him. Notwithstanding the cheapness of building stone in the vicinity the house was constructed of penitentiary brick, with stone trimmings. The architect was probably instructed to make the exterior look as cheap as possible. If so, he succeeded admirably in obeying instructions. But he could not help the mansion towering over all other residences in Jefferson City. Its numerous large rooms, and three stories surpass any attempts of house builders there completely. The grounds are enclosed by a neat iron fence. At the curb in front of the gate is a block of stone set over the gutter, on which visitors descend from their carriages. There is no convenient port cochere at the house to protect dainty toilettes on wet nights, and probably there is small need of such protection. Some trees are growing in the grounds, but little attempt has been made at treating the grounds properly from a landscape gardener's view. From the back door of the mansion one looks over the tops of numerous houses squatted in a hollow to the Capitol grounds, seeing all the buildings in the enclosure.

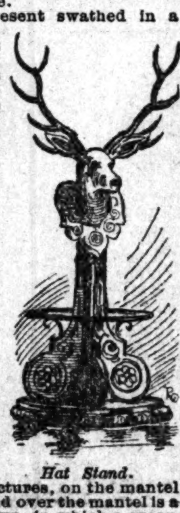


In the Parlors.



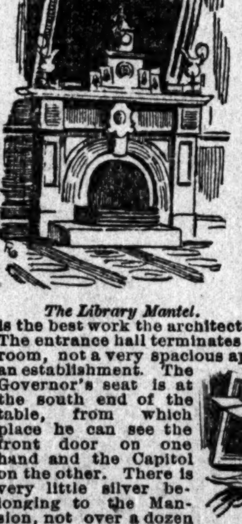
The Grand Staircase, Governor's Mansion.

The front door, at present swathed in a storm approach, opens into a hall of magnificent proportions; it is wide, high and long. The walls have been painted a delicate gray, and the cornice is brought out by a band of dull red. The carpet is an atrocity. It is Brussels, and has a huge waterfall woven in the width of the piece and nearly as long. This waterfall is repeated like a clown's jokes, endlessly. It follows the stairs, and does not let go of you till you are safely on the second floor. The color of this carpet is warm red, a proper shade in the decorative scheme. On the left of the hall at the entrance is the library, and on the right the parlors. The library is a light, pleasant sitting-room, with one case of law books and public documents to keep it in countenance. On the walls are a number of pictures, on the mantel are many photographs and over the mantel is a portrait of B. Gratz Brown, in which a green something is fighting with the subject's red beard, possibly for possession of his cast-iron clothes. The furniture, though not rich, is fitting. Among the pictures on the wall are two engravings from paintings by George C. Bingham, "Stump Speaking" and "Election Day." They are pictures of life in Missouri forty or more years ago. The stump-speaker is M. M. Marmaduke, one time Governor of Missouri and father of the present Governor. Mounting on a small stand in a grove he is pleading with the voters before him to stand by the people's candidate in the coming Congressional election. The present Governor takes a great deal of pride in these pictures, as he says all the faces are portraits of men famous in their section at the time. He can point out the Houstons and other noteworthy people, and even finds himself playing marbles with a group of urchins in one of the pictures.



Hat Stand.

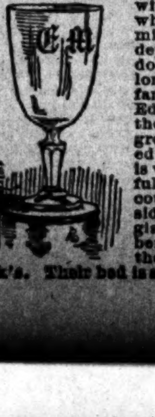
The parlors are separated only by fine pillars. The second parlor has a wide, sweeping bay-window. Miss Harwood, the Governor's niece, who makes her home with him part of the time, has added much to the beauty of these rooms by tasteful draping of the part between the parlors and other devices. On the South wall of the front parlor is a portrait of General Price. On the same wall is an engraving of Abraham Lincoln. Governor Marmaduke fought with the first and admires the second. Corresponding to the second parlor on the south side of the hall is a broad, winding stairway, which is the best work the architect did in the house. The entrance hall terminates at the dining-room, not a very spacious apartment for such an establishment. The Governor's seat is at the south end of the table, from which place he can see the front door on one hand and the Capitol on the other. There is very little silver belonging to the Mansion, not over a dozen pieces—of no particular beauty or elegance. The knives, forks and spoons are plain. The glassware is very fine, each piece being marked with the initials, E. M. The china is basket porcelain, painted with apple blossoms. A large punch bowl, with capacity for about ten gallons, occupies a prominent position on one of the dining-room tables. The china closet is south of the dining-room. There are the ice buckets for the wine, and a dumb waiter connects with the kitchen.

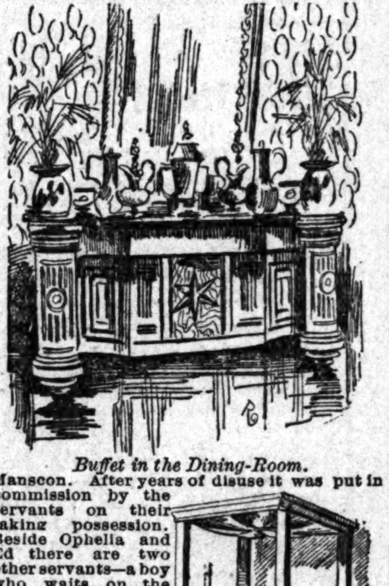


The Library Mantel.

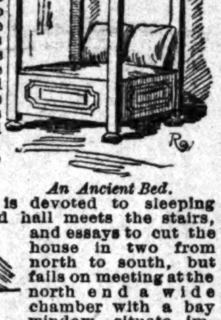
A Parlor Bit.

The kitchen is directly beneath the main stairway referred to above. It is provided with a large range, on which food for a regiment might be cooked. Over this department Ophelia Craddock presides. She belonged to the Marmaduke family, as did her husband, Ed Craddock, who tends to the furnaces and the grounds. They are devoted to the Governor, and he is very proud of their faithful work. The kitchen could not be cleaner if presided over by a New England house wife. Directly beneath the library is the chamber of the Craddock's. Their bed is a rosewood, four-poster, with gilt head-board and damask canopy. It was probably the elder Marmaduke's bed when he occupied the Executive Manscon. After years of disuse it was put in commission by the servants on their taking possession. Beside Ophelia and Ed there are two other servants—a boy who waits on the table and a girl to assist Ophelia. The latter is a famous cook and a laundress of reputation. Five furnaces, supplied with wood—which is used extensively as fuel in the city—and coal heat the house, and tends to keep the place in a continual warmth.



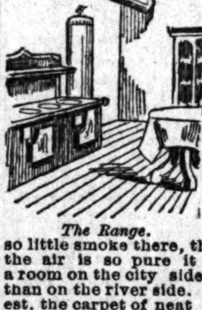


Buffet in the Dining-Room.

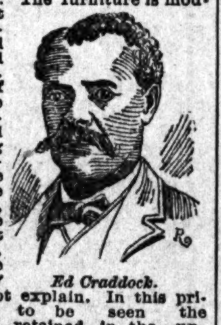


An Ancient Bed.

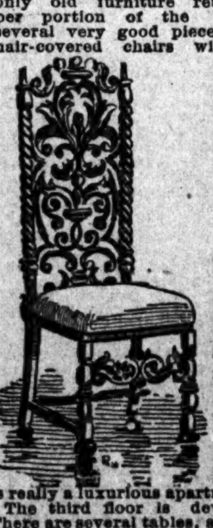
The second floor is devoted to sleeping apartments. A broad hall meets the stairs, and essays to cut the house in two from north to south, but fails on meeting at the north end a wide chamber with a bay window, situate immediately over the second parlor. The Governor's room is at the head of the stairs, over the library, a handsome room with windows looking toward the south and east. From the latter window he can see the penetentiary of which his brother, Darwin W. Marmaduke is warden, and to the south is the city. There is so little smoke there, the town lies so high and the air is so pure it is preferable to have a room on the city side of the house rat her than on the river side. The furniture is modest, the carpet of neat design and the decoration pretty. The bed is Eastlake, modified and Germanized. There are a number of photographs on the mantel of the Governer's friends, several ladies' faces among them, and many children. There is but one other chamber in the front of the house, that being in the northeast corner. It has a private parlor, and is known as the bridal chamber. Why the Governor does not explain. In this private parlor are to be seen the only old furniture retained in the upper portion of the house. There are several very good pieces, particularly two hair-covered chairs with high, straight carved backs. The mirror is fantastically draped with lace. The bed-chamber is furnished in light wood, and many articles about the room show a woman's hand and influence. The guest chamber is the one with a bay window before mentioned, and off that in the northwest corner of the building is another chamber, with tw tasteful walnut beds and other appropriate furniture. The windows of this room look toward the Capitol and the river, the best views to be had from any windows in the house. The bath-room is on the west side of the hall, and is really a luxurious apartment.



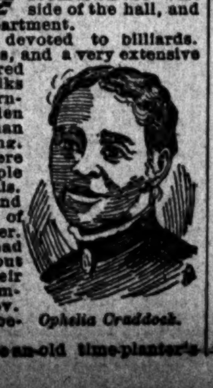
The Range.



Ed Craddock.



The third floor is devoted to billiards. There are several tables, and a very extensive space might be cleared for dancing if young folks held the reins of government. Gov. Crittenden entertained more than his successor is doing. Occasional affairs were organized, and people went up from St. Louis. It was an expensive and unsatisfactory method of entertaining, however. Previous Governors had been content to spend but trifling portions of their salaries to fill the stomachs of the crowd. Gov. Marmaduke is living between the extremes.

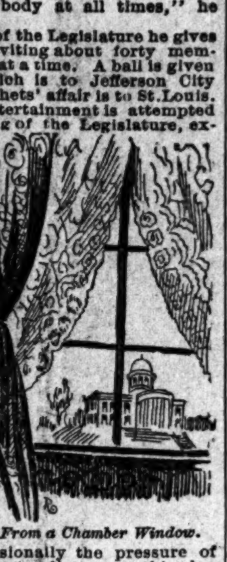


Ophelia Craddock.

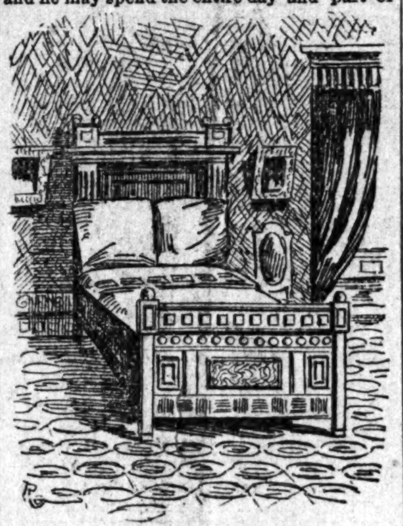
"I keep my house like an old time planter's house, open to everybody at all times," he says.

During the sitting of the Legislature he gives a series of dinners inviting about forty members and their wives at a time. A ball is given during that time which is to Jefferson City what the Veiled Prophets' affair is to St. Louis. No further formal entertainment is attempted until the next meeting of the Legislature, except that on the Wednesday after each Christmas the children of Jefferson City are given a party at the Mansion. The Governor has the house decorated and turns it over to them with all they want to gorge themselves on. On such occasions he is the greatest child among them.

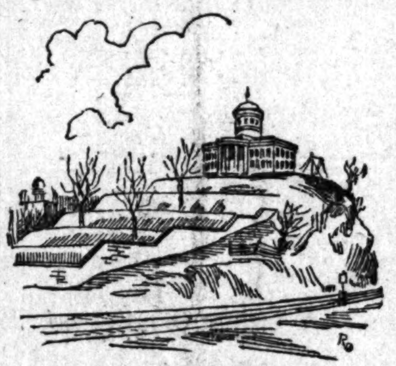
The Governor generally remains at the Mansion until after dinner, which is served at 12 o'clock. His mail is brought in and read. The afternoon he spends with his private secretary at the capitol. Occasionally the pressure of business causes him to disarrange this plan and he may spend the entire day and part of the night at the capitol. He breakfasts at 8 and sups at 6. He lives very generously and no guest—however unexpected—ever finds his table poorly furnished. He will go out of office with less money than he had on becoming Governor of Missouri.



From a Chamber Window.



The Governor's Bed.



The Capitol Seen From the Mansion.

TEXAS is becoming famous, not only for its magnificent resources, but also for its delightful winter resorts. They may be reached in quick time and with the finest traveling conveniences over the Iron Mountain and Missouri Pacific routes. Both roads run through trains elegantly equipped with free reclining chair cars and Pullman buffet sleeping cars. Reduced rate tourist tickets for the winter are now on sale.

THE MUMMIES' ROMANCE.

A Classic Tale of Love, Embalming and Usefulness.

On the banks of the Nile many years ago,
In a prosperous town of that time,
There resided a youth of the name of Li Ko,
Who was in the sarcophagus line.
Such an adept was he at the tricks of his trade,
As embalming and carving inscriptions,
That within a few years quite a fortune he'd made
By preserving departed Egyptians.

And as for a time much enamored he'd been
Of a maiden with every perfection
(Her name was Si Lo, and she cherished for him
A most tender and touching affection),
He decided that he from his trade would retire,
As the business was getting too slow,
And, gaining her parents' consent, would aspire
To the hand of the lovely Si Lo.

But, alas! for his hopes, and, alas! for his plan,
And, alas! for his lovely adored,
For a jilted admirer, a villainous man,
Gayly butchered them both with his sword.
Then they bore them away, with bewailing and tears,
To the shop of an artful embalmer,
Who prepared to preserve through innumerable years
The remains of Li Ko and his charmer.

* * * * * * *

In silence they slept as the cycles rolled by,
Till one day up the river there came
A chap with a very inquisitive eye
And a quite unpronouncable name,
Who in searching about soon discovered the spot
Where the deep in the desert had sunk;
So he gathered them in, and went off with the lot,
In the top of his traveling trunk.

They were carried away to a foreigner's shore,
And now any day you can see 'em
By presenting a nickel or dime at the door
Of a certain small Bowery museum;
Where they stand in a hall that is mouldy and damp,
In two broken mahogany cases,
'Neath the wavering rays of a kerosene lamp,
Which faintly illumes their faces.

But strangest of all we have yet to relate,
In the museum over the way,
By a freak on the part of satirical Fate,
Can be seen any time in the day,
The remains of the rival quite neatly preserved,
By the process of slow petrifaction.
And there for a number of months he has served
To be billed as a counter-attraction.

GLEN MACDONOUGH.

The SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH will publish on Sunday, January 1, its list of ladies receiving on New Year's Day. Ladies who intend to receive will confer a favor by sending notice to that effect to this office, addressed to the Society Editor of the POST-DISPATCH.

Why His Wife Took the Poker to Him.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A Cass avenue man came home late the other night, and at about 8 o'clock in the morning was half awakened by his little niece, who knocked at the door and called to his wife:

"Aunty! Aunty!"

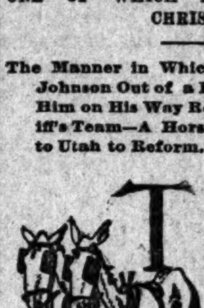
The O. A. M. rolled over in bed and said, with sleepy irritation:

"Don't you see that I'm in? Give me three."

BILL NYE'S TRUE STORY.

ONE OF WHICH HE WRITES EVERY CHRISTMAS.

The Manner in Which He Petitioned Bill Johnson Out of a Penitentiary and Sent Him on His Way Rejoicing With the Sheriff's Team—A Horsethief Who Has Gone to Utah to Reform.

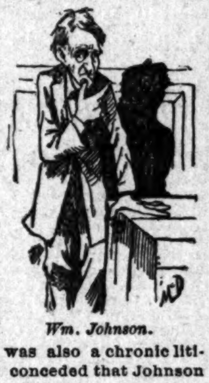


THERE has always been a pet notion of mine that on Christmas Day we ought not to remember those only who may be related to us and those who are prosperous, but that we should, while remembering them, forget not the unfortunate who are dead to all the world but themselves and who suffer in prison walls, not alone for their own crimes, perhaps, but for the crimes of their parents and their grandparents before them. Few of the prosperous and happy pause to-day to think of the convict whose days are all alike and whose nights are filled with bitterness.

At the risk of being dull and prosy, I am going to tell a story that is not especially humorous or pathetic, but merely true. Every Christmas I try to tell a true story. I do not want the day to go by without some sort of recognition by which to distinguish it from other days, and so I celebrate it in that way.

This is the story of William Johnson, a Swede, who went to Wyoming Territory, perhaps fifteen years ago, to seek his fortune among strangers, and who, without even a knowledge of the English language, began in his patient, plodding way to work at whatever his hands found to do. He was a plain, long-legged man, with downcast eyes and nose.

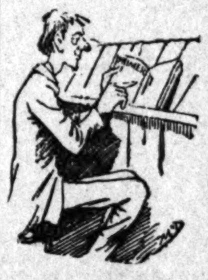
There was some surprise expressed all around when he was charged one day by Jake Feinn with feloniously taking, stealing, carrying away and driving away one team of horses, the property of the affiant, and of the value of $200, contrary to the statutes in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the territory of Wyoming.



Wm. Johnson.

Everybody laughed at the idea of Jake Feinn owning a team worth $200, and as he was also a chronic litigator it was generally conceded that Johnson would be discharged. But his misfortunes seemed to swoop down on him from the very first moment. At the preliminary examination Johnson acted like a man who is dazed. He couldn't talk or understand English very well. He failed to get a lawyer. He pleaded guilty, not knowing what it meant, and was permitted to take it back. He had no witnesses and the court was in something of a hurry, as it had to prepare a speech that afternoon to be delivered in the evening on the "Beauties of Eternal Justice," and so it was adjudged that in default of $500 bail the said William Johnson be committed to the County Jail of Albany County in said Territory, there to await the action of the Grand-jury for the succeeding term of the District Court for the Second Judicial District of Wyoming.

Meekly and silently William Johnson left the warm and stimulating Indian summer air of October to enter the dark and undesirable den of a felon. Patiently he accepted the heart-breaking destiny which seemed to really belong to some one else. He put in his days studying an English primer all the forenoon and doing the housework arovnd the jail kitchen in the afternoon.



William Reading.

He was a very tall man and a very awkward man, with large, intellectual joints and a sad face. When he got so that he could read a little I went in to hear him one day. He stood up like an exaggerated school-boy, and while he bored holes in the page of his primer with a long and corneous forefinger he read that little poem:

> Pray tell me, bird, what you can see
> Up in the top of that tall tree?
> Have you no fear that some rude boy
> May come and mar your peace and joy?
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Oh, no, my child, I fear no harm,
> While with my song I thus can charm,
> My mate is here, my youngsters, too,
> And here we sit and sing to you.

Finally the regular term of the District Court opened. Men who had come for a long distance to vaunt their ignorance and other qualifications as jurors could be seen on the streets. Here and there you could see the familiar faces of those who had served as jurors for years and yet had never lost a case. Wealthy delinquents began to subpœna large detachments of witnesses at the expense of the county, and the poor petty larceny people in the jail began to wonder why their witnesses didn't show up. Slowly the wheels of justice began to revolve. Ever and anon could be heard the strident notes which came from the room where the counsel for the defense was filing his objections, while now and then the ear was startled with the low quash of the indictment.

Finally the case of the Territory against William Johnson was called.

"Mr. Johnson," asked Judge Blair, "have you counsel?"

The defendant said he had not.

"Are you able to employ counsel?"

He evidently wasn't able to employ counsel twenty minutes, even if it could be had at a dollar a day.

"Do you wish to have the Court appoint counsel for you?"

He saw no other way, so he said yes.

Where criminals are too poor to employ counsel the Court selects a poor but honest young lawyer, who practises on the defendant. I was appointed that way myself once to defend a man who swears he will kill me as soon as he gets out of the penitentiary.

His Lawyer.

Wm. Johnson was peculiarly unfortunate in the selection of his counsel. The man who was appointed to defend him was a very much over-estimated young man who started the movement himself. He was courageous, however, and perfectly willing to wade in where angels would naturally hang back. His brain would not have soiled the finest fabric, but his egotism had a biceps muscle on it like a loaf of Vienna bread. He was the kind of a young man who loves to go to see the drama and explain it along about five minutes in advance of the company in a loud, trenchant voice.

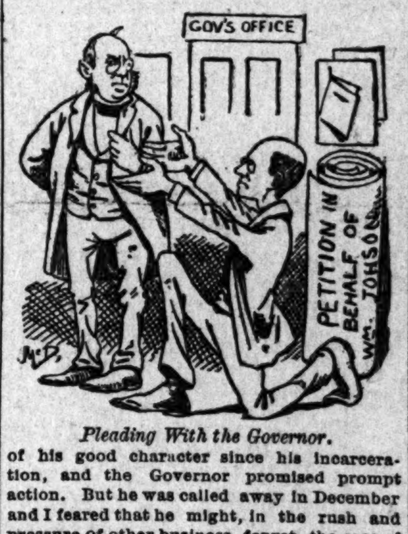
He defended William Johnson. Thus in the prime of life, hardly understanding a word of the trial, stunned, helpless, alone, the latter began upon his term of five years in the penitentiary. His patient, gentle face impressed me as it did others, and his very helplessness thus became his greatest help.

It is not egotism which prompts me to tell here of what followed. It was but natural that I should go to Judge Blair, who, beside being the most popular judge in the West, had, as I knew, a kind heart. He agreed with me that Johnson's side of the case had not been properly presented and that the jury had grave doubts about the horses having been worth enough to constitute a felony even if Johnson had unlawfully taken them. Other lawyers said that at the worst it was a civil offense, or trover, or trespass, or willful negligence, or embezzlement, or conversion, but that the remedy was by civil process. One lawyer said it was an outrage, and Charlie Bramel said that if Johnson would put up $50 he would agree to jerk him out of the jug on a writ of habeas corpus before dinner.

Seeing how the sentiment ran, I resolved to start a petition for Johnson's pardon. I got signatures of the Court, the court officers, the jury, and the leading men of business in the county. Just as I was about to take it to Gov. Thayer there was an incident at the penitentiary. William Johnson had won the hearts of the Warden and the guards to that extent that he was sent out one afternoon to assist one of the guards in overseeing the labor of a squad working in a stone quarry near by. Taking advantage of a time when the guard was a few hundred feet away, the other convicts knocked Johnson down and tried to get away. He got up, however, and interested them till the guard got to him and the escape was prevented. Johnson waited till all was secure again, and then fainted from loss of blood occasioned by a scalp wound over which he had a long fight afterward with erysipelas.

This was all lucky for me, and when I presented the petition to the Governor I had a strong case, made more so by the heroic action of a man who had been unjustly condemned.

There is but little more to tell. The Governor intimated that he would take favorable action upon the petition, but he wanted time. My great anxiety, as I told him, was to get the pardon in time so that Johnson could spend his Christmas in freedom. I had seen him frequently, and he was pale and thin to emaciation. He could not live long if he remained where he was. I spoke earnestly of his good character since his incarceration, and the Governor promised prompt action. But he was called away in December and I feared that he might, in the rush and pressure of other business, forget the case of Johnson till after the holidays. So I telegraphed him and made his life a burden to him till the afternoon of the 24th, when the 4:50 train brought the pardon. In my poor, weak way I have been in the habit for some years of making Christmas presents, but nothing that could be bought with money ever made me happier as donor or donee than the simple act of giving to William Johnson four years of freedom which he did not look for.



GOV'S OFFICE
PETITION IN BEHALF OF WM. JOHSON

Pleading With the Governor.

I went away to spend my own Christmas, but not till I had given Johnson a few dollars to help him get another start, and had made him promise to write me how he got along. And so that to me was a memorable and a joyous Christmas, for I had made myself happy by making others happy. BILL NYE.

P. S.—Perhaps I ought not to close this account so abruptly as I have done, for the reader will naturally ask whether Johnson ever wrote me, as he said he would. I only received one letter from him, and that I found when I got back, a few days after Christmas. It was quite characteristic, and read as follows:

"Laramy the twenty-fift dec.

"FRENT NIE:

"When you get this Letter I will Be in A nuther tearritory whare the weekid seize from trubbling & the weery air at Reast excoose my Poor writing I refer above to the tearritory of Utah where I will begin Life A new & all will be fergott.

"I hop god wil Reward you In Caise i Shood not Be Abel to Do so.

"You have Bin a good frent off me and so i am shure you will enjoy to heer of my success i hope the slooth hounds of Justiss will not try to folly me for it will be worse than Useless as i hav a damsite better team than i had Before.

"It is the Sheariff's team wich i have got & his name is denis. tel the Governer to Parden me if i have seeamed Rude i shall go to some new Plais whare i will not be Looked upon with Suchpishion wishing you a mary Crissmus hapy new year and April Fool i will Close from your tru Frent BIL JOHNSON."

THE Moxie Nerve Food stops the rum habit at once, and makes the drinker feel better than liquor; leaves only good, solid health, and doubles the drinker's capacity for endurance. The church and reform associations are backing the Moxie everywhere. It is certainly making a great stir, and we hope it is to be the solution of the liquor question. Our druggists have it.

For the Present.

From the Judge.

Mr. Bonnvaur: "I can't be mistaken. Isn't this Mrs. Coolbroth of Chicago?"

Mrs. J.-K.-C.-W.-L.: "It was when I was introduced to you, sir, but the Coolbroth came in after the second divorce proceedings, and there have been two since. I am now Mrs. Jenkins-Killingly-Coolbroth-Wilkins-Laker."

LADIES' gold watches, $12, $15, $18, $20, $25, $30, $35, $40, all guaranteed, at Dunn's Loan Office.

FARMING IN RUSSIA.

HOW THE PEASANTS OF RUSSIA ARE KEPT IN SUBJECTION.

How the Peasants Live—Their Homes, Tilling the Soil, Harvesting Scenes.

Correspondence of the Mail and Express.

ST. PETERSBURG, November 28.—Peasant life in Russia presents an interesting study. In the rural portion of the country is found quite three-fourths of the entire population, St. Petersburg and Moscow being the principal cities, and therefore the bone and sinew is with this class of people. Only about 5 per cent of the peasants can read and write, and few have the ordinary instincts of man and woman. They are superstitious, ignorant and stupid. But this is not a wonder. They have been a free people scarcely longer than the blacks of America, it being during the troublous slavery times in the United States that Alexander II. issued an ukase giving the white slaves of Russia freedom. They were not slaves in the sense of being owned, body and soul, by their landlords. The land which they occupied was the property of the nobility, and none were permitted, when once located on a farm, to leave it permanently or to go beyond a certain distance, even temporarily.

No schools were provided for the peasants during the time of slavery, none are provided now, and then, as at the present time, the design of the Czar, influenced by the nobles, was to keep them in the densest condition of servitude and ignorance. Their earnings on the farms are gauged by the landlords so that they have just enough on which to live. As no means were provided for the elevation of the slaves when they become serfs they have remained exactly where they were found, and for all practical purposes they might just as well have remained slaves. It is generally believed that the Czar's act in emancipating them was to gain diplomatic favor abroad.

IN A PEASANT'S HOME.

A peasant's house is a very rude structure, and contains none of the elements of comfort, healthfulness or cleanliness. Frequently the stables are under the same roof with the tenant. His allowance of furniture, food and clothing being fixed by his landlord, he lives scantily. The building is usually of pine or cedar logs about ten inches in diameter, barked and set neatly together. It is of one story in height, with one room; generally has three or four windows, with one sash in each, and they are protected from the outside by rude board shutters, which, when closed at night, make complete darkness within and ventilation miserable. The floors are of logs or earth, and the beds are on the floor.

There are no stoves in a peasant's house. A stick-and-clay chimney fireplace suffices. Here warmth is secured, and the food is cooked in kettles. The family meal is spread on the floor, and the repast is partaken of while sitting on folded legs, tailor style. In front of many of these houses, which are covered with hay and poles—a rough sort of thatch—the traveler frequently sees a drosky from the city, the vehicle of the landlord, who pays daily visits. The peasant has very crude agricultural implements. He generally makes them at his own furnace and gives them finish and polish on his own grindstone.

The peasant's grindstone is a huge affair, is turned by one man, while another, sitting up on a frame above it, manipulates the implement. Axes, plowshares, scythes, wagon tires, portions of harness, horseshoes and everything used about a farm or stable are finished on the grindstone. A crude little furnace heated with "peat" or pine chips and the grindstone comprise the manufacturing appliances of the peasant. His plow is a simple pole with handles on a dead level with the tongue, which has an offshoot downward, on which the share is nailed or tied.

A plowing scene in Russia, with the rough old frame, the crude, triangular or diamond-shaped share and the tiny little furrow made, would be disgusting as well as pitiable to the American farmer's eyes. The draught or weight of the plow comes directly from the high-bowed hame, which extends two feet above the horse's neck and which is fastened to the collar. Instead of traces the tongue or shafts do the pulling. The Russian in no walk of life has yet learned the philosophy of direct draught from the collar of the horse. All vehicles are drawn by the shafts and tongues, and these are fastened to the high hame or bow, which in turn is fastened to the collar. There is no such thing as trace-straps or chains. Carriages are thus drawn.

WOMEN THE REAL WORKERS.

The women in Russia do two-thirds of the work in the country. There are immense wheat, oat and hay fields everywhere, and in August there is great activity in the country. The large majority of persons at work are women. They wear short dresses, plain and straight, and a long piece of cloth over their heads, like the Arabs. The wheat is sown broadcast, and if not cut by the women with sickles is harvested with the old-fashioned scythe, which has a two-pound snead and a broad short blade. From the snead up to the handle there is a wooden bow something like, in appearance, the half of a heavy barrel hoop. This bow keeps the wheat, etc., from falling back over the scythe-handle and scattering. I have never yet seen a man who would deign to gather up, bind and stack the wheat or oats when once it was felled. The women must do this while the men do the "gentlemanly" work, although I have seen many women cutting the grain with the scythe. The neighbors club together in harvest and help one another.

A Russian harvesting rendezvous is quite lively, and is the scene of a motley crowd. The old men and young, boys and girls, with their mothers, grandmothers and aged women, assemble at daybreak. There are a number of horses, on which are carred water, food and extra implements. The horses, the boys and men ride, while the old women walk. They always carry the scythes, forks and rakes back and forth every day, and work as long as there is daylight; and since it is daybreak at 3 a. m. and not dark till 9:30 p. m., the hours of labor are long ones.

The forks used in the fields are made of the prongs of tree branches. A limb is selected which has at least three offshoots, and from this a hay or wheat fork is made. The wheat is stacked at first like that of America, except in the matter of cap-sheafs. Instead of three or four top-sheafs just one is placed. It is turned heads down and spread so as to cover the entire stack. The heads of Russian wheat are long and slender and the grain small and red. It would be graded at Duluth or Chicago as No. 2. The straw is rank and slender, and the yield a little more prolific than in America. It is harvested and sown in the same month, August. When the wheat is sufficiently matured it is hauled on long, slender, one-horse wagons to the windmill on the farm and threshed.

Hauling wheat to the thresher is a leisurely and lazy work, and is never done till the plowman wants the ground it occupies. The windmill which furnishes the flail power for the threshing is the same found throughout Holland and Germany. It is double-armed, the same as the one Don Quixote set out to conquer. These mills are very common around Warsaw, in Poland, and are used for every conceivable work, the women even grinding their coffee, churning and washing with them. The slightest breeze sets them going, as their faces are turned against the wind so as to catch its full force. This appears, however, to be the only labor-saving institution found in Russia.

I asked a landlord why he did not introduce the modern implements on his farms, and was informed that labor was too cheap; besides, it was found advantageous to give as many people work in the country as possible, because if they go to the towns or cities they become troublesome! It will not be till the serfs leave the farms that Russia will have modern improvements; and not till then will she compete to any great extent with the United States in supplying the wheat markets of Europe.

Half Rates For the Holidays.

The St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway has tickets on sale at one and one-third fare for the round trip between all points distant 200 miles or less. Tickets on sale December 24, 25, 26, and 31, and January 1 and 2, good going on date of sale and for return passage every day up to and including January 3, 1888. Ticket office 102 N. 4th st. and Union Depot.

Dear Teachers.

From the Journal of Education.

The man who sets out to study a woman's [illegible] can generally learn a great deal, [illegible] rate of tuition is apt to be high.

ALONE IN LONDON.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

ONE WEEK ONLY!

COMMENCING

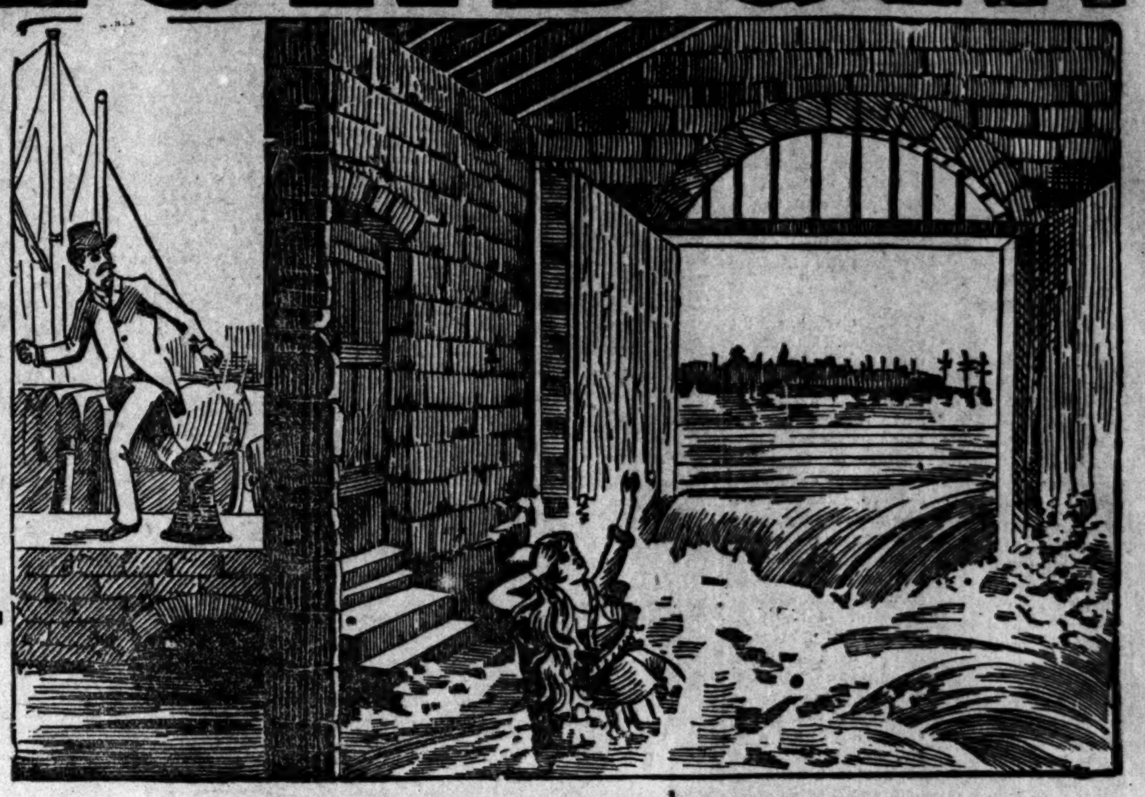
SUNDAY

XMAS,

DECEMBER 25

MATINEES,
Monday,
Wednesday,
—AND—
Saturday.

CORA TANNER.



THE GREAT SLUICE SCENE.

A Phenomenal Success! Indorsed by the New York, Boston, Brooklyn and Philadelphia Press. The Strongest Drama of the Age, Presenting the Young and Beautiful Emotional Artiste, Cora Tanner, and Col. Sinn's Brooklyn Park Theater Co.

☞ MAGNIFICENT AND ORIGINAL SCENIC EFFECTS!——STARTLING MECHANICAL MARVELS!——FAITHFUL PICTURES OF A GREAT CITY! ☜

☞ NOTE.—Do not confuse this drama with the OLD Lights o' London or Lost in London, as it is entirely different in plot, scenery and mechanical effects.

Remember that **ALONE IN LONDON** is the latest English play, excelling all like productions in the modern drama. The success of this great play has caused many to endeavor to impart new life into old dramas bearing similar names, and thereby existing on the reputation of the great play, **ALONE IN LONDON**.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE and the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, the British Metropolis' Greatest Thoroughfare, the Thames River by Moonlight, the Old Sluice House, with the in-rushing waters (the most effective water scene ever produced on this continent), and Tower Hill. Natural and probable scenes in English life, both high and low. Alone and desolate, although surrounded by 4,000,000 souls. The Scenic and Mechanical Wonders of ALONE IN LONDON have not been surpassed for artistic beauty and ingenious mechanism by anything heretofore seen in America.

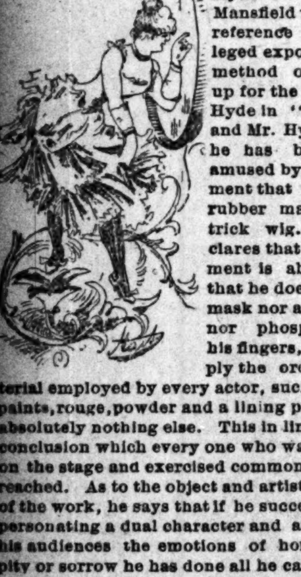
A WONDERFUL PLAY! -:- A GREAT COMPANY!
SUPERB MOUNTING! -:- AN UNRIVALED PRODUCTION!

Sunday, January 1—HOWARD ATHENÆUM SPECIALTY CO.

AMUSEMENTS.

POINTS OF INTEREST IN THE DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL WORLD.

Richard Mansfield Corrects Some Erroneous Statements About His Mr. Hyde—The Regular Ante-Christmas Business Last Week—Impressions of the Passing Shows—Attractions for This Week and New Year's Week—Gossip About Players and Singers—Coulisse Chat.



IN the subject of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" Richard Mansfield writes with reference to an alleged exposure of his method of making-up for the part of Mr. Hyde in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," that he has been much amused by the statement that he uses a rubber mask and a trick wig. He declares that the statement is absurd, and that he does not use a mask nor a trick wig nor phosphorus on his fingers, but simply the ordinary material employed by every actor, such as grease paints, rouge, powder and a lining pencil, and absolutely nothing else. This in line with the conclusion which every one who watched him on the stage and exercised common judgment reached. As to the object and artistic quality of the work, he says that if he succeeds in impersonating a dual character and arousing in his audiences the emotions of horror, fear, pity or sorrow he has done all he can or aims to do, and what has been the ambition of every actor. There can be no question of the cleverness of the actor in accomplishing these objects.

* * *

The position of the theater as a luxury to the [illegible]ass of people was never better illustrated [illegible]an this week here and everywhere. People [illegible] to the theater to be amused and enter[illegible]ained, and when they have as good amusement and entertainment somewhere else, or when there is some unusual demand on their time and pocket-books, they stay away. This week the stores with their attractive show-windows and shelves full of pretty things, have been the rivals of the theaters and came out ahead. The people who have gone into the stores have come out with about enough money left to pay the car-fare home. They have been thinking about Christmas and presents and the theaters have suffered.

* * *

The trouble with "Crazy Patch" is that outside of Kate Castleton and her costumes, capers and suggestive cuteness, nearly everything that made it has been here in "Natural Gas." Gilbert Donnelly and Girard took their specialties along with them and while Eddie Fay is clever he is not the original, and while J. T. Kelly is a funny policeman he is not Girard. There is no use in trying to make nonsense run forever, anyhow. The demand for it is coupled with a demand for novelty. For next season Manager Phillips says he has two pieces in hand, but has not yet decided which to take. Both are new in the legitimate comedy line and will thus be a distinct gain to the public at large.

* * *

The truth of the [illegible]ng that there is nothing in a name has b[illegible]aptly illustrated at the People's this w[illegible] The popular impression gained from th[illegible] of "The Boy Tramp or [illegible]e Maniac M[illegible]" was that the play was a [illegible]elodrama w[illegible] great deal of comedy in it. [illegible]his is a m[illegible]. A careful hearing of the piece will [illegible]ce anyone that it is one of the cleverest [illegible]ques which has been written for some [illegible]. There are thrilling situations in it whi[illegible] irresistibly comic. In taking off the lu[illegible] melodrama, Mme. Neuville has struck a v[illegible] of humor which is not entirely exhauste[illegible].

* * *

Fred de Belleville has an odd manner of speech sometimes which arises from his accent and an effort to connect English syllables together in a sentence. It is something like the sliding scale inflection of Wilson Barrett and seems to be common to foreigners who are not thoroughly acquainted with the English language. A clever musician could set some of De Belleville's sentences to music and the result would be a sort of swinging tune. It detracts frequently from the force of his lines.

The Christmas Attractions.

For Christmas week an excellent melange of comedy and serious drama is announced. There is no melodrama which has made a more pronounced hit with the public than Robert Buchanan's "Alone in London." It has been twice to St. Louis, and at both visits created most favorable impressions. The construction of the piece is clever, its situations are strong and thrilling, and it gives bits of character and comedy passages which make it an attractive and entertaining play. There is another thing about the play which distinguishes it from the average, and this is that many of its scenes are more in the order of the higher domestic drama than the melodrama and as quietly and artistically effective.

In the part of Nan, Miss Cora G. Tanner has scored everywhere an undoubted success. She has personal beauty and fine emotional powers. Her voice has a sympathetic quality which is admirably suited for pathetic work. She has won high praise for her artistic treatment of the part. The story of the play is interesting, and is on the themes which are always fresh and touching to men and women, the devotion of a wife to her husband, and of a mother to her child, with the constant love of an honest man for a woman, when there is no hope of reward. There are several situations in the play which are thrilling and form powerful climaxes. The management promise that the production will in every way be equal to those given before and a capable company is announced. "Alone in London" will be at the Grand this week, opening to-night. Matinee performances will be given Wednesday and Saturday and there will be a special matinee on Christmas Day.

AT THE OLYMPIC.

Sol Smith Russell will play what is not formally announced, but which is said to be his farewell engagement. Mr. Russell is one of the brightest and quaintest entertainers on the stage and appears this week in a new piece written for him by the well-known dramatist Edward E. Kidder. It is called "Bewitched," and it is said that it suits the comedian's peculiarities exactly, and gives him plenty of scope for his original humor. In the performances Mr. Russell will introduce some of his favorite old songs and several new ones which are described as just as taking as the old. The opening performance will be given to-night, and an extra matinee will be given on Christmas Day.

THE PEOPLE'S THEATER

will have for its Christmas attraction Ezra Kendall in his musical comedy "A Pair of Kids," for which the only claim that is made is that it written to drive dull care away, and to make laughter. It is made up of fun and music. Mr. Kendall is clever and amusing as Jiles Button and he promises a good supporting company with Jenny Dunn as the soubrette. An extra matinee will be given on Christmas Day, when presents will be given to every lady who attends, no matter whether a reserved seat is purchased or not. The first performance will be given to-night.

AT POPE'S.

Salsbury's Troubadours will present during the week their latest piece, "The Humming Bird," which was given here on the last day of their engagement last season, and is credited with a big success everywhere. Frank Blair takes the place of Nate Salsbury, and light-footed Nellie McHenry and John Webster will have the other principal roles in the play. New music and specialties are promised. The Troubadours will open this afternoon, and at the special matinee to-morrow afternoon presents will be given to the ladies and children.

AT THE STANDARD

the familiar "Skipped By the Light of the Moon" will fill the week, beginning to-night. Clever people and fresh specialties are promised by the management.

THE CASINO.

The bill for the week at the Casino has been specially prepared for the holidays, and an entertaining variety of special acts and sketches may be anticipated for Monday afternoon.

THE NEW MUSEUM.

Manager Jukes will have an extra collection of wonderful curiosities in the curio and science halls, and comic opera and drama will be given in the theatorium and the Bijou Theater. For the opera the Wilburn company has been engaged

The Christmas "Messiah."

The annual rendition of Handel's great oratorio, "The Messiah," will be given by the Choral Society on Thursday, December 29, in the Exposition Music Hall. The chorus is larger than ever before, the orchestra better trained and the solo quartette is the same which was so successful three years ago in the same oratorio. The soprano is to be Mrs. H. S. Praetorius; the alto, Mrs. Dr. McCandless; the tenor, Mr. Chas. H. Knorr; the basso, Mr. Wm. Porteous. The admission to the gallery seats will be at the same low rates as during the last season. The chorus is so well trained that the Monday rehearsal will be omitted, but the rehearsal with orchestra will be on Wednesday. Soloists and orchestra at 4 p. m.; chorus and orchestra at 5 p. m.

New Year's Attractions.

For New Year's week the theaters have a varied assortment of entertainments. At the Olympic a novelty which has caused a great deal of interest and is credited with a hit is booked. It is Imre Kiralfy's "Lagardere." The New York press speak of it as the most brilliant and perfect spectacular play that Mr. Kiralfy has yet given, and it is promised that the original scenery, wardrobe and mechanical effects and the same cast, which kept the piece on at Niblo's for 100 nights, will be given here. Mlle. Cernalba and Mlle. Francioni will lead the ballet, and two new and striking ballets, "The Seven Ages" and "Gypsy Revels" will be gived.

The other attractions will be the Howard Athenæum Company at the Grand, "Hearts of Oak" at the People's, "Lost in New York" at Pope's and "The Night Owls" at the Standard.

The Musical Union Season.

The distribution of subscription seats for the Musical Union season took place yesterday. The first concert will be given, as has already been stated, on January 4, with the dress-rehearsal on the preceding day. Messrs. Waldauer and McCreery are making every effort to keep the standard of these delightful concerts in every respect at the highest mark. They are in negotiation with the best artistes available this season. For the first concert the charming contralto, Jessie Bartlett Davis, and the pianist, Miss Nealy Stevens, have been engaged. One is a prime favorite here already and the other comes with the highest praise. The organization is a genuine effort to give first-class concerts and should be liberally supported.

PICTURES OF ACTRESSES.

How They Are Used for Decoration Purposes By Working Girls.

From the New York Sun.

A woman who is actively concerned in charity work in this city, and who has visited literally thousands of families in the tenement houses, talks interestingly upon many phases of her experience. She says the portraits on the bedroom walls and on the bureaus of young working girls are all photographs of pretty actresses—or so nearly all that the exceptions are remarkable. Rarely has she seen pictures of actors. She accounts for this strange popularity of the stage beauties with their own sex, and this unlooked for slight upon the male fraternity in this wise: A picture of a pretty actress represents the acme of feminine charms in beauty, grace, fashionable attire, luxury, ease, success, and popularity. The possession and posting up of pictures of a professional beauty is an expression of mild idolatry—the worship of everything desired by or possible to the sex. To a poor unknown, hard-working girl there is the same consolation and comfort in looking at and reflecting upon such a portrait as there is to a poor working boy in reading the life of Ben Franklin or Abraham Lincoln or Commodore Vanderbilt. It is a visible actual mark to strive for with the boy, while to a young woman hope springs up anew when she sees how pretty and successful women—whom she fancies like herself because they are women—may be in certain cases. She looks at the picture of a pretty actress as a pious French woman studies a saint's picture devoutly. But this missionary lady says that she has found that this worship of success in the weaker sex leads some of these girls to spend hours of their spare time in trying to look like the pictures. They will spend a whole Sunday afternoon in letting down their tresses to do them up anew in the style in which actresses wear their hair, taking one picture and then another and then still another to copy from, the looking-glass always before them, with the photograph in one corner of it or underneath it.

Etelka Gerster's Affliction.

From the New York Press.

Mme. Etelka Gerster is in a curious and pitiable physical condition. She has suffered so long from nervousness bordering on hysteria that she has come to regard the world as her enemy. When she landed here the reporters were cautioned not to ask her about her children or her husband, Dr. Gardini, or in any way to refer to her domestic affairs.

At the recent concert in which she sang at the Metropolitan Opera-house she complained that the audience was cold, and wanted to know why they had turned against her. Subsequently she conceived the idea that the other people in the company, including the orchestra, were in league against her, and when she learned what the press had said of her she declared that the newspapers, too, were unjustly opposed to her.

This feeling was intensified by the result of the New Haven concert, and she nearly broke down under the shock it gave her. But through it all she never realized that she herself was at fault. She honestly believed that she could sing as well as ever.

In explaining this the other day, a prominent musician and a friend of Mme. Gerster's, said: "Gerster's ability for expressing and judging music is gone. Whether temporarily or permanently, I cannot say. Her nervous affliction has so affected her throat that she cannot produce the notes. More than this, her ear has been impaired to such a degree that she cannot realize how futile her efforts are. I was with her on both occasions that she tried to sing in public, and I almost shed tears when I was convinced of her condition."

Mme. Gerster is still here, in the family of her brother, Dr. Gerster, but it is probable that she will soon go to her home and children in Buda-Pesth.

Julia Marlowe's Identity.

From an Exchange.

Apropos to Miss Marlowe, some curiosity has been expressed as to who she is. Manager R. E. J. Miles says that she is a niece of his wife and that she was born in Northumberland County, England. She came to America when she was 6 years of age and has remained here ever since. Her stage career began with a juvenile "Pinafore" company, in which she played Sir Joseph Porter under the tutelage of her aunt, Ada Dow. She has always been known off the stage as Miss Brough, that being the name of her first stepfather. Her second stepfather is named Haase, and he and her mother keep a hotel in Cincinnati, where Miss Marlowe resides when she is not acting.

A Company's Composite Likeness.

From a New York Letter.

"The Wife" will get its fiftieth consecutive and first souvenir performance at the Lyceum to-morrow night. The fiftieth night souvenirs are to be composite portraits of the performers. The eight actors and seven actresses were separately photographed, full face and with the distance from eyes to chin similar. These portraits were then all photographed in rotation by Mr. Falk upon one negative, the time of exposure in each case being one-fifteenth of the total time required to give the plate its requisite exposure. The result is a single, well-defined face, typifying the facial characteristics of the entire organization. The resultant combined face is distinctly feminine, curiously, and looks like a woman about 30 years old, with regular features, although there is a faint trace of a moustache. The photographer also grouped the men and the women on separate plates. The male picture is good looking, and it shows the breadth of Le Moyne's face, the intensity of Wheatcroft's eyes and the dainty twirl of Miller's mustache. The composite female face, including the Misses Cayvan, Henderson and Dillon, is a pretty one and a jolly, thanks to Mrs. Whiffen, who is represented by a smile.

Disease as an Entertainer.

From the New York Sun.

An actor said: "What do you think of consumption as a thing to turn into a livelihood? Last evening I sat in an audience which laughed loudly and long at a comedian whose gaunt figure, skin-and-bone face and uncertain voice were the incitement to merriment. But I could not so much as smile at him, because I knew that the mentioned characteristics were those of the disease which would inevitably carry him to his grave within a few months. Not very long ago he was a shapely actor, vigorous and healthy, with an ambition to become a tragedian, and with a fair beginning already made in serious roles. He was already consumptive, however, and a cold developed his malady. He soon became incapacitated for the kind of acting he had done, but he found that his misfortune was the making of him as a low comedian, and that is why he is amusing the public with his emaciated form and his hollow voice. He gets funnier as he grows worse, and will probably be most hilariously acceptable on the occasion of his last appearance before his funeral."

Equal to the Emergency.

Dramatic News.

In the course of a pleasant chat the other day, W. J. Florence told the following anecdote of his early career: "In the sixties I was playing the awful tyrant in one of my burlesques, when, one night in a forgetful moment, I leaned too heavily on my tin sword and bent it double. The audience roared, of course, and I addressed the hero of the burlesque with a sad tone and dejected air in this impromptu fashion:

Fair knight, I yield, I see I am a goner;
This is the sword with which I fight around the corner."

Coulisse Chat.

Modjeska proposes to star in Russia and Germany next season.

Tennyson is pleased with the success of George Parssons Lathrop's dramatization of "Elaine."

Marcella Sembrich has accepted the task of singing 200 times during the winter. She will appear in Germany, Holland and Austria.

Charles T. Ellis and his wife, Clara Moore, and the Ellis Comedy Company, stopped several weeks in St. Louis during their anti-Christmas rest.

The "Clio" Company, which was at Pope's a few weeks ago, has gone to pieces, and several members passed through St. Louis this week on their way to New York.

The receipts at the Chestnut Street Opera-house in Philadelphia for six performances of "Faust" by Henry Irving, Ellen Terry and the Lyceum company reached $21,303.

It is said that even the Czar of all the Russians has become interested in the "Mikado," and that D'Oyley Carte's company will visit St. Petersburg and give the opera there.

The banjo recital of the Partee brothers at the Pickwick on Tuesday evening promises unique and pleasant entertainment. A programme will be rendered by a banjo orchestra of twenty instruments.

The Yale Glee Club concert will take place at Entertainment Hall on Thursday evening, and a thoroughly enjoyable programme to be rendered by the singers and banjoists is announced for that evening.

London has 425 music halls, with a total seating capacity of 200,000, about 75,000 more than the capacity of the sixty theaters, so that a natural conclusion would be that the music hall is the popular form of music with the British public.

An alleged daughter of Liszt has made her appearance in Paris. She claims that her mother is a royal personage, and therefore keeps her name secret. The young lady, it need not be said, contemplates a tour of the world as a public pianiste.

Rose Coghlan is practicing fencing daily in order to be prepared for the work which she will have to do in Charles Coghlan's new play of "Jocelyn." The latest rumor is that this popular actress and her brother will have a new and "swell" theater in New York next season.

It is said that Hofman, the boy pianist, is paid by his father 1 penny for each piece he plays in public, or 2 pence if the selection be extra difficult. He is proud of his earnings, and carries them about with him in a purse stowed away in the pocket of his knickerbockers.

I hear that Marianne Brandt never sings without having a dry crust of bread in her pocket as a mascot. I also hear that Lilli Lehman every night after the opera indulges in copious draughts of imported beer, which are conveyed to her in a large pitcher from a saloon near her hotel.—[Dramatic News.

Pretty Marie Jansen has caught the professional ladies' craze, and under the instruction of a celebrated maitre d'armes has acquired dexterity in the handling of both foil and dagger. As a result she now tips the scales at a much lower figure and pronounces the practice of carte and tierce to be the finest exercise in the world.

THE JEWELRY OF PARIS.

NECKLACES OF REAL AND IMITATION GEMS WORN BY NOTABLES.

The Finest Pearl Necklace in the World Owned by the Queen of Italy—Mrs. Mackay's Necklace of Matched Sapphires—Parures Owned by Royalty—Stage Jewelry—Snide Ornaments Displayed by Ladies of Rank.

Special Correspondence of the POST-DISPATCH.

PARIS, December 9.—The imitation jewelry of Paris is famous throughout the world and with reason. Nothing can be imagined more perfect than the reproductions of rubies, emeralds, sapphires and pearls, furnished by the best houses in this line. The rich blue tinged red of the ruby, the dark velvety azure of the sapphire, the golden green of the emerald, are all imitated to perfection, even the flaws that almost invariably fleck the verdant depths of the last named stone being accurately copied. Very often imitations of the colored precious stones are made up into parures with settings in real diamonds. For a perfect imitation of the diamond is yet to be manufactured. The best false diamonds lack the peculiarly vivid flash of the real gem. They shine with too white and steady a lustre, especially when of a large size. Another gem that defies imitation is the turquoise, the surface of a real one having an opaque smoothness which cannot be reproduced, the imitations being at once too glossy and of too bright a blue. But the triumph of the imitation jewelers' art is

THE PEARL.

It is impossible even for a skilled jeweler to detect, without touching the objects, the difference between a well-made false pearl and a real one. The difference in weight tells the story when the pearls are handled. It is said that at the Paris exhibition of 1878 one of the most noted manufacturers of imitation jewelry in Paris laid before the jury of the jewelers' and goldsmiths' sections a string of pearls in which false pearls of his making were strung intermixed with real ones all through the necklace. He offered a sum of $200 to any one of the makers of genuine jewelry, who could, without touching the ornament, tell which were the real pearls and which the fake, and the task was declared impossible. Another curious fact about imitation pearls is the longer they are kept the more beautiful do they become. This is due to a slight yellow tinge acquired in the course of time by the composition with which the hollow glass bead (which is the outer sheath of a fake pearl) is filled, and which gives to it a peculiar delicacy of lustre characteristic of the best real Oriental pearls.

IMITATION JEWELRY.

There are two classes among the makers of imitation jewelry in Paris. One works exclusively for the theaters, producing large pieces, such as royal crowns and scepters, jeweled armor and thrones, flowers, butterflies and peacock's feathers in imitation gems. Some of these objects, such as the Byzantine diadem worn by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in "Theodora," are actual works of art, being copied with care and accuracy from authentic antique originals. The other class devotes its productions to the world at large, copying all the pretty, fantastic trinkets brought out by the leading jewelers of Paris, the diamond beetles, and lizards, and butterflies, the lace pins set with precious stones, the stars and crescents, and wild roses for the hair and the clusters of diamond flowers that are used to ornament the corsage. The workmanship of these ornaments is as fine and as carefully executed as possible. The settings of the best line of these goods are in silver or in silver gilt, brass being less liked, though when gilt it is an excellent imitation of gold, for the reason that it is less malleable than silver, and so is incapable of lending itself to the

HIGHEST DEGREE OF FINISH.

These ornaments are costly by reason of the silver settings and the fine workmanship, as high as $30 or $40 being asked for such a trinket for instance as a rose with leaves and buds composed of small diamonds. The size of the stones has nothing whatever to do with the price of the article, that being regulated by the elaborateness and finish of the work bestowed upon it.

There is much more imitation jewelry worn in the best circles of both French and American society than the world at large probably imagines. It is not an uncommon arrangement for a lady, who possesses a set of real diamonds of unusual size and beauty, to have them copied in false stones to take with her in a journey, the genuine set meanwhile reposing in security at her banker's. There is a certain famous set of emeralds, well known at the court of Vienna, the great green stones, which are imitation gems, cunningly mounted in real diamonds. A fair and famous leader of Parisian society used to amaze the world by the singular and artistic ornaments which she used to wear, composed of huge, irregular pearls, mounted

IN FANTASTIC SHAPES

of animals or heraldic monsters, with minute precious stones. One evening at a ball she dropped one of these remarkable ornaments and one of her fellow-guests, in searching for it, incautiously put his foot upon it. It was crushed to pieces beneath his tread, thus conclusively proving that it was not real, a genuine pearl being as solid as a pebble of the same size. It is worthy of note that thereafter the French beauty never again adorned herself with any of her curious pearl ornaments. But when even the Empress Eugenie condescended to adorn herself with imitation pearls, the great pear-shaped pendants of her Venetian necklace being every one of them false, it can be comprehended how society leaders of lesser note may be led into wearing them.

The finest necklace of real pearls in the world belongs to the Queen of Italy. It was a legacy to her from her father-in-law, and is composed of seven strings, the top one fitting loosely around her throat and the lowest falling to her waist. It is her favorite ornament, and whenever she sits for her portrait, whether in painting or in photography, she always wears it, so that its appearance has become quite familiar to the world at large, as her name,

MARGARITA, MEANS A PEARL.

The King playfully calls her his "pearl set in pearls" when she puts it on. The finest set of emeralds in the world is the property of the Empress of Russia. The necklace comprises forty large stones, matching each other precisely in hue as well as in size and shape. It took the Court jewelers three years to obtain that number of emeralds of the perfect match required. The Empress of Austria owns a famous parure of matched rubies, the diadem of which is set with pear-shaped rubies, three amongst which are said to be of incomparable fineness. In the way of sapphires royalty is eclipsed by private individuals. Mrs. John W. Mackay owns the most perfect set of matched sapphires known. The finest single stone of this kind in the world—the Potemkin sapphire—is in the possession of a noble Russian family, and is the largest as well as one of the most beautiful that exists. It was a gift from Catharine II. to Prince Potemkin, who used it to clasp the plume on his hat, a fit gift for an Empress to make, for $300,000 has been repeatedly offered and refused for this

ONE PEERLESS GEM.

Also celebrated was the parure of turquoises of the late Mme. Musard, which comprised a necklace, diadem, brooch, and ear-rings, all in turquoises of immense size and of the loveliest shade of azure imaginable. It is extremely difficult to match turquoises, as they are found in so many different shades of blue, but few of them being perfect in color as well as in shape. This exquisite set was broken up after the lady's death. A set of ornaments, unique in character and of priceless value, belongs to the Granville family of England. It is composed of antique gems of the finest workmanship—intaglios, cameos, etc., and includes the diadems, the necklace, brooch, bracelets and earrings. It was worn by Lady Granville on the occasion of the coronation of the Czar Alexander II., father of the present Czar, her husband being then the English Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg. Amidst the blaze of precious stones that shone on all sides, it attracted universal attention as being the one parure there that could neither be reproduced nor imitated. Truth, however, compels me to state that, though highly artistic, these

CELEBRATED ORNAMENTS

were neither effective nor becoming. The workmanship was too fine to be appreciated at a distance, and the dull hues of the stones, the cornelian, jaspar, agates, sardonyx, etc., all precious, by reason of the exquisite character of the engraving of the figures, groups and heads, etc., depicted on them, lent neither light or color to their wearer's toilette.

The practice of wearing real jewels on the stage is becoming less and less prevalent. The risk involved for the actress, not only of robbery but also of assassination, is too serious. Moreover, a set of imitation gems of the best Parisian make is really more effective than a genuine one of less startling size and showy combinations would be. Some of these stage parures are very beautiful and cost from $200 to $500 each. They could perfectly well be worn at a private entertainment without danger of detection. Miss Kellogg, now Mme. Carl Strakosch, at one time owned a very splendid set of amethysts set in yellow gold of Roman workmanship, which had been purchased by the prima donna when it was sold amongst other unclaimed deposits of a New York bank. The diadem was especially beautiful, and she used to wear it, or rather to be crowned with it, in the last act of "L'Etoile du Nord."

MMES. DEVOYOD AND SCHNEIDER

were famous for the number and value of their diamonds. The former once had a play written and arranged for her especially to show off her celebrated jewels. A fair and famous Parisian actress had her diamonds exhibited some time ago in the show window of one of the leading jewelers of this city. The lady's reputation was not of the most immaculate, and it was well understood that all these splendid trinkets had been bestowed upon her by some one or other of her many adorers. Some heartless wit wrote on a slip of paper the words "The wages of sin are not always death," and contrived to paste it on the exterior of the pane behind which sparkled the lady's jewels. It was speedily detected and removed by the proprietors of the shop, but not before the outside world had had a good laugh over it.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

SAILOR MAN TOM'S HARD LUCK.

He Gets a Fine at Norfolk From a Man Whom He Captured in the War.

Special Correspondence of the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 22.—Old Tom Dempsey, who has followed the sea ever since anybody can remember, was telling the other day about his objections to certain ports. "Well, sir," said he. "I, for my part, have nothing against New York. She is 'way aloft with me; so is Boston and Portsmouth. I like to take a stroll just to brace up in all these towns, but you can bet there isn't money enough in the United States Treasury to-day, and they tell me something about a surplus, too, to get me to put my foot on shore on liberty in either Norfolk or Newport."

"Why, Tom, what is the matter with Norfolk; seems to be a nice enough place."

"Nice enough, hey, and I had to pay $20 with a promise of thirty days on top just for taking an odd drink or so. I will tell you how it happened. It was after the capture of Fort Fisher, during the war. I was sent in by my Captain in charge of a heavy cutter to bring some of the prisoners on board. I made a landing, but had to keep my boat a little off the shore on account of the heavy surf running. Some of the prisoners jumped into the boat while two or three were keeping back, afraid of a little water.

" 'Pass me a boat-hook,' says I to one of my fellows, and with that I takes the boat hook and slings it around one of my prisoners in whom I recognized one of my old Norfolk friends. He used to be connected with the police there, I believe, and I used to be connected with that force once in a while, and with that I shouts out, 'Oh, come on, Lamb; don't make any fuss, and jump in here,' and with that Lamb was hauled in the boat. A few years ago I was walking about Norfolk one night when a policeman came along and arrested me. On the following morning I was brought up before the courts, and behold, whom do I see before me now but my old friend Lamb, whom I dragged in the boat at Fort Fisher when he was my prisoner. This time it was 'Mayor' Lamb of Norfolk.

"As soon as I was brought in he looked at me, looked at the paper on his desk, and finally looked at me again.

"Ah, I know you. Your name is Dempsey—Tom Dempsey,' says he.

" 'And you are Mayor Lamb, formerly at Fort Fisher,' says I.

" 'And now I am boss,' says he.

" 'Sorry, indeed,' says I.

" 'Twenty dollars, sir,' says he.

" 'Here you are,' says I, and with that I hauled $20 out of my monk bag; and now can you see any reason why I should not dislike Norfolk as long as Lamb is alive? Newport is just as bad. They lock you up there if you look cross-eyed."

"But how about New York?"

"New York is all right. On my last trip we were lying in the North River off Twenty-third street, and I was ashore on liberty, but managed to keep afloat all the time I was ashore. While I was walking up or down Eighth or Ninth avenue looking for a boarding house or a hotel, an officer comes along and asks me: 'Hallo there, Jack, what's the matter? Got no place where to sleep?'

" 'No, I cannot find any round here,' says I.

" 'Well, you better come along,' and with that we take a walk down to the nearest station-house. I think it is the Seventeenth Precinct, but I don't exactly remember the number.

" 'I found this old sailor—(as if I was old)—on the avenue; he belongs to the man-of-war in the river; he has no place to sleep,' was the report made by the officer to an old gray-headed and gray-bearded gentleman who was sitting behind the bar, and who had gold stripes enough around his sleeve to be the admiral of the police.

" 'I have seen you somewhere,' said the Captain to me after he had eyed me from top to toe.

" 'Never been here before, sir; never have any trouble with the police.'

"And now he puts me under a cross-examination.

" 'Where were you born?'

" 'In Ireland, sir.'

" 'How long have you been in this country?'

" 'Not long, sir.'

" 'How long?'

" 'Fifty years, sir.'

" 'Where were you during the war?'

" 'Both army and navy, sir.'

" 'What regiment did you serve in then?'

" 'One Hundred and Seventieth New York Volunteers,' and with that the Captain looked up a little higher.

" 'What company were you in?'

" 'Company E, sir.'

" 'Who was your Captain in Company E?'

" 'My Captain was Capt. Duff, and a d—d fine man he was, too,' and here the Captain of Police gets up and stretches his hand to me and says:

" 'Well, well, Tom Dempsey, how are you? I thought I knew you. Don't you know me? Look at me. I am your old Capt. Duff.'

" 'Is that you, Capt. Duff? By the Holy —, but you are gray. Look at me. I am still afloat and not a gray hair in my head,' and here the Captain calls out:

" 'Who brought this "gentleman" here?'

" 'I did,' said a policer.

" 'Well, he's all right. Tommy, go up' to room 7, bring two mattresses and two pair of new blankets and a bundle of new pillows and make a nice bed right here in my room for Tom. He is a special friend of mine' and then calling at another officer, my Captain orders him to make some good coffee and buttered toast for me, and then we had a long chat about our days gone by. Well, sir, I can tell you I never had a finer time in all my life than I had that night."

INLAID initial rings, $2.50 to $5; diamond initial, $[illegible]; gents' initial gold cuff-buttons, $[illegible] Dunn's Loan Office, [illegible] Franklin avenue.

A CHRISTMAS EASTER.

A Christmas Tale of Love and Romance.

BY MARION HARLAND.

[Copyrighted, 1887.]

ON the evening of December 23, 1886, the dwellers in the Pennsylvania town overlooked by Cedarcroft, the summer quarters of Hon. Francis Armstrong, M. C., and millionaire, saw the triple row of windows in the elevated facade ablaze with gaslight. The sleepy Dutch burg was a finished town inhabited by people who had nothing to learn of their age. They did not know or inquire who were the occupants of the carriages that had rolled through the wide, crooked street leading from the railway station to the house on the hill-top, that day, or speculate as to the goings-on behind the illuminated windows, further than to comment contemptuously upon the whim that "brought folks from warm town houses to freeze in the windiest situation this side of the Allegheníes."

The "situation" deserved its reputation that night. The dash of the air-surf against stone walls and slated roof was like the concussion of sledge hammers, the shriek and rumble in the chimneys gruesome in deserted bed-chambers and the servants' attic. In the great central hall, which was the hospitable heart of the household, the burning logs answered the blast with a roar of defiant laughter from the wide throat of the chimney. Other lights were disdained by acclamation. A dozen white-gowned girls, three or four chaperons in soberer satin and velvet; ten young men in conventional evening dress, and the portly, handsome host, were grouped and scattered about the chamber, and each had his or her share in the becomingness of the red radiance. An organ was built in the arch corresponding, on one side of the hall, with a smaller half-circle on the other that held the fireplace, a harp stood by the grand-upright piano, on which lay flute and violin. A fashionable young fellow strummed a banjo, overlaid and fretted out of family likeness to its homely prototype. Mr. Armstrong's was a musical family, and all his guests professed a passion for the art

With one exception:—

"Do you sing, Mr. Brown?" asked a chaperon, in the thin, husky voice that usually befalls her with bloodless opaqueness of complexion after 60 is passed, if the chaperon is an American.

"No, ma'am."

Mr. Brown was a New England Congressman and presumably an educated man. His friends, if not himself, counted his money by the million; he dressed expensively and wore big diamond studs, disrespectfully alluded to by political opponents as "trunk-rivets." He was 38 years of age, clean-shaven, but for a thick mustache; he was well-made, sinewy, and six feet tall.

"A representative man," Mr. Armstrong called him, and desired few things with more devout disinterestedness than that his cousin and ward, Huldah Croly, should favor the diligent suit of the R. M.

Mr. Brown had been "in society" for at least ten years, had read a good deal and traveled much. But he said "ma'am" habitually, and when facetious, in the tone of a disrespectful hostler. It need not be added that he always said "sir" to high and low of his own sex, and in talk with his peers often mouthed it as if he hesitated just short of the vulgar addenda "ee."

"No, ma'am; I nyther play nor sing. In point of fact, I don't know one tune from another. I couldn't tell you, for example, which is the finest violinist, Ole Bull or Mr. Birken over there. The noise of the fiddle is pretty much the same under the hand of both of 'em."

People laughed a little, and Mr. Birken, a sandy-haired youth who wore glasses and fiddled so badly that nobody thought it right to seem too much amused, colored furiously.

"Fortunately, we compare no one with Ole Bull," said Huldah Croly. "My mother will not admit that Patti sings as well as Jenny Lind did, or that any modern master of the bow ought to be named in the same day with Ole Bull."

Mr. Birken's cheeks cooled rapidly. When the conversation again became general, he stole around to the back of Miss Croly's chair.

"You are a born buffer!" said the grateful goose, stooping to her ear. "And an angel!"

"Thank you! But what a classification!"

She let him stand there and dribble soft mildewed society nothings, replying at random, her mien, meantime, indicative of pleased attention, until there was a call for more music. In the stir produced by the passage of performers to the instruments, only three or four persons besides Mr. Brown saw Huldah slip out of a side door.

A long, dim corridor ended in Uncle Dick's apartments. He was the host's elder brother and a bachelor. With two servants, he lived in a wing of the Cedarcroft house all the year round. The room his "come in!" invited Huldah to enter was large and lofty. Bookshelves lined it on three sides. In the recesses of the jutting chimney were cupboards with glass fronts, containing chemical apparatus, bottles, jars, tubes, retorts and "specimens" of divers sorts. Books and manuscripts littered the tables, at the largest of which he sat before something Huldah had never seen before.

"Still seeking out many inventions," she cried gayly, to his looks of surprised welcome. "What is the latest, darling? It loods like a composite—part sewing-machine, part typewriter, with a touch of telephone!"

When most weary of heart, she was apt to be flippant. Uncle Dick never drew himself out of his inventive maze long enough to suspect this or anything else sub-surface that did not pertain to chemistry, electricity or the mechanical powers. Huldah often took refuge with him when dissatisfied with everybody else, herself included. She had described him only that afternoon to Mr. Brown, as "brief, bold and beatific, as guileless and lovable as a year-old baby. He does me good all through, dusts and makes me over better than new," she pursued. "I dote upon Uncle Dick!"

"All the same, I shouldn't care to be a fossil before my time. Life should be action, not a series of unpractical experiments," said the representative man, sensibly enough. "One-tenth of the brains and industry he puts into his fads, if properly directed, would make his fortune."

Huldah recalled the remark when the fossil pushed up his spectacles to the top of a scalp that was pink with animation as he began to eulogize his "darling."

"It is the crowning glory of this magnificent century which has proved herself the prolific mother of discoveries and inventions. I have been wishing, all the evening, that you would look in that I might introduce my Queen, my Graphophone. She is the product of years of labor and much money. At last we have brought her as near to the height of perfection as human intellect and skill can make machinery."

Huldah smiled affectionately, and seating herself at the table, rested her elbows on the table, her chin in her hollowed palms. Attitude and face wore just the phase of pleased interest that had tempted Mr. Birken to turn the faucet of his brain-tank for her delectation. Much practice had made her an adept in wordless hypocrisy. Behind this pretty mask she did her hardest and saddest thinking.

Mr. Brown had offered himself formally to her a week ago in Washington and been promised an answer on Christmas Day. It was becoming evident to others as well as herself that he was not tormented by doubts as to her decision. His manner was masterful and exultant, as of one who had only to put out his hand to seize the prize. Twice that day he had called her "Huldah," inadvertently.

"Begin at the beginning and don't leave anything out," said she to Uncle Dick, with an air of exhaustless patience and complaisant expectation.

Mr. Brown had called her "Huldah" and she had flushed burning hot and angry at the slip of the tongue. Why? She was an orphan, 25 years old, and had left off being romantic three years before. She had a little money of her own, enough to dress herself upon, and a luxurious home in her guardian's house. He and his wife were uniformly kind to her, their children loved her as an older sister. Success in society, easily achieved by her personal attractions and piquant speech, made her in love with a world that turned the sunny side to her. Mr. Brown could secure to her the position held now by virtue of youth, vivacity and opportunity. He wanted a brilliant wife, she wanted a brilliant establishment. Without being a voluptuary in any other sense of the term, she loved spaciousness filled with elegance, coveted Indian fabrics and Persian dyes, filmy laces, cut crystal, prismatic stones, whatever ministered to the ease of refined flesh and pleased the esthetic eye. She was thoroughly honest with herself in the array.

Mr. Brown (whom she was not obliged to call "Samuel," now, or ever) was a solid citizen, upright, although a politician, genial of temper. As to glimpses of the native wood, revealed by an occasional scaling-off of the veneer—one must not expect perfection. Perhaps she could repair defects. If not, had not Tommy Birken called her a "born buffer?" Might she not serve her generation by fulfilling this office to the New England representative man? What hindered her from making up her mind, then and there, to accept the goods offered by the benignant gods? to make an end of irresolution and much balancing of yeas and nays?

"This is the battery," said Uncle Dick. "This is what we name the diaphragm on which the charged needle plays—"

"I see!" said Huldah, in her most encouraging tone.

Her intent face warmed the exhibitor's enthusiasm.

The phonograph reproduced words in a shrill monotone. "She" tapping his idol "receives, retains, and when we wish, gives back every intonation, and this, not once, or twice but a thousand times, if required."

"Wonderful!" Huldah had heard thus far. "For how long."

"We dare predict for twenty, thirty years, it may be for all time."

"Ah!"

The ejaculation was crisp, and insincere. The monstrous improbability of the statement extinguished the faint glow of genuine interest.

What stood between her and a satisfactory settlement for life? She was tired of drifting. Nothing but the termous vision of a dream, dismissed, as she believed long ago—when she left off sentiment for good and all—this less than shadow waved her back from substantial advantage. In casting that summer idyl behind her, she had sneered at it as the "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." For two years she had seen and heard nothing of him. He had taken her at her word when she said they could not afford to think of each other, probably he had learned to care as little for her as she did for him. How near she had been to saying—"as she deserved to be cared for!"

"This cylinder"—Uncle Dick brought her back by putting it into her hand—"is coated with a preparation of paraffine. You perceive it is faintly lined as with a closely written musical staff, filled in with minute stippling. It contains 2,000 words—one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches, read carefully by a distinguished elocutionist. I will adjust it on the instrument. Listen!"

It was as Huldah cried out, astonished, the echo of a manly resonant voice that broke the expectant silence, but clear, distinct in enunciation and audible in every part of the room. She glanced over her shoulder in involuntary search for the speaker.

"Is it jugglery? magic? ventriloquism? Are you a wizard? the Michael Scott of the nineteenth century?" she queried, breathlessly, when the cylinder ceased to revolve.

It was as if an intelligent, invisible presence passed away from between her and the impractical "fossil."

Uncle Dick grew taller; his chest expanded under the shabby smoking jacket; his gesture of supreme content was sublime.

"My dear! it is the Graphophone; the Queen of the century! In time, there will be one in every house. Letter-writing will be obsolete toil. Sitting here on a lonely windy night, with my hand in hers, I shall hear your very voice telling me of your balls and conquests in Washington, of the latest political scandal, of domestic news, and how you sometimes think of me. All this the evening mail will have brought me on one of these cylinders put up in a stamped case. She will revolutionize business correspondence; give to eloquence and music a world-wide audience. What may be called the sentimental value will, I suspect, outrank all others in your estimation. Think of taking from a drawer, when heart and home sickness are at their height, that which will give to bodily ears and the sore spirit your dead mother's voice!"

Her brown eyes swam in tears, her hands fluttered upward, then fell together in irrepressible emotion that found no vent in language.

"Or the mother, harkening between her sobs, to her baby's prattle. Or the old man, hearing the song of the betrothed he laid under the daisies a half century ago! I tell you, child, this gift to humanity will annihilate time, set change at defiance, make love immortal!"

He took up one cylinder after another from a row at the side of the instrument, his hands shaking with excitement.

"Ah! this is what I was looking for! The sweetest tenor the Creator ever put into man's throat, belongs to a noble young fellow who passed some days with me here in October. We sat up until day-break two nights testing and using her. One midnight, I asked him to sing his favorite song to her. She liked it so well, received it so graciously (as who could help doing?) that she has held it faithfully to her heart ever since."

Like the silvery voice of an unseen troubadour under his lady's window, the strain began:

O du Entrisse'ne mir, und meinem Kusse,
Sei mir gegrusst, sei mir gekusst!
Erreichbar nur meinem Sehnsuchts grusse,
Sei mir gegrusst, sei mir gekusst!

Du von der Hand der Liebe diesem Herzen gegeb'ne,
Du von eiser Brust genomm'ne mir
Mit diesem Thranengusse,
Sei mir gegrusst! sei mir gekusst!

Zum Trotz der Ferne, die sich feindlich trennend
Hat zwichen mich und dich gestellt, dem Neid
Der Schicksalsmachte zum Verdrusse
Sei mir gegrusst! sei mir gekusst!

Wie du mir je im schonsten Lenz der Liebe
Mit Gruss und Kuss entgagen kam'st,
Mit meiner Seele gluhendstem Ergusse
Sei mir gegrusst! sei mir gekusst!

Ein Hauch der Liebe tilget Raum und Reiten,
Ich bin bei dir, du bist bei mir,
Ich halte dich in dieses Arm's Umschusse
Sei mir gegrusst! sei mir gekusst!

Uncle Dick stood, eyes upcast to the ceiling, in an ecstacy of professional appreciation. Huldah's face bowed lower until her forehead rested on the hands hard shut together on the table; her frame heaved and shook as in a whirlwind.

"Sei mir gegrusst! Sei mir gegrust!" Love, pleading, yearning, were in the plaintive iteration recurring over and over until her heart broke under the burden of memory. The wind, smiting the four quarters of the house like the cannonade of a beseiging army; the answering shout of the fire was unheard, as Uncle Dick, place and time were forgotten.

Half-buried in harsh, supple orchard-grasses, she sat, ripening peaches, gold and red, between her and the sun that drew out their spiciness to mingle with the scent of the aftermath, while Fred Wyckoff sang her favorite song.

The "Echo of a voice!" True, round, full, sweet beyond the telling, without lapse in time or note, fraught with passions as pure and tender as the incense-laden wind!

"O, my love! my love!"

"I beg your pardon!" said Uncle Dick, startled and interrogative.

"I asked you to let me hear it again, please!" The head was still bent low. Not so low in shame and remorse as the bursting heart.

"Sie mir gegrusst! Sie mir gegrusst!" rose and swelled and sank the echo that would haunt her forever.

"I guessed I should likely find you in here, hobnobbing with Uncle Dick?" chuckled Mr. Brown, walking in with the severe assurance of one who knows himself to be the most welcome guest that could break up a tete-a-tete.

With a smothered cry Huldah tossed the light shawl from her shoulders over the instrument, and throwing her palms outward, as if striking at something she could not see, she rushed past her wooer. He saw her no more that night, nor did the merry-makers in the great hall.

Fleeing along corridor and up the stairs, still pursued by the something Mr. Brown could not see, she gained her room and locked the door. Still pursued, she paced the narrow confines, wringing her hands and sobbing out incoherent, insane-sounding exclamations.

"What have I done! What have I escaped!"

The air took voice about her; the echo wailed and entreated, close her ears though she did.

"Sei mir gegrusst! Sei mir gekusst!"

Should she ever hear it in her grave that cry from the eternal, inexorable past, she thought murdered and mouldering into dust?

Presently she checked, walk and sobs; went down on her knees before her trunk and sought for something in the bottom. A small portfolio, much worn, marked with her initials. She knew what she should find in an inner pocket; said no more to herself that it had been left there by accident.

"Give me an English translation," she had ordered one day. "My German is defective, yours perfect. Tell me what our song means in my mother tongue!"

The next morning she received the paper she now opened. It was creased with many refoldings, blurred by many readings; a big blot marred the second verse.

"I am not a poet," said the accompanying note. "Nor is the song easily translatable. I have not pleased myself in the result of my effort. I claim nothing for the verses beyond a certain conscientious fidelity to the original, and that they were written in obedience to your wish."

Other tear blots appeared on the sheet as she read:

O, my departed love, take thou my greeting,
(I greet thee now! I kiss thee now!)
My love eternal stands, though vows are fleeting,
(I greet thee now! I kiss thee now!)
Thou by the hand of love to me wast given,
And from this breast thou hast been torn,
No power shall stay our meeting.
(I greet thee now! I kiss thee now!)

In spite of distance, which with sullen menace,
Stands between me and thee, my love,
The will of jealous fate defeating,
I greet thee now! I kiss thee now!
As in the springtime of holy love you met me,
And glowing hearts were melted into one,
My yearning heart those tearful vows repeating—
"I greet thee now! I kiss thee now!"

With but one breath of love, time, space are sundered,
I am with thee, thou art with me,
My eager heart on thine again is beating,
I greet thee now! I kiss thee now!

Mr. Brown found a letter on his bureau when he went up to bed, somewhat puzzled by Huldah's manner of departure and her non-appearance on the gay scene, but seemingly complacent in the consciousness of his own dues at the hand of Fate. He received, at breakfast time on the morrow, a telegram recalling him to Washington.

To avert gossip Huldah accepted a seat in the carriage that took him to the station. Uncle Dick sat on the front seat and acted as driver.

"I have treated you badly," said the girl, penitently to her rejected suitor.

"I quite agree with you," was the curt reply. "But I have had my lesson. Next time I shall make sure of my ground before committing myself to a formal proposal."

Regret, compassion, even bruised self-respect gave way with Huldah before a rush of amusement.

"That is sensible and philosophic. Let me wish you better fortune with a better woman—next time!"

"Thank you!" still as sour and cold as a frost-bitten crabapple.

"I don't admire that type of the Successful Man," Uncle Dick surprised Huldah by saying as Mr. Samuel Brown, after brief leavetakings, bustled into the station to get his ticket and check. "I am glad you are not going to marry him."

"How do you know that I am not?"

"I heard you laugh out suddenly and heartily just n w in a way not common with girls whose lovers leave them on the day before Christmas. I needed no other evidence. If I did, your face supplies it."

He turned in his seat while they talked, his round poll rising above white throat-whiskers like the knob on top of a pump above a snow-wreath. The girl was dearer to him than any other human thing.

"Uncle Dick!" impulsively, "I called you a wizard last night; I know now that you were my angel—unawares. Which means, in this instance, that you did me a great good without guessing what you were about. But for you I should have married Mr. Brown and been wretched—or wicked—may be both, forever after. You may well look mystified, but I can't enlighten you further. Only—if I dared, I would throw my arms around your neck and kiss you here and now—I am so grateful!"

"I don't in the least comprehend—"

"Of course you don't! That isn't the worst part of it, you blessed cherub! It is begining to snow—Christmas snow! What are we waiting for?"

"I am expecting a friend on the northern train. Didn't I tell you? Ah! I see him."

A young man ran nimbly down the platform steps, valise in hand. Before Huldah could catch her breath Fred Wyckoff's face, handsome and animated, was framed in the carriage-window. She was still faint and giddy when he took the seat beside her and pulled up the wolf-robe over her lap, tucking it in carefully. Uncle Dick, bent almost double, was wrestling with a big button and a small button hole in the barouche-apron; the snow was beginning to fall thickly.

"I came because I heard accidentally that you would be here," whispered Wyckoff, reading more truly than she guessed the language of the dim, happy eyes. "May I try again, dear?"

A trembling hand, cold through her glove, slid into his and was clasped closely.

"Fred! Fred! I have tried so hard to live without you!"

The starchiest of the visiting chaperons had an absurd trick of early rising. The howling tempest of Christmas eve made her restless and blue to an insupportable degree; nor had pearl powder and an incomparable neglige effaced the traces of insomnia when she drew her berufled train after her into the hall at half-past eight Christmas morning. Her chamber being on the windward side of the house, was bleak, and she counted shiveringly upon the genial glow of the great fireplace below. It was heaped with birchen logs; polished floor, carved ceiling, burnished organ pipes, the window-panes hoary with frost—all were glorious with leaping scarlet gleams. Two shadows lay dark and long on the marquetined flooring. Mr. Wyckoff, the charming young lawyer "with the purest tenor voice, I assure you, my dear," and Miss Huldah Croly sat at evident ease in a pair of rocking chairs immediately in front of the hearth, without a symptom of a duenna in sight, and she as good as engaged to that excellent Mr. Brown.

Her stony eyes, blank with horror, did not petrify the graceless culprits. Without starting apart, they glanced around at her approach, Mr. Wyckoff rising politely. Ignoring his offer of an easy chair, she brushed by Huldah without a salutation, and held her blue, shriveled, veinous hands to the blaze that struck mocking glints from the rings loading them. She was an impersonation of Winter draped by Worth or Redfern, thought the happy young girl with a throb of infinite pity.

"What very, very unpleasant weather for the country!" vouchsafed the dame, with a shrug and shudder. "It makes one positively homesick. Which reminds me that I have not wished either of you"—pressing well upon the coupling that ought to remind them of their indecorum—"a merry Christmas!"

"Christmas!" echoed Huldah, glancing at the outer world white with whirling drifts, her color deepening with her dreamy smile. "We were just saying that it seems more like Easter!"

A Charming Resort.

San Antonio, Tex., is rapidly becoming the Mecca for all persons in delicate health. The climate of the quaint but thriving city is simply charming. The atmosphere is clear and exhilarating, and the air is balmy and pleasant in midwinter. Invalids can go there with the greatest ease and comfort, as Pullman buffet cars are run through on the Missouri Pacific Railway on short time. Winter tourist tickets are now on sale from St. Louis to San Antonio.

Wanted Smuggled Goods.

From the Detroit Free Press.

She asked for lace of a certain kind, and the clerk took down a box and excused the small quantity in it by saying:

"We sold a great quantity of this the other day at wholesale."

"This is exactly like my sample, isn't it?"

"Yes'm. You must have bought that here."

"Oh, no, sir—I bought it of a peddler."

"Ah!"

"And I paid him 14 cents per yard while you only charge 6."

"I see. He told you—?"

"That it was smuggled over from Canada."

"Exactly. We sell to a number who go about telling the same story, but of course we are not responsible."

"I—I—!"

"Just so, ma'am. I know just how you feel about it, but being a woman you can neither swear at yourself nor kick the man for a liar. Will you sit down in the back end of the store until your emotion subsides? No! Ah, well, call again. Nothing else to-day?"

THEIR OWN MODISTES.

FASHIONABLE NEW YORK LADIES WHO MAKE THEIR OWN DRESSES.

Worth Toilettes That Are Made in New York—Foreign Trade-Marks Sewn Into Home-Made Garments—Some Elegant New Suits That Will Soon Be Worn—Fashion Gossip.

Special Correspondence of the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 22.—The number of beautifully and fashionably dressed young New York women who have a very important "finger" in the fabrication of their own toilettes would present the most astonishing statistics if only one could arrive at them. But this sort of industry is carried on with a degree of secrecy—only mamma and the maid, and perhaps two or three of the dear half-dozen of intimate friends, are initiated into the mysteries of those costumes which dazzle the eyes of the other girls in Clarice's "set;" fill with envy the hearts of managing mothers, whose fair daughters are not equally well arrayed, and plant despair in the soul of Augustus, who knows that raiment will not grow upon his divinity like petals on a rose, or leaves on a lily, and is beset by awful visions of milliner's bills, which in the scale of values would tilt up his little bank balance "seventy times as high as the moon."

A NARRAGANSETT BELLE.

One of the belles of Narragansett Pier, last season, who wore innumerable and exquisite costumes, which fitted faultlessly and were in perfect taste from top to toe, was said to have cut, designed and arranged them herself, with only the assistance of her maid, who was a clever needlewoman but no dressmaker.

I know another notably well-dressed girl who wore about forty lovely costumes at Saratoga last season. Every one admired them. They fitted "like the paper on the wall," and the most refined artistic taste was evident in every detail of their arrangement and accessories. In this case the secret of their origin did not transpire. When Mademoiselle was asked the name of her dressmaker she always answered sweetly:

"I have no regular dressmaker in New York. My aunt lives in Paris and through her kindness I am able to get all my commissions executed there with much less than the ordinary trouble involved in shopping on the other side."

Now, if those curious souls had happened to have been on a familiar enough footing to stroll up-stairs to this young lady's room in early spring mornings, instead of finding her resting late after some post-Easter gaieties, she would have been discovered busily employed in arranging some of these pretty toilettes. Her cheerful boudoir had taken on quite the appearance of

A WORK-ROOM.

Dainty stuffs lay strewn about, and in the center of the room stood a "mannequin," on which some dress was being "draped." A well-fitting body of a French dress had been carefully ripped up by this enterprising young lady. She had used that for a pattern, and with the aid of a skillful seamstress the Saratoga wardrobe grew into beautiful and astonishing proportions during that early morning hour, when the little beauty was supposed to be napping. She told me all about this scheme one fine morning, when I found her looping silk gauze over a lovely trained skirt of white faille Francaise. As she arranged the last fold to her satisfaction, and pinned into place a trio of tiny white birds with cunning spread wings and feathery tails, she exclaimed:

"You really can't think how much further my allowance goes this spring. I've got piles of new clothes and yet I am rolling in wealth. I feel like a capitalist!"

There are also many women who profess to wear imported garments that have really been made here. Not a few dressmakers lend themselves to this little fiction by keeping "belt tapes," stamped with the name of the favorite "Worth" or that of some other well-known Parisian modiste. These trade-marks are sewed into gowns of home manufacture, that are then exposed as imported dresses.

I know of one woman who gets nearly all her gowns from Lord & Taylor's establishment, and yet not long ago she was heard deploring the necessity of wearing brief mourning for a distant relative, because "I shall have to lay aside all my pretty French dresses."

A PRETTY SUIT.

I happened into Lord & Taylor's the other day and meeting a friend who was going upstairs to be fitted, went with her and saw a very pretty suit just finished for a young girl who is a student at Mrs. Reed's school (where Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland is a teacher).

This little gown was of Russian gray cloth. Extending down one side was a panel of cream woolen stuff covered with gold embroidery. On the opposite side the gray draperies were caught up by a girdle of heavy gold and gray cord, terminating in flat ornaments. The short basque waist had a vest of the white and gold, and the "coat-sleeves" opened on the inner seam and turned back a little, showing a V-shaped piece of white, likewise embroidered in gold. An English jacket to wear with this was made of the gray cloth and bordered with gray lynx. With it was a little gray turban, with a golden arrow confining the folds, and two white quills.

Another short gray costume was of camel's hair. The cloth skirt was opened in five places, showing cardinal silk folds underneath and the corners of the cloth were turned back with ornaments of cardinal passementerie. The waist was a short basque with revers showing a full vest of the silk, and the sleeves, tight fitting, were slashed at the shoulder, elbow and wrist with tiny lengthwise puffs of the cardinal. A hat with a wide brim of cardinal velvet and a folded crown of the gray camel's hair was made to wear with this.

A PRETTY GRAY SILK HOUSE DRESS

was of faille Francaise, and gray brocade striped with moire. The waist opened over a vest of pale rose silk and was heavily trimmed with steel and silver embroidery. To match this costume were gray suede Oxford ties of exactly the same shade.

I saw another dress for a Wilmington belle, who gets many of her clothes from this establishment. It was of heavy white silk, en traine, trimmed with gold passementerie of a delicate design that had much the appearance of hand-wrought embroidery. The front of the skirt was veiled with white gauze with gold and mother-of-pearl drops dangling all over it. A heavy fringe trimming of gold and pearl was introduced into the garniture of the border of the robe. The corsage was low and "round cut," and draped with the gold-flecked gauze. Gold embroidered white suede slippers, and long gloves of suede with tracery of gold winding up the arms were finished to go with this costume.

I also saw an opera dress that was "distractingly pretty." It was the usual long coat, tight in the back and loosely fitting in front. The material was a rose-pink in alternate two-inch stripes of the soft, long pile plush and moire, thickly embroidered with white seed-pearls. The garment had long, flowing sleeves falling nearly to the foot, and was bordered with a fluffy pink feather trimming. It was lined throughout with quilted rose satin.

JULIA HAYES PERCY.

LARGE assortment gents' gold and silver watches; solid and plated chains cheap; must be sold. Dunn's Loan Office.

Invitations have been received from Mrs. J. E. Rogers of Columbia to the marriage of her daughter, Miss Mason Rogers, to Mr. Thomas T. Crittenden, Jr., son of Ex-Gov. Crittenden. The marriage will take place Thursday evening, January 5, at 7:30 o'clock, at the Christian church at Columbia. The pretty, dark-eyed bride in perspective will be pleasantly remembered by a large circle of St. Louis friends, since she has been a frequent visitor to her cousin, Mrs. Dave Hays. The young couple will be at home to their friends after February 1, at 2001 Troost avenue, Kansas City.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

The Sunday Post-Dispatch will publish on Sunday, January 1, its list of ladies receiving on New Year's Day. Ladies who intend to receive will confer a favor by sending notice to that effect to this office, addressed to the Society Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

Miss Irene Thomas is spending the winter in Galveston.

Mrs. Charles Mason left last Monday for Dayton, O.

Mrs. S. T. Thomas is entertaining Miss Susie Dean.

Mrs. S. A. Hinde is entertaining Mrs. Richard Trueman.

Miss Marie Puegnet has returned from a trip to Mobile, Ala.

Mrs. Edwin Ellis has returned home after a two weeks' visit.

Miss Lou Anderson is spending the holiday season in Illinois.

Mrs. T. L. Taylor is entertaining Miss Kate Wilson of Chicago.

Mrs. Charles Gauss will give a soiree dansante next week.

Misses Delia and Lily Hardcastle are located at 2806 Locust street.

Miss Dedie Case returned last week to her home near Ferguson.

Mrs. L. T. Slater is at home again after a short visit to Detroit.

Mrs. Willis Howe of the Lindell Hotel gives a reception next week.

Miss Clara Johnson of Denver has arrived to visit Mrs. McElpatrick.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Ward have returned from a short visit to their son.

Miss Imogene Evans will spend the holidays with friends in Illinois.

Mrs. O. C. Perry is entertaining Miss Estelle Peters of Philadelphia.

Mrs. John Sanford spent last week with her friend, Mrs. A. R. Knight.

Miss Ora Hill has returned from a visit to her cousins, the Misses Willis.

Mrs. Wm. Byrd is now located for the winter at No. 3428 Laclede avenue.

Mrs. Bowman of 3000 Pine street will give a reception early in January.

Mr. R. S. MacDonald is entertaining his niece, Miss Mamie Dieuuth.

Miss Daisy Brookmire will entertain during holiday season Miss Fuller.

Mrs. S. C. Ellis is entertaining her sister, Miss Selby of Frankfort, Ky.

Mrs. John Nicholls is entertaining Mrs. Thomas Barton of Liverpool.

Mrs. S. J. Mitchell has returned after a very pleasant visit to Washington.

Miss Nellie Van Horn left last week to visit her friend, Miss Nellie Murry.

Miss Ella Hostetter is spending the holidays with her sisters at Quincy, Ill.

Mrs. J. E. Smith is entertaining her nieces, Misses Florida and Maggie Kelly.

Mrs. Gen. Conway has gone to Maryland, where she will spend the winter.

Miss Fannie Salbeeter has gone to Louisville to spend the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. John Taylor has returned to the city after an absence of several weeks.

Miss Josephine Edwards has been spending the week in the city with relatives.

Mrs. Adolphus Busch has returned from a short visit to her sister in Chicago.

Mrs. Rust has changed her residence and is now located at No. 2600 Olive street.

Mrs. Louis P. Kraft has returned after a short visit to friends in the country.

Mrs. D. P. Dyer returned last week from a short visit to friends in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Stone are entertaining Miss Effie York from Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. E. M. Brown, who has been very ill for some time past, is now convalescent.

Miss Lottie Gary has returned to Chicago after a delightful visit to Miss Kimball.

The Misses Houghton and Garvine of New York are guests of Miss Fannie Capen.

Miss Evelyn Holmes arrived last week to spend Christmas with Mrs. Wm. Condell.

Miss Cliff Estill will be the guest this week of Miss Annie Wright at the Southern Hotel.

Miss Lillie Colcord returned on Friday from a visit to her friend, Mrs. A. C. Woolfolk.

Mrs. Dr. Remme is quite sick at the Planters' House, where she is spending the winter.

Mrs. D. P. Dyer is entertaining Mrs. Jackson and her daughter, Miss Floy Jackson.

Miss Mary Sterling of Berkly Place, Miss., is expected early in January to visit friends.

Miss Lily Wood has gone to Albany to spend the Christmas holidays with her relatives.

Mr. Charles Harvey left this week to spend Christmas with his parents in Bunker Hill.

Miss Julia Woodward will leave after the holidays to visit her friend, Miss Lulu Ware.

Mrs. A.A. Meilier has gone to Kansas City to spend the Christmas holidays with her son.

Mr. Samuel Wiggins Ridgely of New York will spend the Christmas holidays in St. Louis.

Mrs. S. K. Hammond left last week to spend the holiday season with her mother at Odessa.

Mrs. J. C. O'Brien arrived last week from Chicago to visit her parents on Locust street.

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Miss Mattie Stephenson has returned, after a very pleasant visit to friends in Marshall, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Anderson have again taken apartments at the Lindell for the winter.

Mrs. S. I. Stone of 825 Ewing avenue is entertaining Mrs. Alice Morgan of Sacramento, Cal.

Mrs. Dr. J. J. Kincaid has returned home after a very delightful visit to friends in the city.

Miss Tillman of Kentucky is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Alexander Mason, for the holidays.

Mrs. J. W. Owens will entertain during the holidays her mother, Mrs. A. Young of Illinois.

Miss Nellie Lemon left last week to spend the holidays with her sister, Mrs. E. A. Burnett.

Mr. Wm. Garland returned on Monday from Colorado, where he has been spending some time.

Miss Mattie C. Clark of St. Joseph has arrived to spend the holiday with St. Louis relatives.

Mrs. Col. Hartman has returned from a short visit to friends in the interior of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin and Mrs. S. L. Gilbert have returned from a trip of ten days through Texas.

Miss Bettie Clark left on Thursday to spend the holidays with her friend, Miss Millie Sneed.

Miss Mary Percy left last week for Yazoo City, where she will act as bridemaid for a friend.

Mrs. S. C. Thompson of 3537 Page avenue has moved into her new home at No. 4124 Bell avenue.

Mrs. John W. McCullagh is spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Weitz, in Cincinnati.

Miss Mary Andrews and Miss Ella Perry are located at No. 3401 Pine street for the winter months.

Mrs. Van Valkenberg of Cincinnati and Mrs. Johnson of Chicago are visiting Mrs. Halsted Burnet.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Nelson are at home again after a sojourn of several weeks at Hot Springs.

Mrs. Jeanie Rogers and daughter, Miss Marie Rogers, are visiting relatives in Webster Groves.

Miss Roberta Gilliam is to be married to Dr. Jones of Springfield, Ill., the latter part of January.

Mrs. Preston Neal and daughter, Lucille, left the latter part of the week to visit friends in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Joseph Bogy and her daughter, Miss Julia Bogy, receive informally on Saturday afternoons.

Mrs. Chas. Bingham has returned from Indianapolis, where she has been for several weeks past.

Mrs. Albert Fisher is spending Christmas in Kansas City.

Mrs. S. A. Hamilton is entertaining her mother from Little Rock, who will remain during the holidays.

Miss Rose Michaels of 3436 Pine street, has announced Sunday afternoon, as a reception for her friends.

Mrs. Henry D. Laughlin has returned from a visit to her friend, Mrs. R. P. Tansey, in Springfield, Ill.

Mrs. E. P. Williams entertains to-day at her home, No. 6 Grand avenue, Mr. Walter Bowler of Cleveland, O.

Miss Fay Hyde has returned from her visit to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. West, in Illinois.

Miss Nellie Maxon is at home again after a visit of several weeks to her friend, Mrs. J. R. Barrett of Sedalia.

Mrs. Essie Goodwin left Tuesday for her home in St. Paul, after a visit of two months to St. Louis relatives.

Mrs. Ezra Mason arrives this week from Chicago to spend ten days or two weeks with Mrs. Wm. Devine.

Mrs. Shelby Johnston of Springfield will spend the holidays in the city, the guest of Mrs. Y. C. Thomas.

Mr. P. J. Sowers, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Prewitt of Olive street, has returned home.

Mrs. George Dun and little daughter left last week to spend the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Dr. Robberson.

Mrs. James Harris is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Landen, at 3118 Chestnut street.

Mrs. Waugh of Columbia will arrive this week to attend the marriage of her cousin, Miss Belle Rowland.

Mrs. Alexander Greydon and her daughter, Mrs. Walton, will spend the holidays with friends in Cincinnati.

Miss Delia Bryant, who has been visiting Mrs. W. Scott Fleming, has returned to her home in the interior.

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Miss Sallie Barrett arrived last week to spend the holidays with Miss Ida McGeary of No. 4 North Grand avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hoffmeister left the early part of the week for California, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. Harry L. Beard, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Van Carder, will spend the holidays with his parents.

Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Porter of 2832 Locust street will entertain during the holidays his mother from the East.

Miss Grace Hanson of Taylorville, Ill., is expected in the city this week to participate in the holiday festivities.

Mrs. Judge Phillips will give a large reception next week, at which she will be assisted by her young daughter.

Misses Nellie Portis and Leonora Louderman go to Kansas City to spend the Christmas holidays with their friends.

Miss Wells, who has been the guest of Miss Celeste Speck for several weeks, has returned to her home in Chicago.

Mrs. Julia Chenie, mother of Mrs. E. F. Smith of Pine street, is now convalescent after a serious spell of illness.

Mrs. Geo. M. Hall left the latter part of last week to spend the holidays with friends in the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Schonberg of Minneapolis arrived in the city last week and are visiting relatives at 3434 Pine street.

Miss Emily Desruisseax accompanied Miss Nettie Morton in a trip to California. They will be absent until spring.

Mrs. J. B. Poorman is expected home this week. She has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Claphampson in Kansas City.

Mrs. F. J. Mullen of Chicago has arrived to spend the holidays with her sister, Miss Cozzens of 3112 St. Louis avenue.

Miss Jessie Heller of Rolla, Mo., will spend the holidays with her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Heller of 3404 Laclede avenue.

Miss Hattie Morris of Alton, Ill., will spend the holidays with her friend, Miss Claudie Siegel of 3414 Laclede avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Morris have returned from their bridal trip and have concluded to make St. Louis their home in future.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clark of Springfield, N. J., are expected this week. They will visit their sisters at 3418 Pine street.

Miss Susie Glasgow has returned home after a charming visit to Louisville, Ky., where she was the guest of Miss Shallcross.

Miss Mary Kelly was expected to arrive this week from Washington, D. C., to spend the holiday season with her friends.

The entertainment which Mr. Wallace Simmons will give to the Princeton Glee Club has been set for the 31st of December.

Miss Bell arrived on Friday to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leverett Bell of Westminister place.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Stoddard of Cabanne place returned on Tuesday from a sojourn of a month with relatives in Philadelphia.

Miss Marie Hough, who has been for the past three or four weeks visiting her friend, Miss Underwood, has returned home.

Miss Marie Prickett is expected down this week from Edwardsville to visit friends and attend some of the Christmas parties.

Mrs. Frank Wooster of 3450 Pine street will entertain Messrs. Samuel and William Wooster of Albany, N. Y., during the holidays.

Miss Abbie Lupton has returned to her home in Illinois after a charming visit in the city. She was a guest of Miss Bessie Brooks.

Misses Ella Wigginton and Mary Downing of Louisville, Ky., were expected last week to visit Mrs. Dr. Merrick and her daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Spencer, Jr., who have recently arrived from Paris, will leave shortly for San Francisco, where they will reside.

Mrs. Pat Dyer gives a soiree dansante for young people next week in honor of her son, who is home for the holidays from college.

Mrs. George Hawley gives a soiree dansante next week, a compliment to the Messrs. Paddock, who return from Yale for the holidays.

Capt. and Mrs. George H. West of Locust street are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. Fred Volmer of Chicago, during the holidays.

Mrs. Theodore Shelton of 3694 West Pine street gave a party this week in honor of her little son, who celebrated his thirteenth birthday.

Mrs. B. H. Carneigie of 3142 School street is entertaining her niece, Mrs. Carneigie, of Canton, Mo., and Mrs. E. J. Mumm of Keokuk.

Mrs. Herbert C. Walter has returned to her home in New York, after a pleasant visit of two months to her father, Judge Irwin of this city.

Miss Emma Whitelaw has announced Tuesday as her reception day, this being the day generally adopted by the ladies of the South side.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Pierce have arrived from California to spend the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Wells left on Thursday for a visit to California, where they will remain during the winter and early spring months.

Mrs. Judge Carey, who has been spending the past two months with her daughter, Mrs. Dan Nugent, has returned to her home at Springfield.

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Mr. Harlowe Wiser and his bride, nee Ada Brown, spent only a few days with her mother, en route from the West to their home at Prescott, Ontario.

Mrs. Valle, corner of Twenty-seventh and Washington avenue, gives a reception on the 27th in compliment to her daughter, Miss Isabelle Valle.

Mr. Frank W. Roberts, Jr., arrived last week to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roberts of Thirty-first and Locust streets.

Miss Grainger of Houston, Tex., is expected this week to visit Mrs. A. R. Howard of 3836 Pine street. She will remain in the city a month or more.

Messrs. Gaius and Al Paddock will arrive to-night from the East, where they have been attending Yale College, and will spend the holidays at home.

Mrs. Frank Brown of Baltimore is [illegible] in St. Louis next week as the guest [illegible] relatives, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Ridgel[illegible] Washington avenue.

Miss Mattie L. Edwards arrived on [illegible] from the Indian Territory and will spend Christmas week at the country home of the family at Kirkwood.

Mrs. A. Wertheimer of Laclede avenue is expecting her brother, Mr. Phil Kleeman, this week. He will be here in time to spend New Year's day with her.

Mrs. John B. Henderson will spend this week in Boston, where she will be met by her son, Mr. John B. Henderson, Jr., who is studying at Princeton.

Miss Mollie Tansey, who is now residing at a lovely country home in Illinois, is spending the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Fred Wann, No. 313 Garrison avenue.

Mrs. Louise Garesche of 3231 Chestnut street will give a Christmas party to her pupils next week. They are looking forward to it with much pleasure.

The young ladies of the Union M. E. Church Society gave a literary and musicale on Friday evening. Refreshments were provided for the large assembly of guests.

Miss May Cargill of New York City is visiting Mrs. F. W. Humphrey, who will shortly give a reception in honor of her guest at her home, 3505 Laclede avenue.

Mrs. Louis Frank of Laclede avenue will give a lotto party next week to the playmates and friends of her little son, who will play the host upon the occasion.

Miss Belle Billingsly, who has been for several weeks past a guest of her friend, Miss Annie Garth in Hannibal, returned home last week after a delightful visit.

Mr. J. E. Rothell and bride, who have been visiting his brother, Mr. Samuel T. Rothell, returned yesterday to Neosho, Mo., the residence of the bride's parents.

Mrs. Winston Barrett is spending the holiday season with the relatives of her husband. She will be remembered as Miss Lillian Edgerton, a former St. Louis belle.

Mrs. Wm. Kaime of Grand avenue will give a large dancing party next week in honor of Mr. Kaime who returns from one of the Eastern colleges for the holidays.

Mrs. D. D. Hayes, who has been visiting Mrs. T. T. Campbell of 3502 Laclede avenue for the past two weeks, left on Monday to return to her home at Louisville, Ky.

Misses Nellie McDonald and Lottie Cantwell will leave on Monday to visit their relatives in Sedalia. They will receive on New Year's Day with Mrs. Evans of that place.

Mrs. Georgie Cooper Severson has taken possession of their new home, No. 4024 Finney avenue, where she receives with her daughter, Miss Susie Pettit, on Thursday.

Mrs. Ferris and her daughter, Miss Nannie Ferris, who have been for the past month visiting Mrs. Clinton of 3426 Pine street, have returned to their home in Chicago.

Miss Fannie Capen of 213 Garrison avenue will give a reception next week, at which she will be assisted by Miss Houghton and the Misses Genmie of New York City.

Hotel Beers, Grand avenue and Olive street. Beautiful suites of two and three rooms for the winter. Apply at once. Location the finest. Appointments unequalled.

Miss Chrissy Gaunt of Bunker Hill is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. D. Blanke. They will receive on New Year's Day at Mrs. Blanke's residence, No. 3024 Morgan street.

Mr. Garth Billingsly returns from the military college where he is studying, to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rolla Billingsly, on Lindell avenue.

Mrs. W. E. Bradford of 3887 Delmar avenue receives her friends on Mondays, which has come to be the general reception day for the entire district beyond Grand avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, nee Jennie Schnaider, were expected yesterday to arrive from Montreal to spend the Christmas holidays with her mother, Mrs. Joseph Schnaider.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Tamblyn of 3415 Pine street, with their two children, have gone to Chicago to spend the Christmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Tamblyn.

Among the arrivals this week were Cadet Ferdie A. Beneke of Riverview Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Miss Lil Kurtzeborn and Miss Beulah Sanderson of Vassar College.

Mrs. D. D. Walker's soiree dansante comes off at her home in Vandeventer place, December 28. It is in compliment to her daughter, another one of the charming debutantes of this season.

Mrs. M. Kallan gave last week a high tea to her large circle of acquaintances. It was followed a few days later by a large family dinner party, at her residence, No. 3427 Laclede avenue.

President Bartlett of Dartmouth College is in the city visiting his daughter, who is the wife of the Rev. Dr. Stimson. A reception will be tendered him by his friends and former patrons.

Mrs. C. Bienenstok has returned to the city after a trip to Europe. She was entertained last week by Mrs. M. Kalish of 3427 Laclede avenue. She is now stopping with Mrs. S. Bienenstok.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Taussig, nee Taussig, after spending their honey moon in the East, visiting Washington and New York, have returned home and are located at Hotel Beers for the winter.

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Miss Bessie Kennerly will leave on Tuesday for Jefferson City to visit Mrs. D. W. Marmaduke and attend the fancy dress ball which will be given by the Governor to his nieces and their young friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters, nee Dodie Van Dillon, arrived yesterday after a short bridal tour East. His parents gave a dinner in their honor to-day at their home on Olive street near Twenty-eighth.

Mrs. Will Kaime gives a large soiree dansante next week complimentary to her brother-in-law, Mr. Nathaniel Kaime, who has returned from Yale College accompanied by several of the students.

Mrs. R. I. Paulin and family arrived in New York last week, where they were met by Mr. Paulin. They have gone to Montreal to spend the holidays with her relatives, and will return to St. Louis early in January.

The grand New Year ball of the Harmonie Club is announced for Saturday, December 31. It will be a very handsome affair. Something very unique and elegant in programmes has been ordered from New York.

Mr. Harry Drummond, who returned on Thursday from Yale College, has issued invitations to a german, which will be given Thursday at the residence of his father, Mr. J. T. Drummond, on Delmar avenue.

The C. C. Literary Club was entertained last week by Mrs. E. P. Williams at her home, No. 6 North Grand avenue. Among the guests were Mesdames Schaeffer and Stuart of the Southern Hotel, Miss Ida McGeary and others.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Crandall, who formerly resided on Delmar avenue, and are now residents of Alpine, Colo., will visit St. Louis about the 15th of January and spend a few weeks with Mrs. E. R. Hoyt of 4481 Pine street.

Mrs. M. Michaels, who has been living very quietly this winter because of the death of a sister in Australia, will entertain a small dinner party shortly, the occasion being the celebration of the 73d birthday of her mother, Mrs. Drukker.

Mrs. Dr. A. C. Robinson of 3402 Pine street, gives a masquerade party on the 28th celebrating the 13th birthday of her little daughter Hattie. Invitations have been issued to about seventy-five young people ranging from 10 to 15 years of age.

Those who contemplate change can secure best of accommodations at Hotel Beers, Grand avenue and Olive street, for the winter in suites of two and three rooms if applied for at once. Rare opportunity for families. Everything first-class.

Sallie Helen Carroll, the youngest and last daughter of Mrs. Sarah E. and the late C. C. Carroll was married in this city on Tuesday evening, the 20th, to Mr. Jno. R. Weber. After an extended trip their future home will be Des Moines, Io.

Miss Carrie Cook, daughter of Capt. Cook of Ware avenue, left this week for Texas, where she will visit Miss Louise Taylor. Cards were received here this week for a large party which Miss Taylor gives in honor of her guests soon after their arrival.

Hotel Beers, Grand avenue and Olive street. Grandest family hotel in the country. Most handsomely-appointed suites of two and three rooms can be secured for the winter if application is made at once. Finest of accommodations. Superior location.

The Liederkranz children's Christmas ball takes place on Christmas night, the 25th. It will be a very handsome affair. The Farandole will be danced by twenty young misses in costume. The solos will be executed by Lillie Stiesmeyer, Sella Emanuel and little Rosalind Mahler.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scullin and their daughter, Miss May Scullin, are located for the winter at the Southern Hotel, and receive on Tuesdays, the day generally adopted by the ladies at the Southern, which makes it convenient for callers en route to and from the South Side.

The marriage of Miss Bell Rowl[illegible]nd, daug[illegible]ter of Mr. D. P. Rowland, to Mr [illegible] andal [illegible] Texas, will be the chief society [illegible] week. It will be a picturesque [illegible] ding at the Central Presbyte[illegible] There will be no reception after [illegible] residence, simply a family re[illegible] which the bridal pair will leave fo[illegible]

A very deserving charity, but [illegible] to the public, is carried on by [illegible] ladies at Eighth and Marion st[illegible] tion is given in sewing and [illegible] work to many poor girls, so [illegible] to become self-supporting. [illegible] charitably disposed might [illegible] may be sent to Mrs. M[illegible] clede avenue, who [illegible]

The Sunday Post- [illegible] day, January 1, its list of [illegible] Year's Day. Ladies who [illegible] fer a favor by sending [illegible] office, addressed to the S[illegible] Dispatch.

MAGOOGIN'S TURKEY,

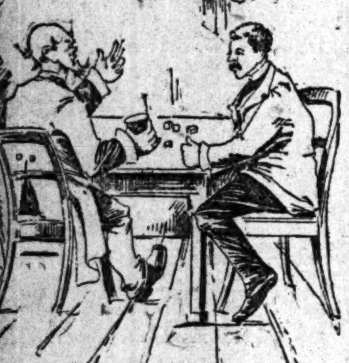
WHICH HE WON ON CHRISTMAS EVE AT A RAFFLE.

The Raffler Didn't Exactly Have the Turkey When It Was Won, but He Got It All the Same—A Wild and Exciting Attempt to Carve the Bird—Hints to Folks Who Would Like to Know How to Handle a Carving-Knife.

ANENT Christmas, it is easy for the poets to poetize and the philosophers to philosophize over the festival, but when it comes to carving the turkey, and the carver doesn't exactly understand his business or the geography of the cadaver, there isn't a ten-acre lot in the land big enough for him to swing his intellect in, as he expresses his opinion of the day he is celebrating. There are treatises in existence on the art of carving turkeys and birds of the same feather, but they are like books of etiquette, as soon as you read one through you immediately proceed to forget all about it. Then again the carving treatises all deal with tender turkeys, whereas the carving circuses invariably deal with tough, ironclad turkeys. There is lots of high old art in dissecting the turk. As a rhyme-grinder once remarked in my hearing:

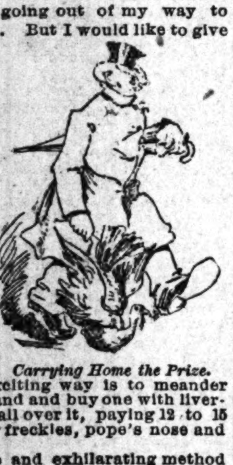
There is music in the beadling of the broth.
There is rhythm in the foaming of the froth.
There is eloquent grimacing
When a healthy man is chasing
Of a turkey up and down the table-cloth.

Which is a gorgeous and gleaming fact, dear reader. I have started in to say something about the turkey, but when I stop to think that the turkey will have the last speech at the jury, and that it will probably get the best of me in any discussion I care to raise about it, I refrain from going out of my way to criticise the animal. But I would like to give the public at large a few hints about turkey-carving as she is coarve. I hope by describing my own misfortunes in this line to point out the things which people who want to carve a turkey successfully may avoid.



Throwing the Dice.

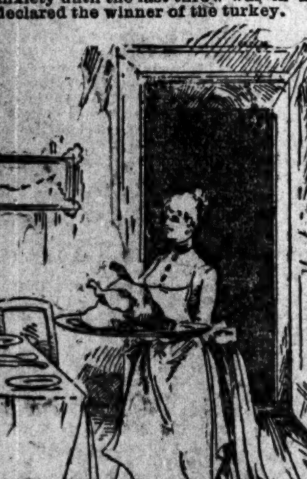
The first and most necessary step for a man to take who has made up his mind to engage in a carving contest is to secure the turkey. There are several ways to do this. The most prosaic and least exciting way is to meander up to a huckster stand and buy one with liver-complaint freckles all over it, paying 12 to 15 cents per pound for freckles, pope's nose and other accessories.



Carrying Home the Prize.

The most joysome and exhilarating method of gaining possession of a turkey is to throw dice for it. Large opportunities are offered investors who favor this style of turkey-purchasing around Christmas. It costs more than the cold-blooded acquisition of one via the huckster route, but there is an abundance of fun in it that more than makes up the difference in price. Even if a man gets home with only the neck of the turkey clinging to his person—some deliberate scoundrel having crawled up behind him, as he moved along, and carved off the carcass close up against its collar bone—there is a lingering memory of wild excitement clustering around that œsophagus that makes it dear and delightful to its possessor.

I have in my lifetime thrown dice for several turkeys, and though I have frequently won the can of old gold oysters that goes to the lowest throw, I have never been fortunate enough, all by myself, to roll high enough to genuinely capture a raffle turkey. But I won a turkey one Christmas Eve—at 3 a. m.—in this way: A friend, whose acquaintance I formed in the midst of the game that night, threw 39, and I paid him a dollar for his chance; then another friend, to whom I lent 10 cents with which to purchase the privilege of toying with the box, blew his hot breath into its dicey depths and rolled out 41. I paid him another dollar and set up the drinks for fourteen players, after which I went through a short period of cold perspiration and nervous anxiety until the last throw was in and I was declared the winner of the turkey.



Ready for the Table.

"Will you have the turkey or the money?" the Prince of this Missouri Monaco asked.

The money referred to was 35 cents which the win of the turkey had the privilege of pt place of the turkey.

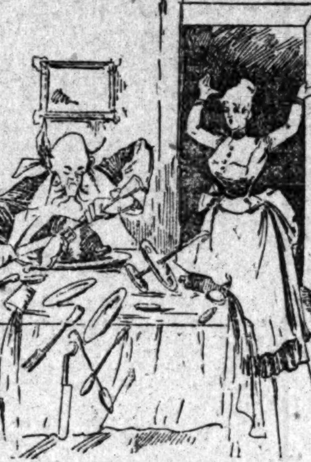
take the turkey!" I replied

anspired that there wasn't any ie game—the barkeeper who was "grand turkey raffle" explained intended to purchase a turkey but closed at midnight, a little too so he had forgotton to make in giving me the choice the turkey he was merely obsolescent custom—that as fast becoming effete. d to choose the turkey, a man who wasn't ts out of a stake and should not uice gentlemanly game saloon $1.05 every four- of the night. is withering sarcasm and biting invective, on having my turkey, and the barkeeper had to hire a cassino player with a black eye and a horse-hair plush storm cap to steal a mulatto turkey out of the basket of a family man who was asleep in an arm-chair behind the refrigerator.

I bore my captive home in triumph, but it did not break up the turkey raffle. Thirteen alleged lovers of white meat continued to pursue the phantom fowl across the counter, and to take their choice of the 35 cents which the barkeeper gave the winner.

I did not count the cost of my raffle-bred turkey. It would have been too much.

I turned the spoils over to Mary Ann Magoogin, who, after pinching it under the wings and trying to turn it inside out, said it had been a very healthy turkey in its time, and she could guess the manner of its taking off without seeing its death certificate. To complete the conundrum I asked her what the bird had died of and she answered, without a moment's hesitation—senile debility.



Carving the Bird.

I did not tell Mary Ann the romance of that poor old turkey, and for that reason she recklessly denounced the fat and fussy old lady at stand No. —, Union Market, who in Mary Ann's mind, and in mine too, sold me the turkey.

But concerning the carving. Aye, there was the toughest part of the work connected with that turkey. The cartileges in which its joints were set were as hard as lignum vitæ and they resisted every blandishment of the carving tools.

I do not know what the authorities say, in this matter, but I began by trying to sever the copartnership theretofore existing between the bird and its left leg. I got through the cuticule easy enough and succeeded in buglarizing the dark meat, but when I tried to pry into the cemented precincts of the joints I found the task harder than breaking out of jail would have been.

I never got past that first leg, though I chased the elusive bird all over the table, spattering gravy and scattering dishes in worthless fragments on the floor. The flurry among the dishes created a great deal of ill-feeling in my household, which was augmented when I declared my intention to be satisfied with what white meat I could slice or chisel from the breast of the fowl.

Then Mary Ann snatched the glistening weapons from my grasp and cut the turkey into proper pieces with as much ease and grace as if she were cutting a custard pie.

As she did so she gave me a look of disdain. That was all.

From all which the reader can discover that the easiest and best way to carve a turkey at Christmas or any other time is to get somebody else to carve it. MAGOOGIN.

Half Rates for the Holidays.

The Missouri Pacific Railway has tickets on sale at one fare for the round trip from St. Louis to Kansas City and St. Joseph, and between all other points distant 200 miles or less. Tickets on sale December 24, 25, 26 and 31, and January 1 and 2; good going on date of sale and for return passage every day up to and including January 3, 1888. Ticket offices, 102 North Fourth street and Union Depot.

THE COCAINE HABIT.

There Have Been Only a Few Victims, But These Are Incurable.

Special Correspondence of the POST-DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, December 22.—The Bellevue Hospital authorities say the cocaine habit is on the increase according to their statistics. It has not, however, reached startling proportions, as only fifteen cases have been treated in Bellevue during the present year. About one-half of the patients were found to be suffering from morphine as well as cocaine, and, as a rule, resorted to the latter to escape the former. Owing to the comparatively recent discovery of cocaine they were not aware that they were flying for relief to a more deadly drug. The cocaine habit is considered incurable when once contracted.

The most notable instance of its dire effects known in this country is in the case of Dr. Charles Bradley of Chicago, who was a fine specimen of manhood and one of the leading physicians of the Lake City, when he commenced experimenting with the drug, using himself, his wife and his children as subjects for his experiments. In a very short time he became a mental and physical wreck, and is now a probably incurable invalid in the Christian Home of this city. He naturally lost all of his fine practice in Chicago and became a vagrant.

One of the peculiarities of the cocaine habit is that a majority of its victims have been physicians, which is at least partly accounted for by their efforts to arrive at a thorough understanding of the action and effects of drugs.

The most noted patient besides Dr. Bradley among the Bellevue cocaine victims of this year was a well-known physician of this city who was treated last summer. This gentleman is about forty years of age, is a graduate of the New York Medical College and a few years ago was considered one of the brightest members of the medical staff of Bellevue Hospital. His practice was large and among the best people of the city and his family is prominent in the city. He, like Dr. Bradley, began experimenting on himself and became a victim of the drug, but discovered his danger before he had lost his reason and entered the hospital for treatment. He only remained eight or nine days, however, and left apparently convinced that he was safe, but his friends fear he did not remain long enough. In another and very sad phase this New York physician follows Dr. Bradley's experience, for he, too, experimented on his wife, and the husband had scarcely left the hospital before his wife entered as a patient.

A patient who was given cocaine in its legitimate sphere says the sensation is not at all pleasant. It leaves a most uncomfortable sensation in the stomach, which makes thoughts of food nauseating and creates other distressful sensations.

THE PREACHER.

A preacher has no E Z time
In D D works alway,
And with an X T C sublime
To battle sin's R A.

His sermons must X L in jokes
Or L C cannot keep
Awake the great X S of folks
Who C K chance to sleep.

Sometimes to A K sleeping man
He pounds with N R G;
In K C tries another plan
He makes an N M E.

In case U R A sinner smart
He'll C Q out and pray
Until he melts your I C heart
And stops your soul's D K.

If in old A J preacher can
Not fill the M T pews,
His flock N K J younger man—
A wrong we can't X Q's.

A C T preacher has no doubt
A princely sal R E,
While some to E K living out,
Depend on char I T.

A perfect life he must S A
To do us N E good,
For other Y Z can't convey
The holy A D should.

E'en when in P C leads apart
A spirit U L life,
S K P can't the poisoned dart
Of N V and of strife.

H. C. DODGE.

A MINERS' PREACHER.

THRILLING EXPERIENCES IN THE CAREER OF REV. THOMAS UZZELL.

Gamblers, Cut-Throats, Dance-Hall Girls and All the Unredeemed Came to Him When in Trouble—Queer Marriage Ceremonies—Watching a Lynching—Carrying a Revolver in One Pocket and a Prayer Book in the Other.

Special Correspondence of the POST-DISPATCH.

DENVER, Colo., December 20.—The best-known mining-camp preacher in Colorado is Rev. Thomas A. Uzzell. He was pastor of the Methodist Church at Leadville during the great carbonate excitement, and has experienced more of the wild and rugged scenes of life than probably any preacher in the United States. No preacher is so well known among the gamblers and sporting class as he. While at Leadville he united in marriage more people and attended more funerals than many ministers do in a lifetime. He buried over 300 during his pastorate of three years at Leadville, and many of these were gamblers and women of ill repute. So popular was he with this class that as soon as he heard of a man dying with his boots on he hunted up a text, knowing they would call on him for "the parson."

He was born at Lebanon, Ill., in 1848, and was a wild, reckless youth. He was a great dancer, horse-racer, gambled, and when attending camp-meetings would fill his pockets with corn and peas to throw among the worshippers. At the age of 21 he changed his manner of life, but could neither read or write, and his only earthly possessions were a span of mules. In 1875 he was graduated from Asbury University, Indiana. The first four years at college he sawed wood for his board, and the last two years he made his expenses by using a razor in a barber-shop at night and on Saturdays. He was as expert then with a razor as he was later in preaching and handling the toughs in the mining camps. He was ordained by Bishop Simpson in 1876, and sent to Fairplay, Colo., in the fall of 1877. In February, 1878, he went to Leadville, that mining camp then having about five hundred inhabitants, and was just beginning that wonderful excitement that attracted the attention of the whole world. The rush was just beginning, and the young parson that first night in Leadville

SLEPT IN A DRY-GOODS BOX.

The next morning he started out among the saloons and gambling dens, inviting the inmates to church. They were polite, but laughed at the idea of going to church. They invited him to take a hand at poker or try a deal at faro, and some wanted him to be social and take a drink. But there was a crowded audience in the little improvised cabin church that night, the ceiling of which was only six feet high. In speaking of the event Mr. Uzzell said to the writer: "Every seat was taken. The rear of the cabin, the aisles up to where I stood were filled, and when the hat was passed for the collection it was shoved thorough a rude window to the large crowd on the outside to give them an opportunity to put in something. There had been preaching before in California Gulch, but this was the first sermon in Leadville after it became known by that name. Men were standing up within two feet of me, and right in front, where I could lay my hands on them, stood two burly Irishmen smoking their pipes. I made some reference to Mr. Beecher's theology, whereupon one of the Irishmen, nudging his friend and puffing at his pipe, said: 'Hist, Pat, he be after yer moin,' for it would seem that Pat was an admirer of Mr. Beecher. I quieted them down, and again touching on the same topic, the Irishman again nudged his friend, saying: 'Eh, Pat, look out, the parson is after yer moin agin.'"

The next day Mr. Uzzell went again among the miners to raise money to build a church and met with a liberal response, but he wanted more and again started for the gambling dives. Saloon men, gamblers, sporting women—all gave something. In one of the saloons the proprietor said that he would not give any money, but would donate a ten-gallon keg of fine whisky, the proceeds of which could go to the proposed new church, and seemed a little chagrined that Mr. Uzzell would not accept the gift. But quite a collection was realized in this saloon, whereupon one of the number, who was about half drunk, invited Mr. Uzzell to take a drink. Mr. Uzzell refusing, the gambler became offended and said: "We have done the fair thing by the parson, and now he must drink with us." The gambler then threatened to fight, and just as Mr. Uzzell was in the act of pulling off his coat to defend himself the bartender leaped over the bar and swore that, if necessary, he would take a hand in the affair himself, for if Mr. Uzzell didn't want to drink he needn't, and quiet was again restored.

A DANCE-HALL MAN'S FUNERAL.

"One of the most notorious dance-hall men," said Mr. Uzzell, "was shot in 1878 and I was called to attend the funeral. I was afraid that I had not preached plain enough to the people of this class hitherto, although I had always tried to do my duty as a Christian minister, and on this occasion I preached the Gospel square at them. As was customary on such occasions all the gambling houses were closed and there were about one hundred and fifty of the sporting element at the funeral. At the close of the sermon I expected to have a little trouble, for I laid down the Gospel pretty hard on them. But imagine my surprise when the partner of the dead man came up, in the presence of them all, and with tears flowing down his face said: 'Well, Tom, you gave us h—l, but I guess we needed it. Here's a $10 bill.'"

During the same year, while attending a funeral on Fryer Hill, whisky was served quite freely, and as the crowd was beginning to feel quite jolly and became boisterous, Mr. Uzzell's sermon was cut short by having to interfere and aid in quelling a general fight which was taking place.

MARRYING PEOPLE.

Mr. Uzzell had many amusing incidents marrying people, and as the marriage laws were loose but little was required in the way of questions to make everything satisfactory. One day a German, with rather a good-looking, middle-aged woman leaning on his arm, entered the preacher's study.

"I have just been let out of jail," said the man, "and borrowed a saw and buck and went in search of work. When I asked this woman here by my side for a job she said she had no money to hire a man, being a poor widow woman. I told her I would saw the wood and take her for pay, and she said 'all right,' and here we are now to get married, but I haint no money, parson, to pay the bill."

Mr. Uzzell married the couple and paid the Recorder's fee out of his own pocket.

On another occasion a gambler and sport named Charley Smith and a fortune-teller known as Mme. La Prue, who had made quite a fortune in that line of business, entered his study to have the marriage ceremony performed. After the usual questions had been satisfactorily answered he requested them to stand, and then turning to the woman he said: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy lawful and wedded husband, and wilt thou love, honor and keep him—"

"Hold on, Parson," exclaimed the woman, "I'll be derned if I'll keep any man."

Mr. Uzzell then explained to her that it meant that she should love her husband, take care of him in sickness and gave a general explanation of the marriage vows. But she was obdurate and refused to be married unless the ceremony was performed after her own wishes, which Mr. Uzzell refused to do.

"Parson, you have lost just $50 by not marrying me the way I wanted," exclaimed the woman as she ordered her carriage and drove away. The man was worried, but she was not.

A REVOLVER AND A PRAYER BOOK.

In 1879 Mr. Uzzell was visited by the Rev. Dr. Warren, now Bishop Warren, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Chaplain McCabe. One evening there was a quick, sharp rap at the door, and a moment later a rough looking fellow entered. "Parson," said the stranger, "I've come to ax yer to marry one of the boys way down there in a tent." Bishop Warren and Chaplain McCabe asked to accompany, as they desired to see a mining-camp wedding, and their request was granted. They started out for the tent, the stranger leading the way. When about fifty feet from the house the venerable mother of the mountain preacher came to the door and shouted out:

"Oh, Tom! You forgot your revolver."

Mr. Uzzell, thinking nothing strange of the occurrence, returned to his house for the weapon, and a moment later rejoined his reverend friends from the East. They were both amazed at what they had seen and heard, and one of them exclaimed:

"Why, brother Uzzell, do ministers carry pistols in Leadville?"

"O, yes," replied Mr. Uzzell. "When I go out after dark I carry a revolver in one pocket and a prayer book in the other."

THE PARSON ON HIS NERVE.

There was a great deal of trouble in the early days at Leadville over lot-jumping. Mr. Uzzell had obtained four lots for a Methodist Church, and three of them were still vacant. These lots were jumped, and Mr. Uzzell later found the jumper unloading logs on them to build a cabin. The preacher ordered the jumper to remove the logs, but the latter swore he would not, and Mr. Uzzell, pulling off his coat, prepared himself to defend his church property, and, squaring himself in the attitude of John L. Sullivan, said to the jumper, who was just beginning to unload some more logs:

"If you get off that wagon I will thrash you."

"Parson, you wouldn't fight, would you?" replied the jumper.

"I don't want to fight, but if you put another log on this lot I will thrash you, or you will me."

"Well, what do you want done?"

"Drive away with the load of logs you now have and then haul off the others already on the lot."

The lot jumper complied with the request, for a parson with his coat off threatening a fight was something he had not counted on.

"Did you have any fights in Leadville?"

"No," replied Mr. Uzzell. "I always bluffed them out and don't know what I should have done if some fellow had taken me up. But my experience with the lot jumper was a great help to me, as it gave all the impression that I would not allow any one to impose on me or the church. This reputation enabled me to keep good order in the church. Sometimes a tough fellow would start a row in the rear of the church, and I would request the boys to put him out, and always found enough to stand by me. And while they were doing that I would have the congregation sing 'A charge to keep I have,' or something like that until quiet was restored."

A CHURCH SOCIAL.

W. H. Stevens of the Iron mine was a great friend of Mr. Uzzell. Soon after Mr. Stevens struck it rich he gave a big supper to the leading gentlemen of the camp. The ladies in the camp chided Mr. Stevens for being partial in his invitations, and called his little social gathering a gander party. "Well," said Mr. Stevens to the ladies, "we will have an old goose party. You arrange for it, and order a big supper for four or five hundred, and draw on me for the bill. Charge an admission fee of $1, and give the proceeds to Mr. Uzzell for his church."

This was done, and Mr. Stevens had a bill of about $500 to pay for that church social, which was the first affair of the kind in Leadville. During the festivities Mr. Uzzell was stationed at the door taking in the tickets. Soon one of the ladies came rushing downstairs in great excitement, saying: "For goodness sake, Brother Uzzell, come up-stairs quick." Mr. Uzzell hurried up, and to his amazement found a good part of the crowd, each with a bottle of Mumm's extry dry, which "Uncle Billy Stevens," as he was sometimes called, was accused of smuggling in unknown to the parson. They considered it a good joke on the reverend gentleman. "I was too late," says Mr. Uzzell, "to stop the drinking, but I put an end to an intended dance. As I entered the room some one jumped on a chair and shouted out, 'Get your partners for the first dance.' That was Dick Allen of the Leadville Reveille, one of the old newspapers in the camp. I interposed and said I would not permit any dancing at a Methodist social, and Dick did not urge the matter further, but an Irishman present did. He said he had paid his dollar to get in and intended to dance. He insisted, notwithstanding my objections, and finally threatened to give me a thrashing if I interfered. I was expecting trouble when Tabor, who afterwards became United States Senator, being present, interfered in my behalf and quieted the troublesome Irishman."

A LYNCHING BEE.

"Did you ever see any lynching?"

"Yes, the hanging of Frodsham, the lot jumper, and Stuart, the foot-pad, who were strung up by the Vigilantes. A member of the church came to me during the afternoon and seriously asked me if I thought it wrong to engage in a lynching bee, stating the case. The camp was very wild then and lawlessness was getting the upper hand, and I told him that under the circumstances a lynching might be productive of some good, but it was a strange question for a man to ask a minister. He went away and about 2 o'clock that night I received a message saying, 'Come on, Parson, if you want to see the fun, for it will soon begin.' I hastened over and arrived just as they were stringing up Frodsham and Stuart."

HE WANTED HIS GIRL.

"Many amusing things occurred in my Leadville study," continued Mr. Uzzell. "I was always there Monday mornings to meet people who called. One Monday morning I saw a man making straight for my door. He was in a great hurry. I thought to myself, 'Well, there is a fellow I hit in my sermon last night. He is probably from an Eastern home, became dissipated and now wishes to reform.' With these thoughts in my mind, I turned to my Bible to have a text ready for him. He bolted right into the study room, crying as though his heart would break. I began to talk to him, giving him Christian advice, when he broke in saying, 'Et's not that, parson, that I want. A——— has run off with my girl, and can't you help me get her back? Ef I catch that——— I will kill him. I loved that girl back in Ohio, followed her out here, causing my people to cut me off, and now to think that some ——— has run off with her. Yes, I will kill him if I find him.' I found that texts of Scripture did him no good, owing to his violent condition, and further told him that I could not assist him in finding his girl. That fellow was mad and broken-hearted."

"What were some of your most interesting services?"

"I used to preach to the men at the Moose Mine on top of Mount Lincoln, far above timber line. More attentive audiences I never had than those miners, and the collections taken up would sometimes average a dollar for every man present. But when in Leadville every congregation was a wonderful audience. I think, though, that the most thrilling scene I ever witnessed was when preaching the funeral sermon of the child of an outcast. I will never forget it.

A NOTORIOUS WOMAN.

"It came about in this way. One day a woman named Maggie Mays, who ran one of the most notorious houses in Leadville, came to me and said that the baby of one of her girls was dead, and asked me to attend the funeral. I replied that I would do so, whereupon she said she had another favor to ask. 'What is it?' I inquired. 'Can we have the funeral in the church?' she asked, and I told her she could. There were fifty women at that funeral, all of them richly attired in black silk dresses. The floral decorations ordered from Denver were handsome, as they always are at funerals conducted by this class. I. N. Rogers, now Coroner here at Denver, and myself were the only men present. Those women, hardened as they were, all cried like children as I talked to them. I talked plainly, too, telling them there was a heaven to gain and a hell to shun. I talked to them of their mothers in Eastern homes, who possibly did not know the lives some of them were leading. I never saw a more thrilling scene in a church. There was not a dry eye in the house. I stood there in the pulpit crying like a child myself while talking to them, and the undertaker cried a little, too. Old thoughts and memories seemed to have been recalled by those women of sin, and the scene was a most affecting one. I often attended the funerals of women of that class, and time and time again have ridden through the streets to a funeral with one sitting each side of me. They came to me to bury their dead, and I never refused an outcast a funeral. I buried but few church members in Leadville, but funerals were numerous in the early days there. I have attended as many as six funerals in one day.

SEARCHING FOR LOST ONES.

"As to letters," continued Mr. Uzzell, "I received them from every State and Territory in the Union, from all the great cities, and even from foreign lands and the islands of the sea, asking about husbands and sons who had followed the mad rush to Leadville. Many of these were from mothers asking about absent sons. C. C. Davis, now of the Leadville Press, and Col. John Arkins, now manager of the Rocky Mountain News, Denver, were in Leadville then, and as they frequently published my sermons, and always made the church news a prominent feature, many thus learned my address. Some of these letters, and I often received a dozen in a day, contained piteous appeals to look after husbands and sons, and guard them against the temptations of the wild life that prevailed there. Some of those husbands and sons never returned, but are sleeping in Leadville's silent city."

Many a sick and dying gambler and dance-hall girl has the preacher visited in sinks of vice, and one never tires listening to the incidents of the shadows of life of that great mining camp as he saw them. He went everywhere in his work and never was a word of reproach or a blemish cast by any one upon the character of Thomas Uzzell. He is now pastor of the People's Tabernacle, Denver, under the supervision of the Home Missionary Society of New York. He is blunt, plain and practical and believes in a religion that feeds the hungry, clothes the naked and teaches newsboys and bootblacks how to read and write.

PEOPLE WHO READ.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE TWO LOCAL LIBRARIES.

Amusing Incidents That Happen at the Desks Every Day—Queer Questions About Books—Faces That Are Never Missed From the Reading-Rooms—St. Louis Readers and Their Peculiarities—The Tastes of Well-Known Citizens—Ladies Who Are Devoted to Literature.

BOOK-MAKING and book reading are not popular occupations in St. Louis. Authors do not grow on trees and drop before they are ripe as they do in Boston. Still there are some St. Louisans who write books and make hits with them as did Miss Murfree, and there are many who read books.

While the average citizen and his wife, daughter or sweetheart draw their mental pabulum from the newspapers or from the cheap editions of works which are kept at the newstands, yet there are book-worms and men and women who devote a great deal of time to the works of the best authors on all subjects. There are some who never touch fiction except to read carefully the standard novels; others read standard and current novels, and others never read anything but the flimsy fancies of the amusement story writers. There are others again living in brown-stone fronts who don't know a book from a brick.

THERE ARE TWO FACTS

which speak volumes on the subject of the disposition of St. Louis towards books. One is that there is not a circulating library in town, and the other is that there is not a real book-store in town. There are news-stands and stationary stores with book stalls attached to them, and there are second-hand book stores, but a real first-class establishment where all the latest and finest may be obtained in stock or on brief notice is not to be found. This was proven rather ludicrously to a gentleman last week, who just to test the matter, tried to find a set of Ruskin's works, not in paper binding, and failed utterly.

The lack of circulating libraries is simply a wonder and is both an advantage and a disadvantage. It is an advantage because there is no open gate to the sluice of trashy fiction which floods communities with them, and on the other hand it throws the burden of furnishing the trash on the two large libraries and thus diverts funds to keep them in copies of rather worthless novels which might be applied to the purchase of rare and valuable books. With no other means of supplying the demand for fiction except through the cheap editions, the libraries must keep a good stock on hand.

READING-ROOM REGULARS.

A few hours every day near the desks of the Mercantile and Public School Library are instructive and amusing in the matter of different tastes and literature or funny questions that are asked about books. The kinds of people who attend the two libraries differ to some extent. The Public School Library is nearly a free institution, and its reading-room is entirely free, so that it naturally attracts a large number of persons who cannot afford to pay for their reading, either newspapers, periodicals or books. Every morning at 10 o'clock at the door of the library is gathered a crowd of men and sometimes women, waiting for a chance to get to the reading room. This early crowd want the newspapers either for the news or the advertisements, usually the latter, for they are, as a rule, persons out of employment, and still among them are the regular daily attendants, who go to read only for reading's sake.

The Public School Library contains 70,000 volumes, and these are open to any one paying $1 every six months. The reading-room, as has been said before, is open to all who choose to use it, and the same faces will be found in it every day, with of course a mixture of new faces. Books, too, may be taken out in the reading-room without cost, and frequently people go every day and read as much as possible on a book, calling for it again until it is finished. Librarian Crunden has provided a shelf on which to place these unfinished books and it is filled every day. As a rule four out of every five books on the unfinished shelf are on such deep subjects as philosophy, theology or sociology. The readers belong to the poorer classes and they are delving into such questions to discover why things are wrong as to themselves. Their unrest and discontent find food in Henry George's books and other works on wages and labor.

There used to be a crowd of regulars at the Public Library who stayed in its quiet nooks and pleasant rooms all day. Some of them went so far as to bring lunch with them and sleep on the seats. They were mostly loafers and dead-beats and have been driven out. There are two faces, however, that have not been missed from the reading-room any day for ten years. One is a little old man named Johnson. His hair and whiskers are gray and his clothes are well worn. He reads everything on which he can put his hands. The other belongs to a man named Sherburne. He is chiefly a magazine reader and seldom cares for books. The French and German periodicals are his delight.

It is a rather curious fact that less than 400 out of the 1,200 Public School teachers in the city are members of the library, but perhaps being teachers themselves, they think they know enough without reading. The forgetfulness of people is shown by the collection of $1,000 last year for fines. This sum is more than one-fifth of the income outside of the appropriation of $14,000.

Certain hours, of course, are busier than others, such for instance as the noon hour, between 12 and 1 o'clock, and in the afternoon the library is filled with boys and girls, young men and young women from the schools. It is rather singular that Monday and Saturday are always busy days, and that the busiest month is February with March next and sometimes April. Either the taste for reading gradually increases during the winter, or those who have failed to improve the glaring hours of gaslight as they pass suddenly are fired with resolutions not to lose the entire winter. Ladies are the best patrons, that is, of the books, not of the newspapers, and magazines and fiction and juvenile books, run far ahead of any other class. The per cent in the Mercantile Library of fiction is 45, and in the Public Library much higher.

SOME AMUSING INCIDENTS

happen in both libraries sometimes. The keenness for new books and the latest magazines is something wonderful, and the members stay around and watch for them like cats after mice. Some are always asking for them, and the more knowing ones are present on the minute when they arrive. Now and then there are persons who think that a new book stays in for some time, and a girl, who wanted Stockton's "The Hundredth Man" was very much surprised on being told that there were no copies in and remarked: "Why, I saw one on the shelf day before yesterday."

The POST-DISPATCH question bureau has awakened a lively interest in the reference department which is always crowded now. Speaking of questions, a girl asked Mr. Davies who crossed the Alps first?

"Hannibal," was the reply.

"Did he cross them before Napoleon?" was the second naive question.

"Certainly he lived before Cæsar's time."

"Cæsar—when did he live?"

Mr. Davies dropped behind the desk and stayed there. A young lady who wanted Marion Crawford's "Saracenesca" wrote on the slip "Cyrus and esca." The other day a man went into the Public Library and asked for a funny book. The clerk tried to get his idea of what was funny and asked what kind of a funny book he wanted. He said that he did not know exactly, as the only funny book he had ever read was "Pilgrim's Progress." It is probable that he referred to Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad, or the New Pilgrim's Progress." A young lady wanted Bertha Clay's "Throne on the World" the other day. A boy went up to the desk and said he wanted one of Roe's books, but he didn't want "Hain't Got Any Home." Two little girls dropped in the other day and wanted "Bride of the Tomb," and if that was not in "Wilful Pansy, or the Bride of a Week." It is needless to say that neither was in. A boy whose literary knowledge was somewhat mixed asked Mr. Crunden for one of Oliver Twist's books about "Little Dorrit."

Some people judge a book as they would a piece of pie—by the size—and want a big book. Mr. Dyer of the Mercantile Library was very much amused once to have a messenger come to him and ask for a nice book to read for a lady. Books have little rages as other things have. There [illegible] good deal was said about him; now there is scarcely a call for his books. Immediately after the discovery of Craddock's identity her books were in great demand, and so with other writers.

SOME PUBLIC LIBRARY FREQUENTERS.

Some St. Louisans have books always out of one library and frequently out of both. Prof. Hosmer of Washington University goes indifferently to either one or the other, and his choice is for biography, but he reads general literature, particularly German books.

The lawyers are good patrons of the libraries. One of the most frequent visitors to the Public School Library is A. W. Alexander, whose hobby is Napoleonic literature. He has probably read everything pertaining to Napoleon and his times which it is possible for him to get. He reads almost everything, however, except novels.

W. C. Bragg is also an omniverous reader and seldom misses a day but what he calls at the library for books to take to his home in the country. He goes in for history, social science and standard literature.

John K. Tiffany often goes to the library, but it is always for a definite purpose. He is forever looking for some odd, out-of-the-way question or is digging into some recondite question. This tendency has made him a sort of walking encyclopœdia.

Several members of the Legislature are regular visitors to the library and among them are J. W. Drabelle, George Castleman, Thomas Holland, Vernon Knapp and J. C. McGinness.

Emory W. Foster is one of the most constant readers in the city, and always has books out. He reads everything that is good. Among whom may be called the students of the Public Library are H. H. Morgan, W. M. Bryant and Will R. Schuyler and Drs. Johnston, Hall and J. A. Campbell, are always using it as a study and reference place for investigation into medical subjects.

AT THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

One of the most familiar figures in the reading room of afternoons in the Mercantile Library for many years past was that of the late Phil Ferguson, and among the gentlemen who are sure to be seen by its pleasant fireside some time during the day, are Robert Shaw, Eliot Todd, John Le Coste, W. M. Butler, W. Chamberlain and J. W. Patterson.

Any one who watches the demand at the Mercantile Library will find that it is largely for books on solid subjects. Prof. Snow reads history with avidity and Prof. Soldan will take out a new book on metaphysics (even in midsummer and read it through in a jiffy, and he is fond of reading all he can get of or about Dante, Schiller and Goethe.

Eliot, Todd and Robert Moore have extremely practical tastes, the former calling frequently for books on mechanics and the latter for works on engineering and railroad building.

Among the preachers who make good use of the volumes on the shelves are Dr. John Snyder, whose taste lies in the direction of literature and who never lets a good novel escape; Rev. J. C. Leoarne, who finds his greatest enjoyment in general English literature; Dr. John Fulton, who is now a lawyer and who has always delved into the best of books; Dr. Holland, who is also a general reader, and Bishop Granbery, who branches only now and then in his literary reading from theology.

President Judson of the School Board makes good use of his membership to keep up his general information, and Samuel A. Coales reads every book on art that comes into the establishment.

Dr. Briggs is a searcher after rare tomes, and particularly devotes his attention to books on State and local history.

Gov. Koerner of Belleville never comes to town but what he drops into the institution and takes out a copy of memoirs of some great man.

Dr. Baumgartner reads constantly and particularly books on medical subjects and the fine arts, while Dr. Bernays is fond of anything that elucidates a surgical operation.

Frederick Billon has probably read everything in the library relating to the State of Missouri and knows all about the State.

Capt. Fred Chatard, who was in the navy and formed a taste for travel, is eager after books of voyage and travel in all countries, and Henry Stanley's taste lies in the same direction. Fred Churchill is a great traveler also in books, but he likes biography too, and takes it in French, Spanish or Italian as it comes. Another voyageur on paper is Manning Page, and Dr. Lewis Hoeffle divides his time between travels and biographies, but cares little for novels.

Judge Edwards goes strong for history and political works, and R. F. Conyngham has a special penchant for Spanish literature. Prof. Hammond takes such heavy diet as English and constitutional history.

Amadee Reyburn reads deeply on the subject of metallurgy, and F. A. Wislizenus is a constant student of botany.

L. W. Patterson, Clark Waye and James N. Norris use the fiction shelves pretty regularly, and Judge J. C. Normile revels in anything that is classical and poetical.

James D. Sands makes a study of American history, and his hobby is genealogy, while C. D. Moody devotes most of his privileges to books on patents and patent laws. Henry G. Isaacs' particular delight is a book on architecture, but he also enjoys good English literature.

LADY READERS.

There are many ladies who use the privileges of the Mercantile constantly, and they are not trash readers. They like the best, whether in novels, literature, philosopy or science, to everyone of which subjects they devote more or less attention. Among the more constant readers are Mrs. Lackland, Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Richard Farrell, Mrs. Ben O'Fallon, Mrs. Jack P. Richardson, Mrs. Nathan Stevens, Mrs. Miles Sells, Mrs. Sterling, Mrs. Pulsifer, Mrs. Learned, Mrs. Engleman, Mrs. Wm. E. Ware, Mrs. Blatten, Mrs. Julius Pitzen, Mrs. John Tiffany, Miss Susie Blow, Miss Hall, Miss Eustis and others.

POLITICAL CHAT.

Entries in the race for Governor will close within the next fortnight. Mayor Francis has not yet said whether he will be a candidate before the State Convention or not. Judge Norton has said that if tendered the nomination by the State Convention he will accept. This, from Judge Norton, taken in connection with more pointed communications to political friends in different parts of the State, means that he is in the race to stay. Congressman Glover's entry may complicate things in this city. His worst enemies admit that in any fight he counts for considerable. If Francis, Glover and Claiborne remain in the race there will be a spirited contest for the St. Louis delegation to the Convention. The party leaders in St. Louis are on bad terms with the present State administration, and are agreed that a man entirely free from Marmaduke influences must be placed in the chair. Though the several candidates have friends in this city, a wholesale flocking to the standards of the probable winner may be expected.

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The sooner the fight for Governor is defined the sooner an accurate idea of the next municipal election can be formed. The present plan of many of the politicians is to support the Mayor in the State Convention and to support George W. Allen for Mayor. Until Francis is out of the way they cannot make any announcement of their intentions, as most of them are under obligations to His Honor for appointments. Judge Noonan will not be a candidate, and in the event that both Francis and Allen are in the race, it is said he will give his support to Allen. Noonan feels aggrieved at the Mayor's published views during the recent row between the police department and the Judge over the character of testimony offered in lottery cases. Judge Noonan's intimate friends say he is training to succeed Congressman John J. O'Neill in the Eighth District.

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Mayor Francis says he did not know he had any interests at stake in the Hendricks Association election, or he would have taken a hand in the fight. The candidacy of Wm. H. Swift for the chairmanship of the Executive Committee is a matter of interest to His Honor, however. Swift and the administration have been on unfriendly terms for many moons, and his election to the chairmanship of the Executive Committee will be no good news to the Mayor. In his opposition to the administration Swift has but two companions among the Mayor-makers. The other managers are with the Mayor, but if Swift gets control of the Hendrick's Association through the Executive Committee, he will make his opposition count, unless Jerry Fruin succeeds in pulling him off the track.

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A friend of His Honor, counting the vote of the Hendricks Executive Committee for chairman, said: "The Mayor is counting on votes that his man won't get. Murphy of Carondelet is not for Ed Butler for chairman. They have a Republican Street Superintendent down there that Francis won't remove. Murphy don't even visit the Mayor's office and says he don't intend to. I am a friend of the administration, but I'd vote for Swift. Francis can't expect other people to make his fights their own."

If you want bargains in overcoats and clothing of every description, tailor-made, [illegible]

LADIES TRY FARMING.

THEY GIVE UP SCHOOL-TEACHING FOR LESS INTELLECTUAL DUTIES.

It Is More Profitable to Be Women Farmers Than Schoolmarms—They Guarantee Every Egg Sold, and if One Proves Bad Will Refund Your Money—Boston Pays Them Higher Prices, Because Their Products Are Good.

Special Correspondence of the POST-DISPATCH.

BOSTON, December 23.—There are many bits of interesting womanly history in the near vicinity of Boston—interesting in that they show the force and will which a woman can now and then bring to her aid. A most interesting story bearing upon these inventions of necessity involves the business enterprises of two plucky Massachusetts girls, formerly schoolmarms in that historic State. These two young women are the daughters of a farmer in Weston, a village about eighteen miles from Boston, on the Boston & Albany Railroad, and contiguous to that charming village called Auburndale, where W. D. Howells has been spending recent summers. Old Mr. Draper, the farmer father, several years ago began to fail in health so rapidly and completely that not only was he unable to carry on the farm and make money, but he allowed it to become so run down that it promised to be more than the girls could do with their salaries to keep it from passing into other hands. Their own health, too, had fast begun to go, and the prospects were very dubious all around. Then they put their heads together, made up their minds that they had not been brought up on a farm for nothing, and concluded to run the place themselves.

STARTING WITH CHICKENS.

Between two and three years ago they gave up their children and turned to the chickens. There were about sixty of them comfortably housed and fed in the good old fashion, but not in any way put on their mettle to break the record. The first thing to do was to feed them in a more scientific fashion, and if possible increase the number and size of eggs. For months this was the grand object in view, and the girls confess to having tried about everything this side of the heroic measures of Strasburg to attain their end. The result justified their labors. The flock improved immensely as far as their ideas of business went, and laid when they were told to lay and set when they were told to set in a fashion that was absolutely grateful.

The small flock having become properly disciplined, all the money that could be spared from the egg and chicken receipts was put into new purchases and new houses and coops. This fall they had nearly a thousand hens and chickens, together with some turkeys and ducks. Their ranks have been decimated, so to speak, by Thanksgiving, and Christmas will probably take about all there is left, excepting, of course, the old "family" hens.

Their cows, too, have been joined by others, but the cream is sold directly to a large creamery near at hand, whose butter they sell very largely. They feel that it would not pay them to attempt to make butter themselves, with all their other duties, and they realize that there is more money for them in selling the finished product than in fitting up their own establishment. The skimmed milk is used in making the unsalted porridge which their high-bred chickens receive in return for their domestic service.

Horses these two girl farmers do not speculate with at all. They have one or two all the time, but appreciate the fact that it is cheaper for them to hire an extra horse on occasion than board him when he is not in use, which is certainly where they are wise.

STRAWBERRIES AND VEGETABLES.

This is all of their operations in live stock, but it is but a patch beside what they are doing with their garden. Strawberries are an always marketable berry, and from comparatively small patches they have already spread their beds over more than an acre of ground, an enlargement that their profits have quite justified. Their vegetable fields are also increasing largely, and every care is used to produce the largest or choicest variety of every kind. They are attending to the fruit trees, also, but in a slower and less ambitious way. Fruit is very cheap and good in their neighborhood, and they can buy it to such advantage as to render other uses for their money better investments. Honey has not brought them much money as yet. Still they have not lost even by their bees.

All this is interesting to the onlooker, but it is purely preliminary to the true business end of the scheme; that is to say, if they only ran their farm well, they would only be as many other women are, and not at all remarkable. The best part of their producing is that it all finds a ready and a high market, and besides their own every production of their neighbors that is really first class. They buy lavishly from all about, but they exact conditions that in all human probability were never exacted from the old Massachusetts farmers before.

For instance, every egg that is brought to them must bear the initial, not of the hen-mother, it is true, but of the owner, and at times of the date of birth; in case of two complaints of eggs being bad no more eggs from that farm are bought.

"I charge the highest prices," says Miss Draper tersely. "I must give the very best."

Every beet, every turnip, potato or tomato that is brought to them must be washed absolutely clean and be sound and perfect, and even a natural deformity of shape is frowned upon and discouraged. Every apple is polished until it would do credit to the old lady who sits under the shadow of the Brooklyn bridge, and in the barrel the size of the apple on top means the size of the apple on the bottom, the price in every instance being regulated by the assorted size of the fruit. Strawberries, cherries, blueberries and blackberries are clean and cleanly picked, no hasty boxing being allowed. Lettuce is washed and cabbages are ready to be cooked, no coarse green leaves being left to mar the perfection of the smallest plant.

CLEANING THE FOWLS.

The fowls come in for their share of this garden toilet. Their heads and feet are carefully removed; they are plucked to a feather and drawn to a heart; they are even singed to take away the last vestige of a previous state, and then their weight in pounds and ounces is written on a card and tucked carefully into their open breasts. All this done, the two young women prepare for market day by loading the big black wagon from seat to tail-board with their treasures, and going to bed as soon as the chickens are fed.

Three times a week during a part of the summer season and once a week in winter 3 o'clock finds the young farmers busy at their morning chores. The animals are fed and the fowls as well, and at 5 o'clock they put their horse to the wagon and start off to their long day's work.

Through Weston to Auburndale and through a part of the many Newtons they go, stopping at the houses all along the way and selling their "green goods." They charge from 10 to almost 50 per cent at times more than the same vegetables and fruits may be bought for in Boston, ten miles away; but why shouldn't they? They get it, and people are very willing to pay it, for there can be absolutely no waste when such care is taken, and should there be any mistake in the quality of materials it is cheerfully and apologetically rectified.

HOW THE FARMERS LIVE.

When the time for their noonday meal comes in summer they drive down into some shady grove on their route, unharness their horse and turn him loose, and then fetch out of the wagon the kerosene stove they always carry, their coffee pot and lunch, and then proceed to rest and picnic. An hour later they again take up their way, finishing, before 6 o'clock finds them at home with their empty wagon and full pocketbooks, fully thirty-two miles of travel.

Of course it stands to reason that they must always be very tired; but they have grown rugged and rosy and strong from the outdoor life, and they have likewise grown contented. They do a large business and the returns are in cash, and they also do a liberal amount of housework to order. They make up for sale in their season quantities of jellies, preserves, catsups, pickles, sauces and mincemeats, and they also take jars and glasses from their customers and return them filled with any desired delicacy.

It must be admitted, in the telling of this remarkable tale, that these two women are unusually endowed with pluck and that grandest of all great gifts, common sense. All the same, is there not an encouragement and very possibly a valuable hint in this story of success to the weary women of our overcrowded cities and to the ambitious women of our country places? It certainly proves that it is not necessary to go to California to be a "lady farmer."

Weddings and Christmas presents, fine pictures and frames; lowest prices; one year's [illegible]